THE PHOENIX



manly hall

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An Illustrated Review of

OCCULTISM *and*
PHILOSOPHY



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AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF

Occultism and Philosophy

By MANLY HALL

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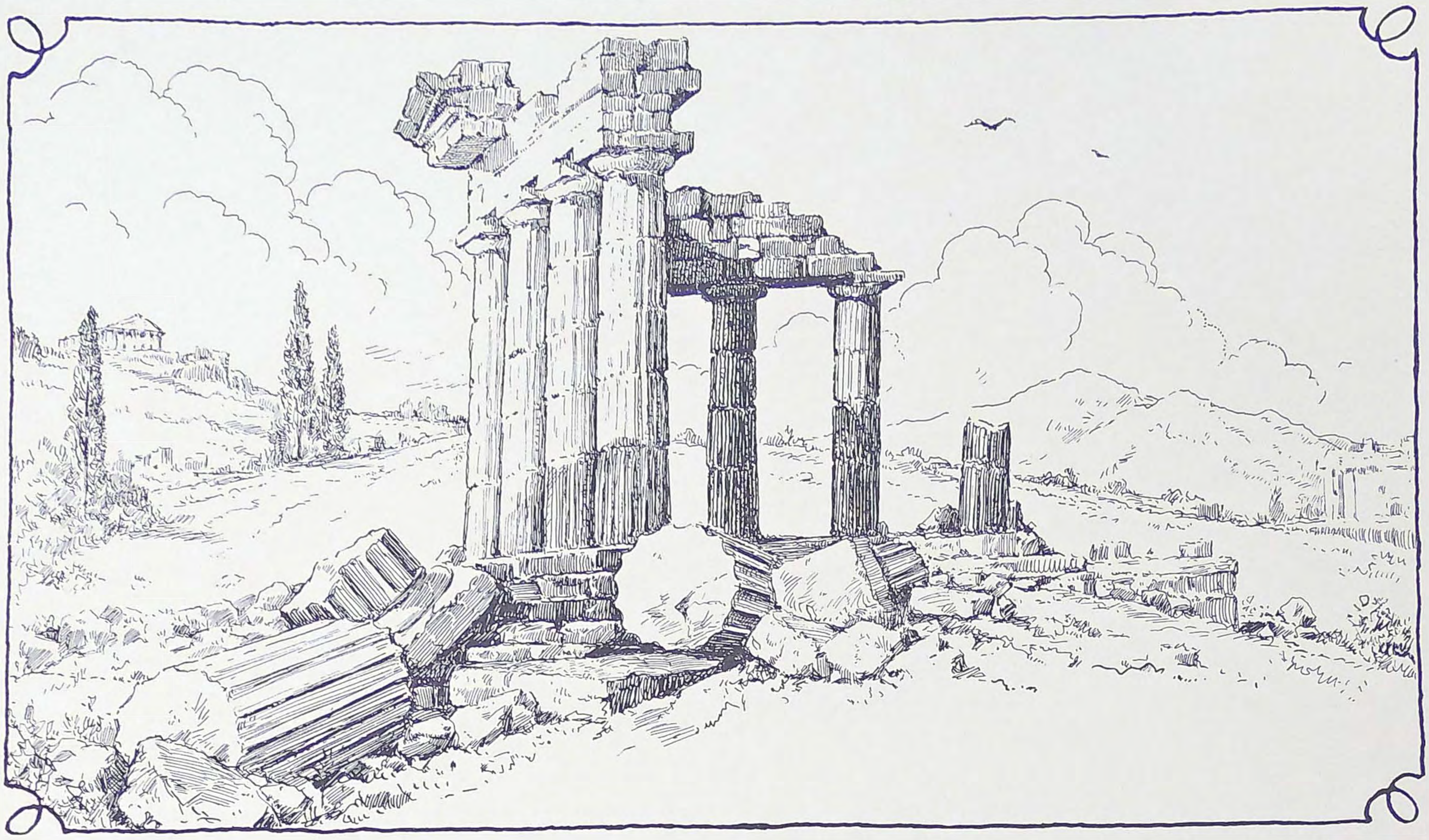
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AS the repositories of a universal sacred learning, the sanctuaries of the pagan gods were protected and served by hierarchies of illumined priests who, consecrated to the spirit of Truth, labored unceasingly to acquaint evolving humanity with the dual mystery of human origin and destiny. These ancient temples have crumbled away. The holy orders of that day have vanished from the earth. A new priestcraft serves the gods and a new laity gathers at the clanging of the great bronze bells. The Mysteries of antiquity have seemingly perished. The faith, however, of the Golden Age—the first religion of man—can never wholly die. In all its pristine purity it is preserved even to this day and may be recovered by everyone who will devote his life to this supreme and holy task. It is not decreed that man should be so easily deprived of that which is his own; for even in this generation, which is a stranger to the gods, he who will follow in the footsteps of the neophyte of old may still receive the priceless heritage of Truth and Light. Amid the bustle and confusion of our great economic era there are still mystic "Master Builders" like Paul and initiated philosophers like Plato; and these, in common with the priests of an older world, still serve and protect the sacred fires of aspiration burning upon the high altars of humanity. Unrecognized and unappreciated in a generation motivated by personal interest, both these doctrines and their priestly keepers have preserved an inviolable secrecy. The divine traditions still survive and the wise of one generation still pass on to the wise of the next that body of mystic truths which is the leaven of civilization and for lack of which mankind must inevitably perish.

As we turn the voluminous pages of history, we read in glorious rubricated lettering the record of nations that have passed away, of heroes who lie in unknown and unhonored graves, of conquerors bedecked with the trappings of the mighty and wearing the laurel wreath of victory. Marching down the corridors of time, all these have vanished in a common oblivion. We pause for a moment to pay homage to the grandeur that was Egypt, the magnificence that was Greece, and the glory that was Rome. As upon moldering headstones, we read the epitaph of their rise and fall, how each in turn bowed its noble head to the inevitable and went its way. From this graveyard of dead ambitions, we turn to the nations of today—each a proud people, each intoxicated with the power that has brought what we choose to term a measure of success. Yet not one of these nations knows which will be the first to draw the somber robes of its shroud about it and join the ghostly order of peoples that are dead. Like guests at some Borgian feast they sit, with treason in every heart and poison in every cup.

Every historian, consequently, should be a philosopher: for only the philosopher is able to see the immutability of that universal law by which the actions of men are regulated. There is a destiny which shapes our ends. Causes invisible produce their effects, and these effects in turn becoming new causes, reap fresh harvests according to their kind. The patience and serenity with which the wise face life springs from their deeper comprehension of these fundamental issues. The wise can be patient, because that which cannot be wrought in time can be fulfilled in eternity. The discernment of the sage can see beneath the chaos of competitive ethics and the babel of vanity the presence of a divine justice.

Though repeatedly outraged, Nature is ever sufficient to the achievement of her own ends. One by one the citadels of injustice are stormed by the inevitable and fall. Amid confusion and kaleidoscopic change stands the Immovable One, to whose measureless existence comings and goings are but incidental. He is the pillar envisaged by the Samian sage which,

rising from the depths of Space, is the strong support of the universe. The altar of the Everlasting One is lifted up in the midst of the world and upon it flickers throughout all duration the flame of His covenant.

If we study the history of vanished races, we will discern the cause of their destruction. When a nation ceases to serve the beautiful, it has already begun to die: when a cause departs from truth, that cause has already failed. When glutted with success and tyrannical with power, like the fabled princes of Atlantis, men no longer love the beautiful and serve the good, they are destroyed by the weight of their own iniquity. The old writings tell us that black magic overshadowed Egypt. Perverted and licentious, the priests served the great specters invoked by their incantations. They called up monsters by their spells and fabricated false gods who were but demons in disguise. The heavenly light upon the temple altars grew fainter and fainter, for Truth became less evident as error increased in power. Lust and pride likewise undermined the solidarity of Greece and wild debauchery caused the streets of Rome to run with blood and wine. Being but men, the priests of the temples were infected with the common plague and lost the mystic word of power—the Name Ineffable.

Though an almost infinite diversity of creeds has come into manifestation since the primitive doctrine of the first ages, these creeds have all sought to achieve a single end: i. e., the restatement of that primitive revelation which, according to the doctrines of the Cabala, was revealed to the patriarchs by the angelic schools. A Hermetic philosopher, writing anonymously in the sixteenth century, declared in his interpretation of *The Book of the Seven Seals* that there existed in the heavens above the circles of the earth a university of divine knowledge, a sort of college of celestials. Before his relapsed state, Adam himself had studied in the school of God, and when later he was banished to wander in the corporeal sphere, he was privileged by a benign Providence to preserve a faint remembrance of those transcendental doctrines that had been imparted to him by the heavenly host.

Having inclined themselves towards material concerns, Adam's descendants became tillers of the fields and builders of cities. These natural enterprises established new orders of learning concerned with the institutions of the material world. The wisdom of God and His hosts and the secrets of spiritual philosophy slowly faded from the conscious mind of the race to remain, however, permanently impressed upon the subconscious intellect. The divine arts and sciences thus came to be forgotten and in their place was erected the structure of the liberal arts, sciences, and crafts. Thus upon the footings of worldly wisdom empire was established. The sages no longer retired into the wilderness to receive that heavenly wisdom with which the messengers of that Most High nourished the hungering soul. In the terms of the same quaint philosopher quoted, but whose name has not been preserved, "The angels still attended the celestial school with appropriate humility and contribution, but men in their pride rejected the divine instruction, were expelled from the university of the elect, and set up a false knowledge upon the earth in defiance to the eternal truths they could no longer comprehend."

Such traditions, while of dubious authenticity, still embody a germ of truth which, though ridiculed by the sophist, will not be rejected by the scholar. Who can deny that mankind has defied the laws of universal order and sought to set up the supremacy of his own mandates? We have all erred from the paths of wisdom, as is well witnessed by the misery everywhere apparent in mortal affairs. Men of more exalted vision than the rest have sensed the real cause of human unhappiness, and in every age the strongest of these have gone forth as reformers, sages, seers, and prophets, seeking to impart to a thoughtless world the priceless treasures of understanding. But the path of reformation is hard and martyrdom is the reward that a deluded world metes out to those who would waken it from the coma of its materialism. If we turn to the lives of the great philosophers and sages, we will discover them to be bound together in a common fraternity of purpose. We will furthermore discover that these men were initiates of secret societies, either pagan or Christian, and that their revelations so-called were but restatements of the sacred doctrines exponded by the Mysteries.

The Rosicrucian rose was Martin Luther's crest. The Comte de St.-Germain initiated his disciples into the doctrines of the Illuminati and Freemasons in caves along the Rhine. Claude St. Martin, the Unknown Philosopher, received his light—if we are to believe the authorities—from the Bohemian Brothers in the dark fastnesses of the Black Forest. Then came the "divine" Cagliostro, defined by Pike as the agent of the Templars and well called by Brother Evans "the Masonic martyr." Over a hundred years have passed since Cagliostro languished in the dungeon of San Leo but the prejudice which destroyed him still remains.

Fleeing from the wrath of enthroned ignorance and living in cellars and garrets, the Hermetic philosophers of the Middle Ages preserved as a sacred trust for a better day those doctrines that had been entrusted to them from remote antiquity. Vilified by such epithets as "sorcerer" and "necromancer," these venerable adepts perpetuated at enormous personal sacrifice the mysteries of the pagan fire philosophy destined by the gods never to pass away. The names of these ancient Masters are revered by us today. We are amazed at the powers which they possessed; we bow humbly before their erudition. We are fascinated by the adventures which befell them in the fulfillment of their trust. We marvel at the profundity yet magnificent simplicity of their beliefs and the almost divine patience with which they tended the flame of philosophy and bore the burden of an afflicting age. Roger Bacon, Nicholas Flammel, Paracelsus, Helvetius, Von Helmont, Francis Bacon, Elias Ashmole, Robert Fludd, John Heydon, Eugenius Philalethes, and a host of other patrons of the arts and sciences, men of deep learning and wide experience—these illustrious men, as adepts of the Magnum Opus, look to their more fortunate Brothers of this less hazardous century for a fuller measure of accomplishment and devotion.

The adepts of the past have come to be regarded as almost mythological personalities whose lives and words, fantastically distorted, have been woven into fairy tales for the amusement of the children of the race. What is folklore but a history of mysterious hap-



ZARATHUSTRA HAS RETURNED TO HIS FLAME

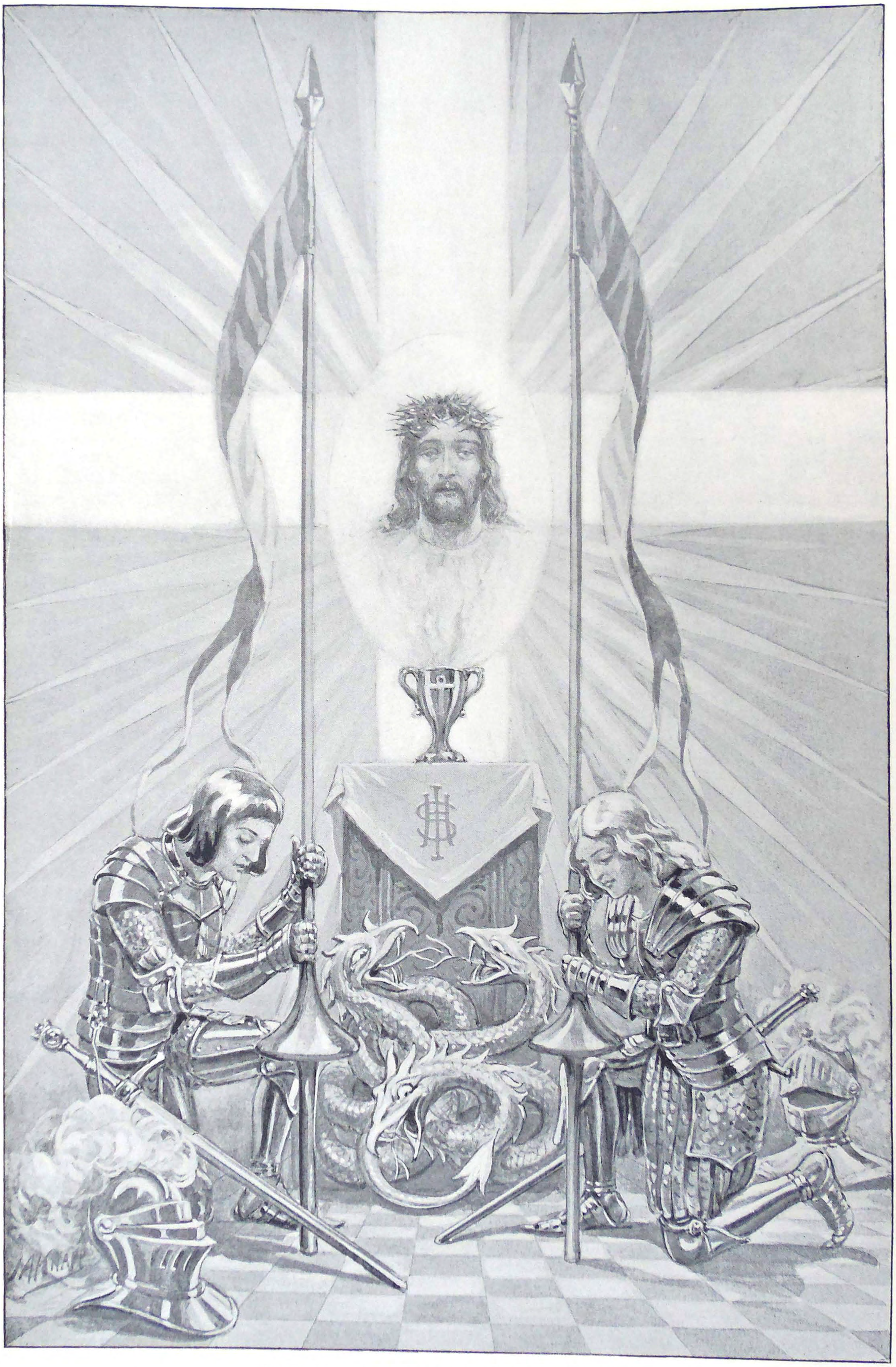
penings which historiographers fear to include in their prosaic records of a people? Yet in spite of a definite and almost untiring effort to obliterate from the memory of the world everything pertaining to the mystery of magic or the super-sciences, the ghosts of the ancient thaumaturgists cling tenaciously to the substance of our imaginations. We are obsessed by these elder spirits. They refuse to be forgotten; they demand their due for their very works' sake, and in spite of ourselves we not only remember them but also the broad measure of their accomplishments. We shudder even in the smugness of our materiality when we realize that our present civilization rests upon the broad shoulders of demigods and heroes half divine, even as the substance of our history is established upon the ephemerality of myth and legend. And so we stand together in all the splendor of our various discomfitures, miserably educated, distressingly cultured, oblivious to all that is essential to right living, and painfully ignorant of those vital essentials which only philosophic insight can reveal. Each of us is a twentieth-century Faust. Goethe's hero speaks for each of us in the immortal lines, "And here I stand with all my lore, a fool no wiser than before."

Why must we continually reject those sublime truths proffered to us out of the past? Why do we turn our backs with scorn upon those splendid doctrines of other ages, declaring only the present to be real and the past but idle superstition? When Plato affirms the inner mysteries of life, what modern upstart in his shallowness dares to refute him? When Cicero bears witness to the efficacy of the Mysteries, who of this generation is qualified to say him nay? When the superlative intellects of all ages have united in a common adoration of the secret doctrine, revering above all other men those initiated into its mysteries, how can we in the vanity of our own conceits ridicule our superiors and then go on living worse than the men we scoff at?

It is fitting that we should honor those whose illumined intellection has brought wisdom out of the obscurity of the first ages and preserved the unbroken chain of philosophic tradition through all the vicissitudes of changing time. Nor should we honor them by words alone, but rather by so living and serving the great truths of life that the sacrifices of the first philosophers should not be in vain. There is but one appropriate propitiation, one acceptable offering — and that is *right use*. These seers and sages of antiquity established the institutions in which the mysteries of philosophy were revealed. They demonstrated to mankind the true way of all permanent achievement; they led the neophytes to the gateway of that intellectual sphere where Truth dwells in the midst of the wise. After sojourning with humanity for their allotted span, these ministers of the Sovereign Good closely drew their robes of gold about them and passed into the inner sanctuary—that adytum of the Everlasting House from which none cometh out again. They not only taught, but because they were adepts, they lived their doctrines: and their lives as well as their words reveal the fullness of their understanding.

The dying Buddha declared to his disciples that he left behind him three jewels and that through contemplation of them all men might achieve to the supreme blessedness. These heavenly gems, radiant with an indwelling splendor, were the *life* of the Buddha, the *word* of the Buddha, and the *order* of the Buddha. While these jewels continue upon the earth, the monk in his saffron robe shall not be left without hope of achievement. The Buddha established the way and in his footsteps millions have walked the path of attainment. The Buddha has entered his Nirvana, the Christ has departed to His Father, Zarathustra has returned to his flame. They have all gone, each to his own end as determined by his works, but their accomplishments endure. They were wise in the truest sense of that word; they were builders of a divine house, architects of a lasting civilization, artisans skilled beyond all other men. Time may pass away, history be swallowed up in eternity, nations crumble, the world itself vanish into the flame from whence it came. But if there be anything that will endure the conflagration which marks the boundary of duration, it is understanding. If any man have a hope, understanding is the substance of that hope. If there be immortality, understanding renders its achievement possible. Perfection of understanding is ultimate perfection. Understanding is eternal, incapable of destruction or change. Therefore, these masters of understanding will never cease to be, but as nine and forty Flames will gather as a blazing aureole about the Sovereign Fire which burns forever.

Invoke by your contemplation the shadows of the Master Builders who have gone before. In your dream behold the marching conquerors passing triumphantly down the royal arches of time. There is the dark-skinned Orpheus, his face illumined with a radiant ecstasy as he draws from the seven-stringed lyre, symbolic of the harmony of his own being, the measureless harmonies of the spheres. Beside him is the Egyptian Hermes, the Thrice-Greatest, the beloved son of wisdom, bearing in one hand the caduceus whose warring serpents have ceased to struggle and holding aloft in the other hand the glistening and gleaming Emerald Table bearing the revelation of the immutable law. In this vision out of the past behold dimly the blue Krishna, the beloved child of the flute and conch shell, who on the battlefield of Kurukshetra leaned from his heavenly chariot and delivered to Arjuna, prince of men, the Bhagavad-Gita, the Song of the Ever-Living Lord. Behind Krishna and leaning on an iron-bound staff, stands the sublime Buddha, with yellow robe and shaven head, lord of humility and the perfect way, Asia's "Light" and the giver of the good law. Behind Gautama stalks grave Pythagoras, his head bent over and his long beard upon his breast. There also is the Syrian Master, Jesus, His brow serene with the calm of self-mastery but His face saddened by the sins committed in His name. His shade appears for an instant and is gone again. After him come a host of others—Confucius the sage of China, walks side by side with Lao-tze, the mystic of Tao and the Perfect Way. Great thundering Odin follows, holding high Gungnir, the spear cut from the branches of the Tree of Life. And high is flung the black banner of Mohammed, planted by him in the courtyard of the Caaba after he had overthrown the 360 idols and reconsecrated Mecca to the living God. Far at the unknown beginning is the half distinguish-



THE MYSTERIES OF THE HOLY GRAIL

able specter of Zarathustra, lying with the spear wound in his back; and Moses, the strong man of Israel, alone in death upon the dreary hills of Moab.

The line is endless—these Masters of other days. They were men above creed and clan, nobler than those distinctions with which we separate the common aspirations of humanity. They served not *idols* but *ideals*. Theologies grew up about them, yet each was greater than the order which he founded. From the same place they all came forth. The spirit of their doctrines was identical and each finally mingled his own smaller self with the common accomplishment. Among the great teachers of humanity there was neither superiority nor inferiority. There was simply difference — not difference of purpose but of method; not divergence of end but of way. Hand in hand they marched down the ages. Each revered the other, for all true greatness loves greatness, and only littleness hates. That same overshadowing consciousness that had made them truly great had revealed to them not only the *brotherhood* of all life but, more than this, the *identity* of all life.

As never before, the secret doctrines of the ancients intrigue the philosophically minded. The insufficient creeds and dogmas that survived the Renaissance are fast crumbling before the crushing force of rationalism, and men who were once of different faiths are now united in the common questing of a more reasonable code of living. Though the objects of his veneration may change, man remains essentially a religious animal. He may break away from the limitations and futilities of ecclesiastical schisms, but he cannot escape from the inherent urge to venerate his Creator. Ever surrounded by irrefutable evidence of an Abiding Destiny, the thinking man is powerless to resist that dominating impulse to propitiate in some appropriate manner the mysterious Spirit abiding in the Furthermost and the Innermost.

Throughout the first ages of humanity certain divinely instituted Mysteries were the intermediaries between man and his Maker. These august institutions were the custodians of a superior learning by which the human mind was inclined toward the way of truth and understanding. But as nations verged towards materialism and the peoples of the earth ceased to venerate the Sovereign Good, so these sacred schools gradually became corrupted. Those which through compromise escaped utter annihilation remained as perverse spirits to impede the very progress which they had once sponsored.

Politically we are disillusioned as to the divine right of temporal monarchs and ecclesiastically as to the apostolic succession of the spiritual elect. Thus disheartened by the sophistry of an unenlightened age, we turn from vagaries to renew our endless search for the substance of Truth. We would follow in the footsteps of those prophets of earlier days who, ascending the mountain tops of wisdom, beheld their Maker face to face in the midst of the lightnings and heard the deep rumble of his voice even above the far-flung echoes of the thunder. In his rocky cavern upon the slopes of Mount Hira, Mohammed, the Prophet of Islam, prayed that the pure religion of the first patriarchs might again be revealed to a humanity bowed down in sackcloth and ashes by the weight of numberless afflictions. The strong man of Arabia stretched forth his arms into the darkness and pled with the night that the Wisdom which abides in Space might again come forth to lead men from idolatry back to the worship of that one God who is a Spirit and who must be served in Spirit and in Truth.

Too long have we wandered in the vale of shadows, grovelling before phantoms of our own creation and worshipping ghosts and specters; too long have we been afraid to lift our eyes to the radiant countenance of our Creator lest we be blinded by the awful light of Truth; too long have we prostrated ourselves abjectly at the feet of gilded men, bestowing upon mortals that homage reserved for the gods alone; too long has the shortness of our vision made gods of men and men of gods.

The darkest pages of history are those upon which are traced the record of men's faiths. In the great march of nations and beliefs, Death has ever ridden in the vanguard, loosing upon the earth the horrors described by Milton. Men have sung their "hymns of hate" and in their hearts they have tired of gory splendor. Enough of the God who marches with the arms of ambition and stands upon the battlefield surrounded by the bodies of the slain. A disillusioned humanity, weary of its own mistakes, turns again in despair to the mysterious emptiness about it —an emptiness which seems to be the abiding place of a mighty Spirit.

In all this panorama of confusion and error, Space alone seems capable of gentle comprehension. In extremities, such as now confront mankind, the ages have demonstrated that it is natural for the more seriously minded individual to depart from commerce and industry and turn to philosophy; verging from material possessions, he inclines his mind to all-satisfying Reason. There is scant solace in our ducats when the real issues of life are at stake; the wise man knows that the glamor of so-called "fortune" but complicates the many uncertainties of temporal affairs.

There is much of pathos in that envy with which we gaze upon the placid face of the sage. How is it that but a few achieve to the composure of the wise, while utter misery is the lot of the many? What is the essence of that mysterious learning which not only enables man to discover peace, but also endows him with such surpassing attributes that we are prone to accredit him with qualities but little inferior to a god? By what procedure is that wisdom acquired which not only reveals the end toward which all natures are being swept by an irresistible Destiny, but also transfigures the human soul with the light of an all-pervading Good?

There is a science—real to the few and mythical to the many—preserved from a remote age for him who has become what John Heydon, the Rosicrucian, calls "a servant of God and a secretary of Nature." In an Egyptian ritual, *The Book of the Master*, it is written that ultimately *death is swallowed up in light*, and through the disciplines of philosophy humanity can be caused to rise, Phœnix-like, from the dead ashes of materiality to mingle its lesser mind with the Eternal Reason. The elements of such an accomplishment constitute the natural religion of man—that unwritten doctrine which has ever been the spiritual bread of the wise and of which, if a man should eat, he will never hunger again.



The Ladder of Souls

IN discussing the mystery of birth, or the entrance of the ego into the generating sphere, the Chaldeans—and after them, the Egyptians and Greeks—described the descent of the soul through the various spheres which constitute the body of the world. When they symbolized the divine man as a glorious creature whose body is covered with a multitude of stars, they did not depart greatly from the facts; for, robed thus in the ninefold universal essence, man becomes in truth a universe and, like the universe which is reproduced in his parts, he is a diversity circumscribed by unity.

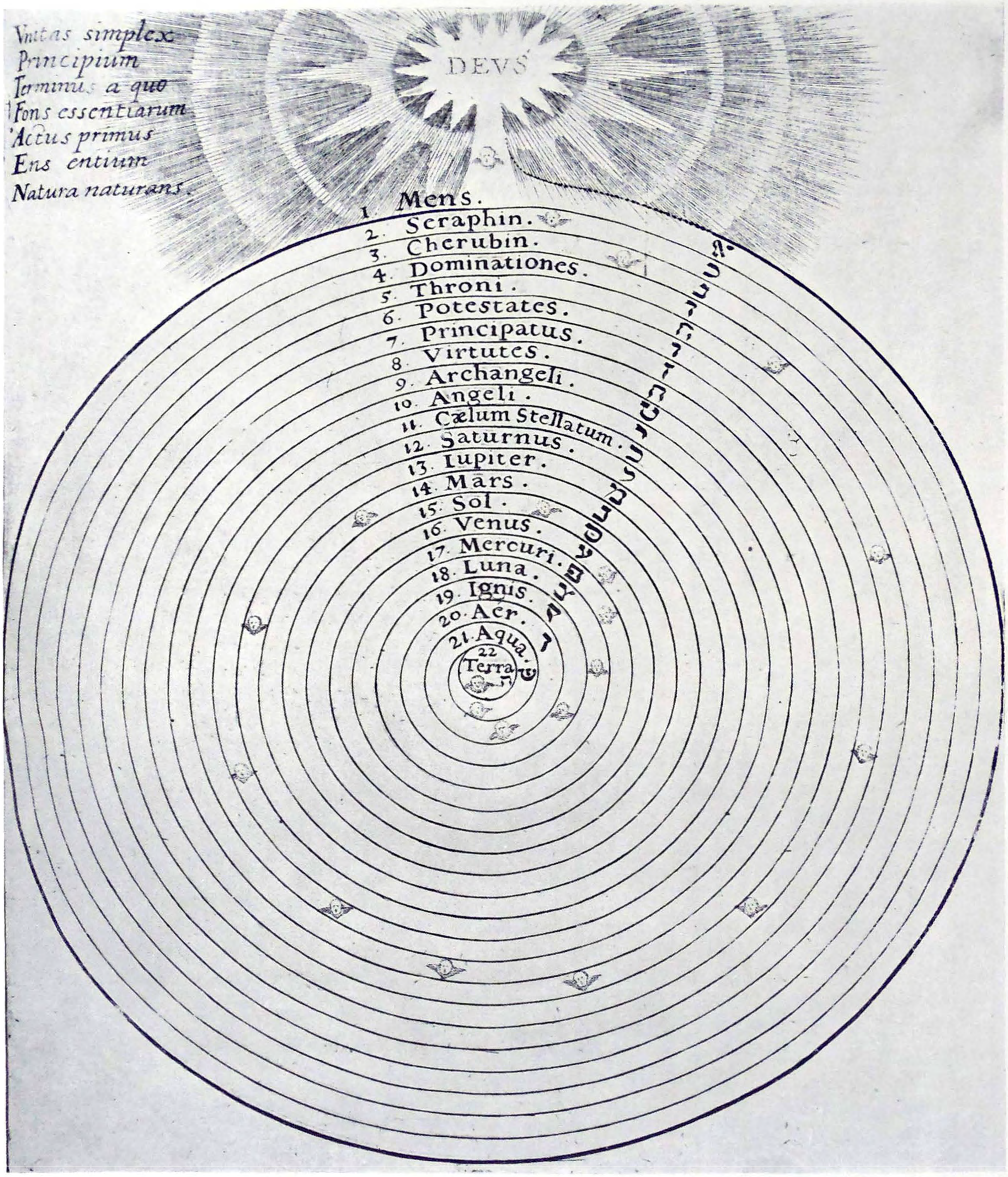
Of this mystery, Julius Firmicus Maternus, the Platonic philosopher, writes: "It is requisite to know, in the first place, that the God, who is the fabricator of man, produced his form, his condition, and his whole essence, in the image and similitude of the world, nature pointing out the way. For he composed the body of man, as well as of the world, from the mixture of the four elements, viz. of fire, water, air, and earth, in order that the conjunction of all these, when they were mingled in due proportion, might adorn an animal in the form of a divine imitation. And thus the Demiurgus exhibited man by the artifice of a divine fabrication, in such a way, that in a small body he might bestow the power and essence of all the elements, nature, for this purpose, bringing them together; and also, so that from the divine spirit, which descended from a celestial intellect, to the support of the mortal body, he might prepare an abode for man, which, though fragile, might be similar to the world. On this account, the five stars, and also the sun and moon, sustain man by a fiery and eternal agitation, as if he were a minor world; so that the animal which was made in imitation of the world might be governed by an essence similarly divine."

Above the seven planetary spheres forming the ladder of the world stretches what the Hermetics called the firmament of the fixed stars. In their esoteric instructions, the Egyptians distinguished three conditions or aspects of this *empyrean*, which together they referred to as the "Thrice Deep Darkness." The highest division was the Ocean of Eternity, which diffused itself throughout all space and through which were scattered innumerable masses of ungerminated stars. This was the *Schamayim* of the Cabalists—the heaven of fiery-water. The middle division was the Milky Way, the seed-ground of souls; and the last division was composed of the fixed stars, which were 1,122 in number and symbolized by the Syrian mystics as a circle of cherubim filled with eyes. These three departments of the *empyrean* are equivalent to the three divisions of AIN SOPH in the Cabala and the three hypostases of Atman in Oriental metaphysics. It is from this threefold firmament that the three divine constituents of the soul are derived. The lowest circle of the firmament formed the wall of heaven, known to the Greeks as Mount Olympus and to the Hindus as Mount Meru. When in the exoteric classification of Ptolemy the mundane sphere is divided into seven concentric circles, which are regarded as the orbits of the planets, the *empyrean* is not included, inasmuch as it is in no way a part of the inferior world, being the abode of principles and not of vehicles. Paracelsus terms it the *spirit* of the world to distinguish it from the seven planetary rings which are the *soul* of the world and the four elemental substances which are the *body* of the world.

Enclosed within the firmament as a fruit within its rind are the concentric orbits of the planets, which the

philosophers referred to as the seven Governors of creation and which together constituted the Demiurgic force or power. From the substances of these spheres the soul of man is derived. Therefore, the thoughts and emotions of all creatures are rendered inconstant by the circumambulations of these sky wanderers, which together constitute the sevenfold astral nature of the universe. The seven bodies (vestments) or divisions of man's objective nature, so often referred to in occult teachings, are conferred upon the ego by the fiery Governors, or planetary Logoi. This is beautifully expressed by Hermes in *The Divine Pymander*: "For the Milky Way is the seed-ground of souls, and from it they drop into the rings, and to the Milky Way they return again from the wheels of Saturn."

In his commentary on the *Timæus* of Plato, Proclus, in explaining the natures of the planets which are the causes of the energies of the soul, ascribes to Saturn (the highest of the seven rings) all gnostic attributes; to Jupiter, vital powers, of which he is the common cause; to Mars, all irascible motions; to the sun, everything which is sensible or Demiurgic, in consequence of it being the cause of sight and visibility; to



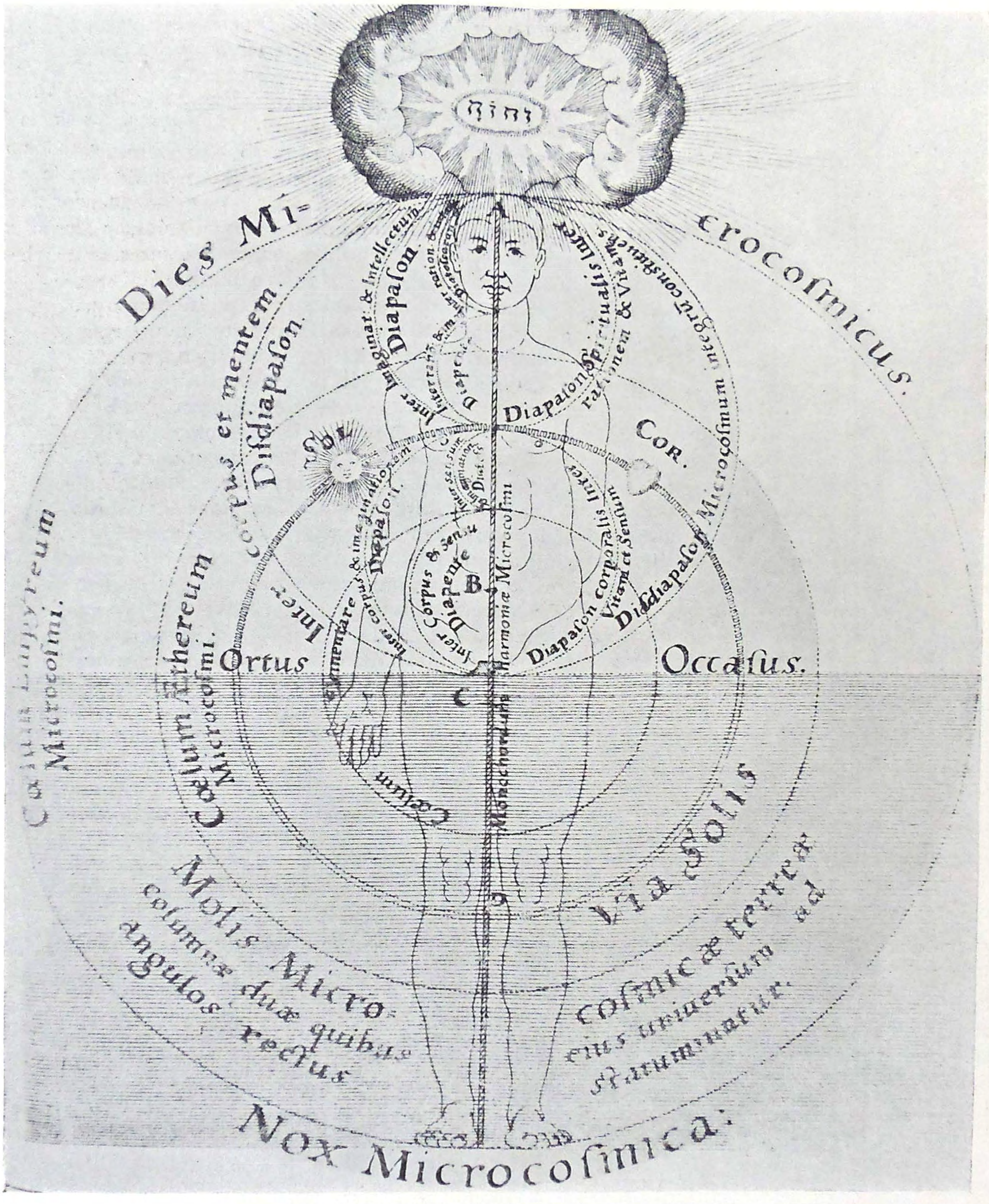
From the "Collectio Operum" of Robert Fludd.

THE SPIRAL OF LIFE

Herein Robert Fludd symbolizes the descent of Spirit out of God and through the 22 states being signified by the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet.

Venus, the epithymetic appetites, or those pertaining to desires; to Mercury, the motions of the phantasy, or of the imaginative essence itself; and to the moon, (which is the lowest of the seven), the causes of mortality, birth and generation, as being herself the visible statue of fontal nature. In the theosophical systems mind; Mercury, *Buddhi*, or the intuitional sheath; and the moon, *linga sarira*, or the vital body.

Hermes describes the negative aspects of the seven Governors from which man must liberate himself to regain his lost spiritual estate: "Upon the first ring sits the Moon, and to it is returned the ability to

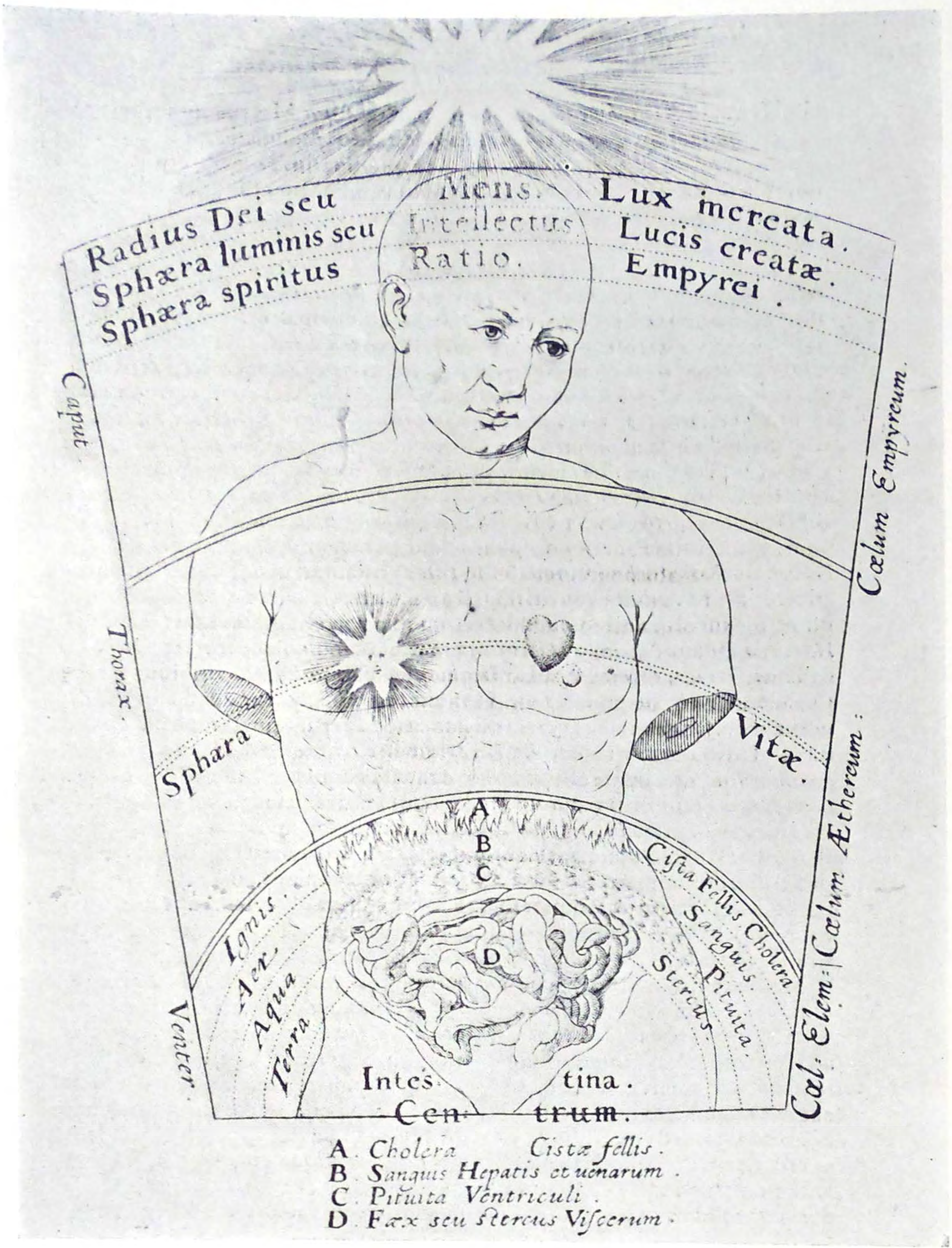


From the "Collectio Operum" of Robert Fludd.

THE CELESTIAL HARMONY IN MAN

Being the concord of the parts and members of the human body and of the world.

of the moderns this general scheme is preserved, but the correspondences between the planets and their microcosmic principles in man are considerably changed. Thus, Saturn is made to represent *kama manas*, or the lower mind; Jupiter, the *Atmic aura*, or the auric egg; Mars, *kama*, or the desire body; the sun, *prana*, or vitality; Venus, *Buddhi manas*, or the higher increase and diminish. Upon the second ring sits Mercury, and to it are returned machinations, deceit, and craftiness. Upon the third ring sits Venus, and to it are returned the lusts and passions. Upon the fourth ring sits the Sun, and to this Lord are returned ambitions. Upon the fifth ring sits Mars, and to it are returned rashness and profane boldness. Upon the sixth



From the "Collectio Operum" of Robert Fludd.

KEY PLATE OF CORRESPONDENCES

The order of the worlds with their analogies to the three major divisions of the human body.

ring sits Jupiter and to it are returned the sense of accumulation and riches. And upon the seventh ring sits Saturn, at the Gate of Chaos, and to it are returned falsehood and evil plotting."

Pythagoras believed that the empire of Pluto began downward from the Milky Way because souls, falling from thence, appeared to have already receded from the gods and to have entered into an impermanent state. Macrobius in his *Commentary on Scipio's Dream* gives a somewhat incomplete picture of the processes of generation as conceived by the philosophers: "The soul, therefore, falling with this first weight from the zodiac and milky way into each of the subject spheres, is not only clothed with the accession of a luminous body, but produces the particular motions which it is to exercise in the respective orbs. Thus in Saturn, it energizes according to a ratiocinative and intellective power; in the sphere of Jove, according to a practic power; in the orb of the Sun, according to a sensitive and imaginative nature; but according to the motion of desire in the planet Venus; of pronouncing and interpreting what it perceives in the orb of Mercury; and according to a plantal or vegetable nature, and a power of acting on body, when it enters into the lunar globe. And this sphere, as it is the last among the divine orders, so it is the first in our terrene situation. For this body, as it is the dregs of divine natures, so it is the first animal substance."

From the sidereal world with its seven spheres, the generating soul next descends into the elemental complex, which was divided by the ancients into four parts and represented by a quartered circle. The use of the cross as the symbol of matter unquestionably gave rise to the ancient belief that the world had "corners," these "corners" being simply the extremities of this elemental cross. In the Tibetan system four demon kings guard these angles of the world, and by their ferocious mien as wardens of matter seek to intimidate those who would escape from the sublunary state.

As the world is the body or vehicle of the Supreme Agent, so the elements are called by the Cabalists the "Mercavah," or quadruple throne of the Deity, as described in Ezekiel's vision. This throne is supported by four beasts—the fixed signs of the zodiac—which were employed by the Chaldeans as symbols of earth, water, fire, and air, the four general divisions of physical matter. In his *Rosicrucian Anatomy*, Robert Fludd shows the entire concatenation of worlds upon the head and torso of a human body. The three states of the *empyrean* were assigned to the divisions of the head; the seven planetary spheres to the thoracic cavity and its contents; and the four elemental parts to the abdominal cavity. According to this system, which is truly Cabalistic, the Ocean of Eternity, or first division of the world, fills the highest part of the skull of Arikh Anpin, the great Universal Man; and the element, earth—not the planet—corresponds to the phallus of Macroprosophus.

Considering the *empyrean* as one plane or state, and adding to it the seven planetary spheres and

finally the elemental sphere (likewise regarded as a unity), a ninefold division of the universe is obtained. This corresponds exactly with the most secret teachings of the Eleusinian Mysteries, which divided the periods of the descent of the soul to correspond with the nine months of the prenatal epoch, declaring that during his fœtal period man recapitulates in the elemental substances the whole drama of incarnation. The second birth, or acceptance into the adytum of the temple, was consummated after a nine-day ceremonial, during which the priests graphically portrayed the passage of the soul through the nine states of consciousness. The ceremonial of the eighth day set forth the state of the soul while in the lunar sphere, when it hung suspended in humidity. Thus immersed, the rational principle was declared at this point to drink of the waters of Lethe—the moon's vapors of forgetfulness—so that thereafter it retained no memory of its supernal state but entered hopelessly into the consciousness of mortality. The moon was the ancient symbol of death because its emanations intoxicated the reason, which is the probable origin of the word *lunacy*. Consequently, every individual who has forgotten that he is essentially a divine creature is a *lunatic*, or one made mad by the moon. As the eighth month of the period of gestation is under the power of the moon, it was asserted that no child born in the eighth month could live. A child born in the seventh month, however, may be born and survive. Because such a one has not passed through the moon's mist, it was presumed to possess some clear or extraordinary vision. Hence, the number 7 was regarded as fortunate, because it was less than the delirium of the moon (the number 8).

After birth, which is the beginning of separative existence in the generative sphere, life moves along, ascending, as it were, the rungs of the ladder and passing through the terrestrial aspects of the sidereal forces. These aspects are what Shakespeare refers to as the seven ages of man and are completed by the infirmity of the Saturnian state, which is the last and most crystallized condition of the body before dispersion of its parts into the empyrean state. These accidental ages of man, however, do not bring him liberation from terrestrial limitations, for only from the Mystery Schools does he receive the disciplines necessary for his release from material illusions. The Gnostics celebrated nine lesser Mysteries, through the perfection of which the rational part gained complete control over generation, becoming capable of building bodies by will power, as practiced by the first race, called the Sons of Will or Yoga, who precipitated their shapes by meditation.

These nine initiations represent the development of specific states of consciousness whereby, through the perfection of virtue and integrity, the ego escapes from the karmic forces emanating from the starry guardians; for, as Hermes also notes, the Great Spirits seated upon the thrones of the stars control the world through destiny, a collective term for the three departments of karma. The sidereal forces hold man because of their likenesses within him and when, through the mastery of his appetites and emotions, he subdues or transmutes the planetary qualities, the regents of the world lose dominion over him. He then escapes from their clutches to the heavenly spheres.

Arabian writers on the subject of the Great Pyramid are now accused of indulging in a long flight of fancy when they declared that it contained seven chambers, each of which was dedicated to one of the seven planets; so that the building taken together was an accurate figure of the world. These same authors then go on to explain (interpreting Egyptian metaphysics with the keys of Islamic mysticism) that the soul of the dead in leaving the mummified body was forced to pass through each of these seven chambers, finally reaching liberation at the apex of the pyramid. Here the spheres of the planets have several interpretations not heretofore generally noted. For instance, they become the races through which the egoic evolution of man takes place. They are also the continents supporting these races and which, in the Hindu system, are arranged like the points of a hexagram to surround the central dot, or first and indestructible land. Here also are the seven senses which are, so to speak, the facets of the soul, by which the light of the Logos is reflected into the sensory state.

Plato distinguished two aspects of the soul, one divine and the other animal. The animal soul was inseparable from the body and must remain as the *anima*, or animating principle. The divine soul was not so bound but, motivated by the impulses of enlightened reason, could achieve liberation from the mortality of the flesh without the lower personality even being aware of this fact. Thus the ancients, including the Chinese, record circumstances where a pious man, passing out of life, meets upon one of the higher planes of the invisible worlds his own soul which had preceded his body into a state of enlightenment. This higher, or spiritual, soul is the embodiment of virtues even as the lower, or animal, soul is the embodiment of excesses. The latter becomes the Guardian of the Threshold (and called the "Dweller" in Bulwer-Lytton's Zanoni), while the former is the celestial dæmon.

It is destined that every individual shall wander in a relapsed state until he has mastered the eight powers of the soul, even as the universe must endure in its present condition until the souls of the seven planets are united in the Messianic soul of the world. When theology ceased to teach the rationale of salvation, substituting for metaphysical truths the blanket dogma of redemption through grace alone, not only the purpose of life itself but the method of its completion was hopelessly obscured. Men forgot that the ladder of the worlds was the very framework of religious philosophy, that its understanding was the beginning of metaphysical realization. When we have come to see clearly, as the ancients saw, the spirits ascending and descending the ladder, we shall then understand those premises which underlie what is now called divine revelation. Such documents as the Genesis of Enoch, the Apocalypse, and the Vision of Hermes are meaningless until the mind can envision the nine royal arches built by Methuselah as the first temple. This temple, patterned after the Macrocosm, was devised in order that men might worship their Creator by recapitulating the very processes by which cosmos was engendered.

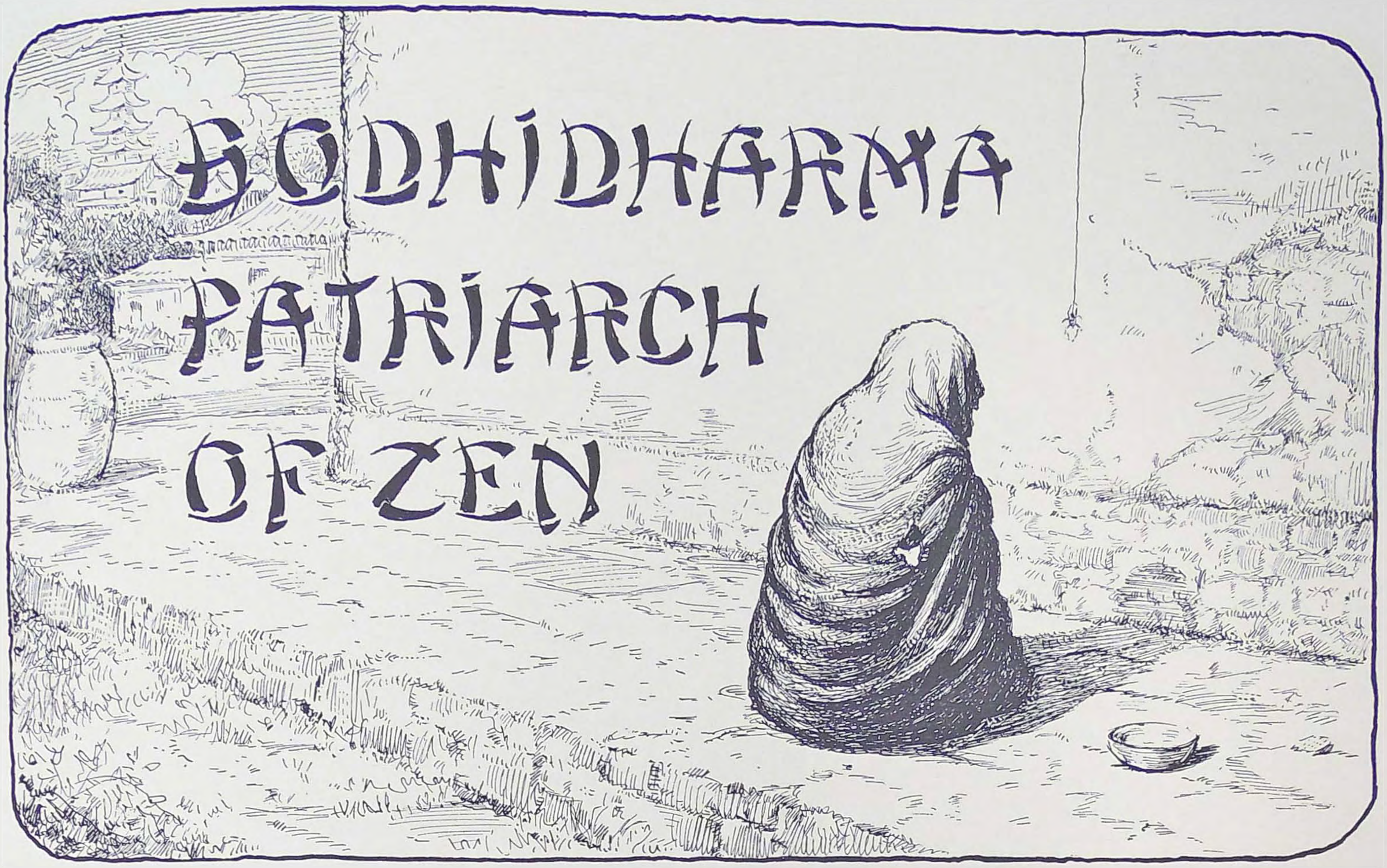


BODHIDHARMA,

Twenty-eighth Patriarch of Buddhism and Founder of Zen

(From a Painting by Chodensu)

Bodhidharma Patriarch of Zen



ARRIVING at the place called "The Vultures' Peak," Gautama Buddha seated himself and, surrounded by his disciples and the creatures of the seven worlds, discoursed upon the Prajna-paramita, or the elements of transcendental wisdom. These discourses given at Rajgriha are preserved as among the most important doctrines of the Mahayana school, which is now called "The Great Vehicle."

As the Illumined One thus sat revealing the doctrine of enlightenment, a Brahmaraja approached. Bowing low before Sakyamuni, he placed in his hands a glorious golden lotus blossom, beseeching the eternally Enlightened One to preach the Dharma, or the Good Law. Thereupon the gathered disciples and even the saints in heaven bent forward and listened attentively for the words of priceless wisdom. But the Buddha remained silent, gazing serenely at the lotus flower. After several moments, the aged and venerable disciple, Mahakasyapa, smiled slightly. He had sensed the mystery. Buddha turned instantly to Mahakasyapa, saying, "I have the wonderful thought of Nirvana, the Eye of the Right Law. You alone have perceived this and to you I now transmit the whole treasury of Dharma. Be thou also enlightened."

In this way, so tradition declares, the sect of Dhyana—the Order of Silent Instruction—was established. It is the one division of Buddhism which, by refusing to become contaminated by word or symbol, has preserved throughout the centuries the true spirit of the Great Instruction.

From Mahakasyapa—the first patriarch of Dhyana—the Dharma descended from sage to sage along an unbroken line of meditating masters. Each is presumed to have communicated the law to his successor without word or outward sign, until finally at the beginning of the sixth century it was entrusted to the keeping of the patriarch, Panyatara, a teacher of rare gifts and attainments. Of Panyatara a curious incident is told. He was invited to an ancestral memorial feast that the assembled guests might hear and profit by his words. To the amazement of those present, he did not follow the accepted Buddhist custom of reading from the scriptures but simply remained silent. When questioned as to the reason for his unusual conduct, he replied, "Neither the breath which I draw in nor that which I exhale produces any effect upon material things; nor would my breath laden with words have any greater merit. Since my heart and body are always with Buddha, sleeping, waking or working I am constantly receiving his influence and have no need to read his words."

It was the patriarch Panyatara who in the stillness of meditation revealed the mystical doctrine to Bodhidharma, who thus became the twenty-eighth patriarch and the greatest exponent of Dhyana, or the science of enlightened meditation. It was Bodhidharma—often called "the Militant Monk" and "the blue-eyed Brahman of Princely Birth"—who brought Dhyana to China, from whence, according to tradition, it reached Japan in the seventh century, where it is known as *Zen*.

The meaning of the word *Zen*, according to the Master himself, cannot be understood even by those possessed of wisdom. It implies a mystery which can only be revealed to those who have achieved it. To the exoteric, the term must always remain simply a word conveying the thought of the discovery of Self and the contemplation of that Reality which is the foundation of every illusionary nature. Men do not study Zen. They achieve it through the actual process of becoming it. It is not taught as we understand teaching, but is communicated as a state from those who possess it to those who are capable of receiving it. Zen is a meditation for the becoming of Self.

Bodhidharma was in every respect an extraordinary personality. His body of huge and ungainly proportions was rendered more pronounced by his haughty mien and commanding gestures. Two great piercing eyes blazed out from under shaggy brows and he affected a short, grisly beard and heavy, golden ear-rings. His strange proportions and menacing manner lent a fearsomeness to his whole appearance. By older writers Bodhidharma has been likened to an awkward, growling bear who spent his time sitting in some desolate spot mumbling and grumbling to himself. He is never depicted as smiling or happy, but as glowering upon the world from behind the folds of his cape. In spite of all this, however, if his face be carefully studied, there is evidence of a deep kindliness and a gentle understanding concealed beneath the rough exterior. Like many of the other patriarchs who have renounced worldliness for the realities of the contemplative life, Bodhidharma was utterly indifferent to his personal appearance. His body was covered with a tattered robe, usually shown as either saffron or red in color, although the traditional robe of the Zen patriarch is green.



THE WALL-GAZING BRAHMAN

Never before had such an apparition been seen crossing the mountains separating India from China. There are differing accounts regarding his mode of travel. According to some traditions, he walked the entire distance to bring the law of enlightenment to the Chinese. Again, he is referred to as "the navigating Brahman" and is supposed to have arrived there on a ship. Regardless of his mode of travel, however, the consternation caused by his arrival coming to the attention of the imperial house, he was summoned to the palace. It is in no way amazing that the Emperor Wu, the mortal son of immortal heaven, a good man and a pious Buddhist, should desire to meet and converse with this most remarkable sage. We, therefore, next discover Bodhidharma in the imperial audience chamber of the Emperor of China, standing before the high gold and lacquered throne veiled by its silken curtains.

No ingratiating priest was Bodhidharma, groveling for royal favors. He retained his aggressive and uncivil attitude, answering gruffly and indifferently the questions of the imperial one in his resolution to humiliate this personification of imperial power. The Emperor speaks. "Most reverent sir, we have built temples, caused copies to be made of the holy scriptures, and ordered monks and nuns to be converted. Is there any merit in our conduct?" "No merit at all," growled Bodhidharma from somewhere in the midst of his rags. Though unaccustomed to such answers, the Emperor continued. "What, then, is the whole truth, or the first principle?" Again the patriarch growled enigmatically, "The first principle transcends all. There is nothing holy."

It then seems that the Emperor reasoned thus to himself before speaking. "If there is nothing holy, what, then, is the state of this saint who confronts us?" So he spoke once more. "Who are you, then, who stands before us?" And for the last time before turning his back upon the palace, Bodhidharma muttered, "I do not know who I am."

Metaphysical distinctions such as these were utterly beyond the comprehension of the imperial mind weighed down with the cares of state and to whom the state must have seemed very real. So Bodhidharma, realizing that his teachings were too profound to receive imperial favor and support, resolutely turned his back upon the Forbidden City and retired into the distant Shao Lin monastery, where he sat in meditation for nine years in a small court-

yard with his face turned towards a blank wall. For this achievement the patriarch earned for himself the name of "the wall-gazing Brahman." But Bodhidharma was not there for the sole purpose of meditation. He was awaiting the perfect working out of the law. He knew that Dhyana was the royal road to *Self*-hood and that men in their desire to attain truth would ultimately discover him; it was merely a matter of patience and realization.

What a strange picture is conjured up when one thinks of this grim-faced saint bundled up in his robes gazing fiercely day in and day out at an undecorated wall and kicking out of his presence with appropriate snorts and grunts anyone who dared to interfere with his meditations. Day after day he mumbled and grumbled, and these nine years have become the subject of numerous legends, many of a most profound nature. According to one account, he remained seated in one position so long that spiders spun their webs all around him and rats made nests in the folds of his cloak. According to another story, he remained without moving for such an extended of time that he entirely lost the use of his legs, which withered away. In commemoration of the latter incident, Dharma is now depicted by Japanese artists with a body in the form of a sack *sans* all trace of legs, his disgruntled visage peering out accusingly upon the world from the neck of the sack.



THE LAZY MONK

Bodhidharma has been styled "the Chinese St. Anthony" because during this long period of meditation every form of temptation and discomfort was visited upon him. After he had been sitting alone for approximately three years gazing at the wall, he is said to have become so tired that without realizing it he fell asleep. His slumbers were disturbed by astral visions and the sorcery of evil creatures conjured up by Mara, the lord of unrealities. At last, the elemental creatures bothered him so much that he awoke with a start and, discovering that he had been asleep—a weakness most un-Zen-like—he cut off his own eyelids as a penance. In some pictures this peculiarity has been carefully noted. When he cast his eyelids upon the ground, tradition affirms that they became tea plants. Having thus strengthened himself by his penance, Bodhidharma remained awake and in meditation for five years more, when again fatigue overtook him. Casting about for something to dispel his drowsiness, Bodhidharma noted the tea plants growing near by. Leaning over, he picked a few leaves from one of them and, after chewing the leaves, discovered that they removed his sense of fatigue. Since that time tea has been widely used by Zen monks as well as other holy men who desire to remain awake during long periods of meditation.

At last the patriarch was rewarded for his long vigil. A man sorely perplexed, hearing of the meditating sage, came to him in search of knowledge. But Bodhidharma, who realized that the path of achievement was only for the strong, refused to receive the visitor and gruffly ordered him to depart. The man, however, was not thus easily discouraged and remained standing for days in the snow, refusing to leave until the interview was granted. After waiting a long time and receiving no invitation, this pilgrim



A CONCEPTION OF DHARMA
By the Distinguished Japanese Artist, Nakamura Fusetsu

cut off his right arm and sent it in to Bodhidharma. The patriarch of Zen instantly realized that the stranger possessed the sincerity and consecration necessary to the great achievement. So he ordered him brought into his presence and there received him as a disciple, bestowing the discipline upon him.

The unprepossessing exterior which many of the old Zen priests developed was cultivated for one purpose alone: to discourage those who aspired to become disciples. Only the one who possessed the discrimination to pierce through external appearances and discover the underlying reality was regarded as worthy to receive enlightenment. Bodhidharma, therefore, accepted those whom he could not frighten away, kick away or repel by surliness or abuse. Zen was for the strong and not for the weak; for the resolute and not for those who could be easily intimidated.

The essential elements of Zen Buddhists have been summed up under six general headings, a brief survey of which will reveal the high integrity of the discipline.

(1) The practices of Zen are fully as old as Buddhism, some believe much older, for the method of practicing Dhyana, or meditation, as cultivated by these monks, has descended from the teachings of the most ancient recluses of India. The origin of these spiritual processes is hopelessly obscure.

(2) In spite of its great antiquity and its even more astonishing profundity, the doctrine of Zen is particularly applicable to present-day conditions. It is distinctly a practical rather than an abstract cult. For this reason it has unquestionably come to be so highly favored by the best educated and cultured people of Japan.

(3) Zen rejects in toto the importance of scriptural authority or tradition, affirming that truth can never be communicated by any outward method but must be realized internally by the mind. When the mind of the teacher is en rapport with the mind of the disciple, the mysteries are silently communicated, and in this way alone has the esotericism of Zen been transmitted for over twenty-six centuries. With its rejection of the scriptures, Zen also rejects prayer, fasting, and the observance of monastic rules. Those who perform such acts are worshipping only the phantom of truth.

(4) Zen also rejects the historical existence of Buddha, declaring that there can be no such person as Buddha inasmuch as personality itself is an illusion. To the true Zen, Buddha is a state of consciousness, not a man. Nor are the Buddhas regarded as gods or supermen. In fact, the Zen monks sometimes speak pityingly of the Buddha as a man who was in bondage to the golden chain of belief in enlightenment. There is an Absolute in the teachings of Zen into which all personalities are absorbed. The contemplation of this is the greatest good.

(5) Zen is not an idolatrous doctrine and, like the original Buddhistic system of Gautama, preserves such an exalted concept of Deity that less enlightened minds are inclined to view the entire system as a philosophic atheism. Tanhia, who was a Zen teacher in the ninth century, is said to have warmed himself when he was cold by making a fire out of the statues from a nearby temple. To him symbols had nothing to do with spirituality or truth, but hopelessly confuse the elements by encouraging men to accept the image for the real.

(6) Zen has a curious method of expressing profound realization or some deep religious insight by an odd or inconsequential gesture or act. The Zen monk may symbolize the achievement of some high state of consciousness by lifting a brush from a rack, by tapping with his fingers upon the back of a chair, by some gesture of his hands or even by slapping a man in the face. It has been said that Zen monks have roundly boxed the ears of Emperors.

There is a story illustrative of Zen teachings recorded in Robert Cornell Armstrong's recent publication, *Buddhism and Buddhists in Japan*. A temple official once asked Ikkyu, a famous Zen monk, if there were such places as heaven and hell. The priest replied in most abusive language, calling the official a fool who lived off the temple but was ignorant of its teachings. He even went so far as to call him a robber and a brute and unworthy to be a Samurai. The official, being a man of honor, refused to take such abuse, even from a priest, so drawing his sword he ordered Ikkyu to explain himself or be cut down. The priest, who had retired out of danger, laughed at the angry official, exclaiming, "You ask where is hell? Your mind is hell. I see hell in your face." The Samurai, sensing the lesson, became conscience stricked and regained his former amiability, whereupon the priest, noting his placid features, remarked, "You ask where is heaven? Your mind is heaven now. I see heaven in your face."



BODHIDHARMA IN MEDITATION
By Kiretani Senrin

In his *Buddhist Art*, M. Anesaki writes of Zen: "The chief effort of this sect was directed towards the attainment of spiritual enlightenment through personal experience in contemplation and the effects of this practice were shown in manifestation of strong individuality. At the same time a feeling for the tranquil beauty of nature produced a serene 'Air-rhythm' of transcendence over the incidents of human life." Unlike most of the Oriental metaphysical disciplines, Zen is not a negative procedure. It is the achievement of tranquillity in strength rather than in weakness, and because of the peculiar vitality of the teaching nearly all the patriarchs of the order have enjoyed extraordinary health and lived to great age. It has well been written that the obliteration of matter by the exercise of absolute knowledge is the secret of Zen.

Zazen, the tranquil session or method of Zen meditation, is thus described by Keizan in *Zazan Yojin Ki:* "Arrange a seat of matting at a suitable place and lay a cushion upon it. Then sit down cross-legged, placing the right foot upon the left thigh and the left foot upon the right thigh. Put on robes and a girdle not too tight and preserve their symmetry. Then put the right hand (palm upward) on the calf of the left leg, lay the back of the left hand upon the palm of the right hand, and let the tips of the two thumbs touch each other. Sit thus, keeping the body erect, inclining neither to the right nor to the left, bending neither forward nor backward. Let the ears be just above the shoulders and the nose be directed toward the abdomen. Lay the tongue against the roof of the mouth, and keep the lips and teeth closed. The eyes should be kept open; the breath should flow gently through the nostrils. When the bodily position is thus established exhale a deep breath; then remain seated after (having examined the posture by) swinging the body slightly to the right and left. Thereafter proceed to the contemplation of what is beyond thought."

The eccentricities of Bodhidharma and his enigmatical method of teaching endeared him to the few who understood the workings of his brilliant mind. As in the case of Pythagoras, most men, however, hate mysteries, and the patriarch made many enemies among those unable to comprehend his metaphysical speculations. Like Socrates, this grand old master of Zen was loved by the few, hated by the many, and feared by all alike. On at least three different occasions priests of rival sects made efforts to poison Bodhidharma, but in each case his great knowledge enabled him to frustrate their designs. It is not amazing, therefore, that he was regarded as being divinely protected and the ignorant assumed that he possessed some magical secrets for the indefinite extension of his life. Wisdom, however, does not bestow freedom from law but rather freedom under law. Like the great who had gone before him, the blue-eyed Brahman passed from the scene of mortal action.

When after a long and intense life, the time came for Bodhidharma to depart into the Law, we discover him the same fierce-appearing but mysterious old man, still huddled in his voluminous cloak and surrounded by the monks and nuns whom he had converted to Dhyana — the doctrine of meditation. With his great rumbling voice he speaks thus: "And now the time of my departure is at hand. Say unto me one and all how do you understand the Law." Then reverently the assembled brethren spoke, each in turn summarizing what he had gained from the teachings. One disciple, Tao Fu, answered: "To me it seems that the Law does not lie in the letters nor yet is it separated from the letter—but it works." Bodhidharma nodded gravely and replied: "By your realization you have obtained my skin." Then a nun, Tsung Chi, spoke up, saying: "As Ananda, the beloved disciple of the Buddha, achieved the firmness of thought but once or twice, so I understand the Law." Bodhidharma nodded slowly as though pondering the words and then replied: "And by your realization you have attained to my flesh."

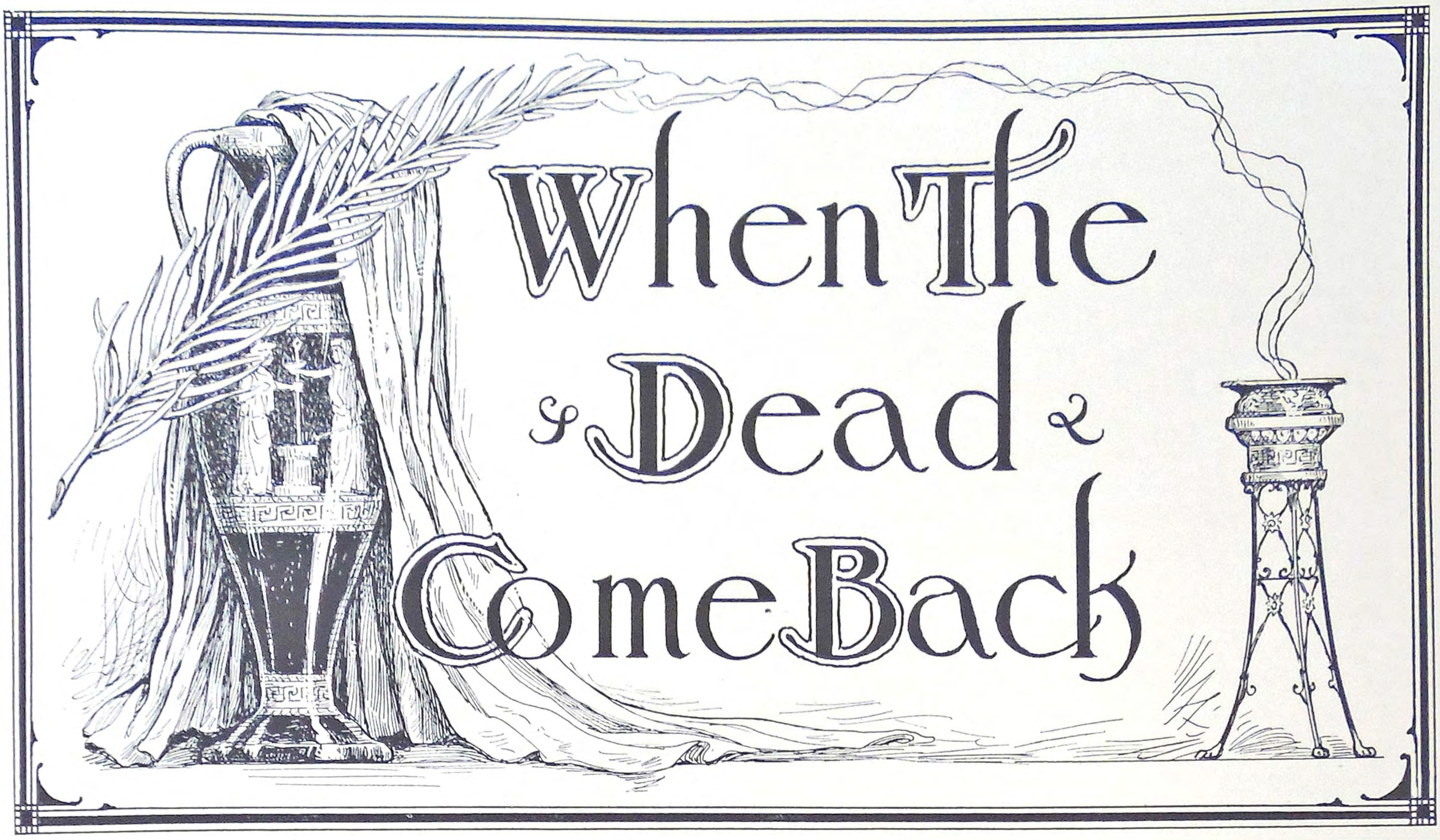
Another to speak was Tao Yuh, a great student. His words were thus: "The four elements are unreal from the first. Nor are form, perception, consciousness, action or knowledge really existent. All is emptiness according to my view." Again Bodhidharma inclined his massive shoulders, mumbling in his cloak: "By your realization you have acquired my bones." The last to be called upon for his understanding of the Law was Hwui Ko, who, after making a most polite obeisance, sat at a little distance and, assuming the position of meditation, gazed silently at Bodhidharma for several minutes. The aged patriarch was very still also and then leaning forward he whispered: "By your realization you have in silence attained to my marrow." Bodhidharma then took the great green cloak of Zen and spread it over Hwui Ko's shoulders, proclaiming him the next patriarch of Zen and pouring into the vessel of his soul as into a new pitcher the everlasting waters of the Law.

Three years after his death a strange story began to be circulated concerning Bodhidharma. Some peasants from the hill country had seen the fierce-looking philosopher plodding on his way amid the western mountains of China, his face resolutely turned towards India. He was barefooted, but for some inexplicable reason was carrying one shoe in his hand. The number of persons reporting this circumstance so greatly increased that the story caused such consternation that it came to the attention of the Emperor of China, who, to settle the matter, caused the tomb of Bodhidharma to be opened. To the amazement of everyone, the grave was empty except for one shoe, the mate to the slipper that Bodhidharma had carried away. On the strength of this story it has been affirmed that the great Zen monk never really died at all, but having completed his labors in China, employed the subterfuge of death as a convenient method of disappearing.

In Japan are found many curious images of Bodhidharma, or Daruma. In some he is shown with his clenched fists raised above his head in a posture of utter exasperation; in others he is depicted walking with stately tread, carrying the much discussed shoe. In still other carvings he is shown standing on a millet stalk, some say a great leaf of the aschi tree. The latter picture refers to the account—probably apocryphal—of Bodhidharma's visit to Japan. He is declared to have crossed the Strait of Korea either walking upon the waters or standing on this leaf which had become an enchanted skiff.

Bodhidharma is often used in Japan as a pattern for children's toys. No other great philosopher seems to have suffered so many indignities at the hands of the public as this old Zen monk, and yet there is something very profound behind it all. In kite-flying season his strange, staring face gazes down from countless paper birds. Among the familiar toys modeled from him are the little tumbling egg-shaped figures, sometimes called by American children "humpty-dumpties." These are weighted at the bottom so that no matter which way they are knocked about, they always bob up serenely.

By their peculiar faculty of righting themselves under all conditions, these tumbling dolls, strangely enough, are very appropriate symbols of the Zen tradition. Zen is the doctrine of equilibrium, demanding a balancing of all the elements of life as a prerequisite to spiritual understanding. Students of metaphysical subjects will do well to emulate the Zen attitude of silence towards esoteric matters, for not the least important of Bodhidharma's teachings is that very evident fact that the true secrets of life can under no circumstances be communicated from one person to another, and that all who try to express outwardly the secrets of the Law expose themselves as ignorant of these secrets. Nagasena likens man to a tree, the branches and leaves of which are moved by the winds of excess which disturb the tranquillity of the outer life. The trunk of the tree is the mind which the wind cannot move. Let us use Nagasena's own words: "The branches of a tree are shaken by the storm; but the trunk remains unmoved. In like manner, as the mind of the arhat is bound to the firm pillar of samadhi by the cord of the four paths, it remains unmoved, even when the body is suffering pain." Zen teaches that the immovability of reason is the hope of man, for while the outer senses and perceptions are hopelessly inconstant, the mind within is capable of being so established on the eternal foundations of realization that the vicissitudes of the outer life have no effect upon the serenity of the inner existence.



When The Dead Come Back

THOSE opposed to the belief that man's intellectual faculties survive the dissolution of his physical body advance, as proof of mortality, that the dead do not return. The phenomena of spiritualism are not accepted by the materialist as evidence of this survival because of the difficulty of establishing by physical means the integrity of such manifestations. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the vistas of the invisible world can be charted by clairvoyance alone. Men have died and have lived again; for returning from the vale of shadows, they have described, with minute detail, that which they experienced and beheld. In most cases they were not even believers in the metaphysical. Before their miraculous death and resurrection they were addicted to intemperance and excess; but after their return from the subterranean realms of hades, they became men of exemplary morals, having been shocked into a new life of piety by the awesomeness of their experiences.

By the irreligious, death is viewed as the final dissipation of both life and intelligence; by the devout, it is held as the beginning of a spiritual state where woe ceases and all things become miraculously perfected. To the rationally minded, it must be evident that both these extreme viewpoints are, to say the least, illogical. If there be either reason or consistency in Nature, order in the world or justice in the divine plan, then all things must persist in harmony with themselves. That which is to come must be justified by that which precedes it; ends must be determined by appropriate means and all conditions must generate their similars. When a man disappears from his circle of physical associations, this circumstance is scarcely sufficient to warrant the conclusion that, on the one hand, he has utterly ceased to be or that, on the other hand, he has become apotheosized. If men would cease to live anticipating some unreasonable postmortem metamorphosis and live now as though they were to continue as themselves throughout all space and time, there would be a greater incentive to the improvement of present conduct.

We are apt to over-estimate the importance of death as an incident in life. Death is regarded as a change of condition when, in reality, it is only a change of place. Such change can produce no appreciable difference in either the moral or ethical status. As in life, so in death a man is no better and no worse for *where* he is, but rather for *what* he is. A person passing from one room to another does not change his temperament at the doorway, nor does he cast off his attitudes with his garments. *Life* and *death* were terms employed by the ancients to symbolize planes of human consciousness. By *death* should be inferred that condition of ignorance which results from the encroachments of the material impulses upon the province of the rational nature. By *life* should be inferred that stimulation of the energies of the soul by which man is emancipated from bondage to the illusions of materiality. To paraphrase the Platonic arguments of Plotinus, when the soul is merged with body, so great a part of it sleeps or is obscured that the stimulation of the sense perceptions is its only employment. Resurrection, therefore, is not the elevation of the dull mass of the body but rather the elevation of the reason above this mass. Any phenomenal change from life to death or from death to life, if unaccompanied by spiritual enlightenment, is only a transmigration from sleep to sleep, from dream to dream, like a man passing in the dark from bed to bed. All real change must take place in the soul, by which, in turn, the body is tinctured. The vicissitudes of the body, such as its comings and its goings, while they have no direct influence upon the quality of the soul, may by indirection affect it as the mind, through the contemplation of phenomena, is led to an analysis of realities.

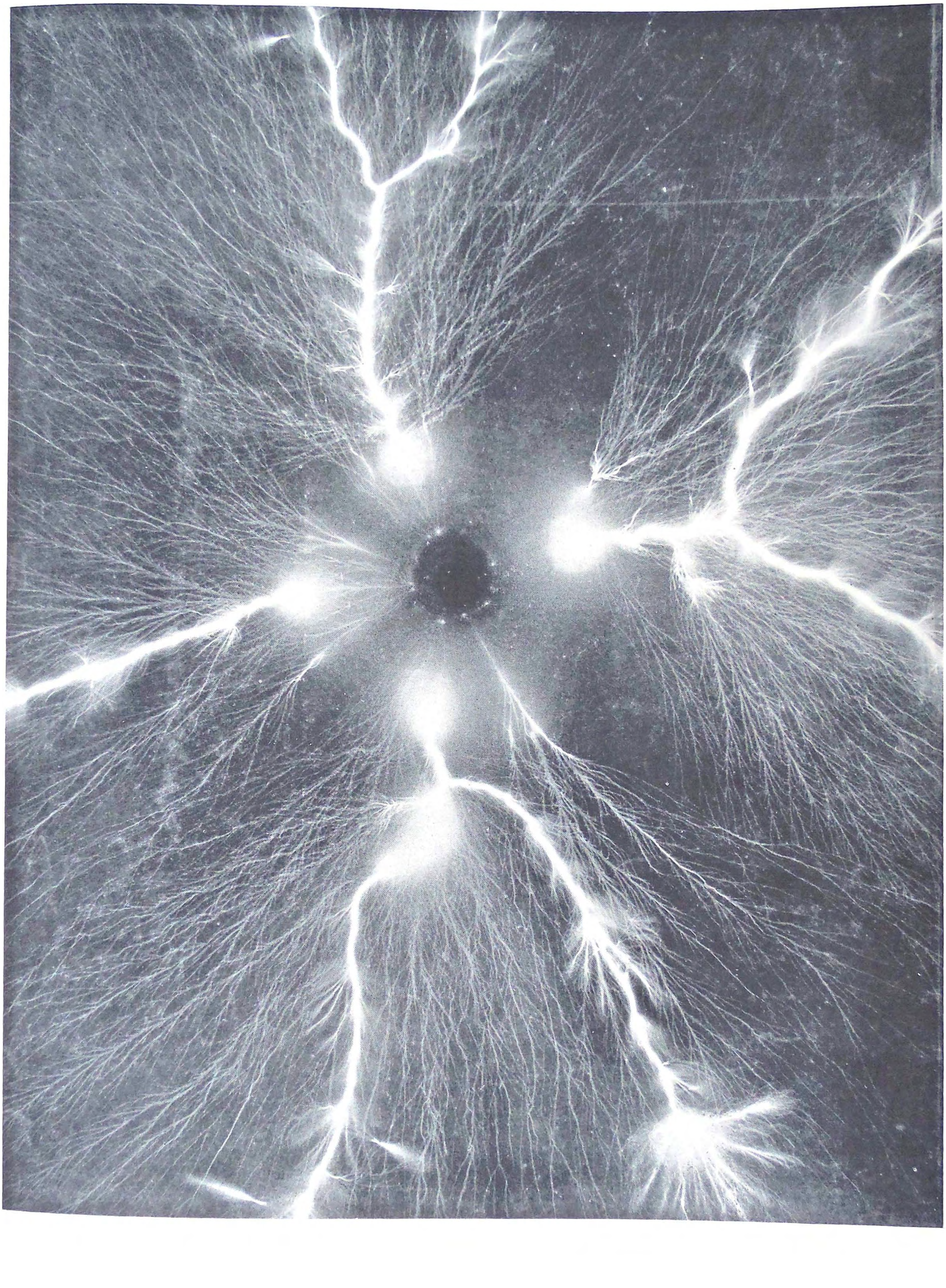
Having been liberated by death from the limitations of body, man gains one advantage over his incarnate state—he has come to function in, and become a part of, that subjective world of which our objective sphere is but the shadow. Certain mechanisms of creation are, therefore, uncovered to his view, and if his understanding be sufficient, he may gain a better estimate of comparative values and degrees of truth. It follows that the more he has perfected his faculties during physical life, the greater will be his appreciation of the mysteries revealed to him while in the invisible world. Plutarch declares that when a man dies he passes through the same experience as those who have had their consciousness increased by the ceremonials of the Mysteries. Thus death is an initiation and every initiation is a form of death. But, as the Mysteries refused admission to those who had not qualified themselves to receive the arcana, so the invisible world denies entrance to the unworthy, who must remain in the shadow land between place and eternity until it is appointed for them to return again into the dimensions of body and physical life. Thus, to the informed death imparts further instruction, but to the uninformed it renders issues more confused. There is no greater good than to behold and understand that which is beheld; and there is no greater grief than to be in the presence of wisdom and, through the poverty of the faculties, be incapable of partaking of the good thereof. When Cicero declared that the Mysteries taught men how to die, he intimated that the initiates were prepared to interpret correctly the phenomenon of death. Death is not only an experience but also an opportunity. As the majority of people, however, profit but little from these factors in this life, they can scarcely be expected to do better in the next. So, for the many, existence there is but a continuance of their existence here, with the purposes of life as obscure in the one as in the other.

From an examination of the philosophic attitude towards death, we learn that at the end the soul disentangles itself from the mortal skein and retires into its own source. Being a superphysical essence, soul can insinuate itself into body and depart therefrom unperceived, being recognizable only through the consequences which these acts engender. It is also possible for the soul to separate itself temporarily from the body and afterwards return thereto. While its vital agent is thus absent, the body must remain inert; but when the *psyche* returns, it can lift the physical lump again into a state of action. Under such conditions, the soul retains its hold upon the body by certain magnetic threads, so that the vital functions are preserved. Returning along these threads, the soul again pentrates the labyrinth of matter and reanimates the frame. If the threads by which body hangs suspended in soul are broken, however, then death is complete. The body becomes a derelict upon the sea of matter and soul no longer can affect or control the empty shell.

That the ancients experimented in these wonders and instructed themselves in all the aspects thereof is attested by Proclus who, in a manuscript commentary upon the Tenth Book of the Republic of Plato writes: "That it is possible for the soul to depart from, and enter into the body, is evident from him who, according to Clearchus, used a soul-attracting wand on a sleeping lad; and who persuaded Aristotle, as Clearchus relates in his Treatise on Sleep, that the soul may be separated from the body, and that it enters into the body, and uses it as a lodging. For, striking the lad with the wand, he drew out, and, as it were, led his soul, for the purpose of evincing that the body was immovable when the soul was at a distance from it, and that it was preserved uninjured; but the soul being again led into the body, by means of the wand, after its entrance narrated every particular. From this circumstance, therefore, both the spectators and Aristotle were persuaded that the soul is separate from the body."

The most famous of those who have returned from the dead to a more sober and constructive existence is Aridæus, of Soli, of whom Plutarch learned from his friend, Protogenes. In *The Vision of Aridæus*, G. R. S. Mead gives an account of this extraordinary happening, with useful commentaries. Aridæus, who was a man of great wealth and even greater profligacy, stopped at no villainy and gained the unenviable reputation of being one of the greatest scoundrels of his time. He seemingly grew weary of evil and went so far as to ask the oracle of Amphilochus if there was any probability of his being able to improve the latter part of his life. The oracle is reputed to have answered with the enigmatical statement that he would do better after he was dead. Whether this answer preyed upon his mind or whether Providence turned defender of prophecy is not known. Aridæus met with an accident, however, and, although seemingly uninjured, the shock brought on a semblance of death. There was complete suspension of animation which deceived the cleverest physicians. Three days later, just as the plans for his funeral had been completed, he rose from his couch of death and, recovering entirely from his strange experience, narrated to a few of his closest acquaintances the strange things which had happened to him during the period of his temporary decease. "After this unpleasant experience," writes Mead, "Aridæus became an entirely reformed character, of quite exemplary virtue." Aridæus explained the amazing change in his mode of life and thought by what he had seen and experienced. Plutarch immediately recognized the integrity of the vision because of its agreement with the ceremonials of initiation.

Aridæus explained that when his consciousness escaped from the body he experienced a sensation similar to that of a sailor who had been swept overboard into deep water. After a little time, he seemed to breathe in every part of him and to see in all directions at once, as though the single eye of the soul had been opened. He was in space and no objects were visible save the stars, which were at enormous distances from each other and of great size, and poured forth marvelous radiations of color and sound. The most significant statement in the vision is that concerning the souls of the dead which rose in flamelike bubbles (auras). These bubbles finally broke and human forms (the astral bodies) emerged. He then describes the confusion of those who, passing into death unenlightened, face eternity terror-stricken and move in panic-driven herds. Later he discovers others who are shining with radiance and peace and move



GOD—OR FORCE ?

An Electric Spark photographed by its own light.

through the higher reaches of space. Aridæus then wanders through an Inferno not unlike that painted by the genius of Dante, an Inferno that exists only through the fear complexes in the minds of human beings. At last, having come to the end of his vision, he felt himself as though "sucked through a tube by a terribly strong and violent inbreath." He lit in his body, awakening just in time to prevent himself being buried alive.

Relying upon earlier sources for his evidence, Proclus supports the general Platonic viewpoint as to the power of the soul to depart from and enter into body either by will or by accident. He gives five examples of persons who, having apparently died, were called back from the shadow to bear witness to the superphysical mysteries of life.

The first was Cleonymus, of Athens, a man who was given to attending philosophic discourses. He was thrown into a despair through grieving over the death of a friend and seemingly died. After he was laid out and prepared for burial, a gentle breathing was perceived and his interment was halted. Cleonymus, after a short time, was restored to physical vigor and described in detail what he had seen and heard while his soul was absent from his body. He related how his soul, or rational part, was as though liberated from bondage so that it soared up from body and, having ascended above the earth, came into places of "various figures and colors," with rivers unknown to man. Still ascending, he came to a region sacred to Vesta and was brought into the presence of gods of indescribable forms. His narrative reminds one of the world described by Socrates in his last discourse—an aerial sphere wherein beings dwelt along the shores of the atmosphere even as men dwell along the shores of the sea. The story of Cleonymus is vouched for by Clearchus, who was a disciple of Aristotle.

The second example Proclus draws from the historian, Naumachius, and is concerned with one, Polycritus, a prominent citizen among the Ætolians. Polycritus returned to life after being dead (or in a state of suspended animation) for nine months. Coming forth out of his tomb, he joined in a general assembly of the prominent citizens, consulting with them as to measures to be adopted for the improvement of the community. This circumstance was so extraordinary, Hiero, the Ephesian, and other historians testified as to the truth of it, sending a statement of the facts to the king, Antigonus. After returning from his wandering in fourth dimensional vistas, Polycritus seemed to have increased in wisdom to a marked degree, from which it was evident that he had found favor with the gods.

The third example is that of Eurynous, of Nicopolis, who was buried for fifteen days, after which he revived and described many wonderful things he had seen and heard while under the earth, the details of which, however, he was forbidden to relate. He had descended through a strange subterranean labyrinth and while his body lay peacefully in the vault, his rational energies had explored the mysteries of Tartarus. It is recorded of this man also that his conduct was more just after his "initiation" than before.

The fourth example is that of the Thessalonian priest, Rufus, who rose from the couch of death after three days and performed certain sacred ceremonials attendant upon his office. Having thus fulfilled a vow to perform these ceremonies, he laid down and died for the second time, and from this death there was no return. The philosophers declared that the soul of Rufus, being bound to the terrestrial sphere by the weight of an oath, could not depart but was held by the sense of an unmet obligation. The soul then returned to the body, reanimating it for a second time to perform the rites according to its vow, whereupon, released from further entanglement in matter, it retired into a spiritual state.

The last example given by Proclus is Philonæa, a lady who lived under the reign of Philip. She died and six months later came to life again, died a second time, and was reborn once more even to the third time. Her strange actions during the periods of her reanimation she declared to be according to the will of terrestrial dæmons, or spirits. It seems that her body was occupied by elemental entities, who caused it to appear as though animated. Philonæa also described strange beings existing in the invisible worlds, who conversed rationally with her on profound and varied subjects. Like the others, she interpreted the substance of the transcendental spheres in terms of light and color, also glorious symphonies and harmonies which thrilled through the subtle essences like some vast orchestration.

American Indian mythology is embellished with numerous accounts of priests and heroes who have penetrated into the ghost-land, or spirit-world, and returned alive. Usually the ghost-land is subterranean and reached only after an arduous journey through dark passageways infested with monsters and filled with natural dangers. Returning from the spirit-world, the courageous warriors described the adventures which befell them. This intercourse between the worlds and this power to pass from one to the other was cultivated by nearly all ancient or primitive peoples. In *The Myths of the North American Indians,* Lewis Spence writes: "In many Indian myths we read how the shamans, singly or in companies, seek the spirit-land, either to search for the souls of those who are ill, but not yet dead, or to seek advice from supernatural beings. These thaumaturgical practices were usually undertaken by three medicine-men acting in concert. Falling into a trance, in which their souls were supposed to become temporarily disunited from their bodies, they would follow the track of the sick man's spirit into the spirit-world. The order in which they travelled was determined by the relative strength of their guardian spirits, those with the strongest being first and last, and he who had the weakest being placed in the middle. If the sick man's track turned to the left they said he would die, but if to the right, he would recover. From the trail they could also divine whether any supernatural danger was near, and the foremost priest would utter a magic chant to avert such evils if they came from the front, while if the danger came from the rear the incantation was sung by the priest who came last. Generally their sojourn occupied one or two nights, and, having rescued the soul of the patient, they returned to place it in his body.

"Not only was the shaman endowed with the power of projecting his own 'astral body' into the Land

of Spirits. By placing cedar-wood charms in the hands of persons who had not yet received a guardian spirit he could impart to them his clairvoyant gifts, enabling them to visit the spirit-land and make any observations required by him. The souls of chiefs, instead of following the usual route, went directly to the seashore, where only the most gifted shamans could follow their trail. The sea was regarded as the highway to the supernatural regions. A sick man was in the greatest peril at high water, but when the tide was low the danger was less. The means adopted by the medicine-men to lure ghosts away from their pursuit of a soul was to create an 'astral' deer. The ghosts would turn from hunting the man's soul to follow that of the beast."

Among some of the Southwestern tribes, we find the magic carpet ceremony. The body of the deceased is placed upon a small black and white blanket. This blanket carries the soul of the dead through all the mysteries of the underworld. The Indians believed that man originally issued out of the earth and that he would return to his original home after finishing his wanderings in the mortal sphere. The Red Men expect to go back again under the earth when they die. This is a significant link with the initiation ceremonies of the Egyptians and Greeks, for the Lesser Mysteries were invariably conducted in subterranean crypts to signify, as the classical writers have testified, the relapsed state of the human soul. The Indians recognized not only the underworld wherein exists the ghost-land but also the superior world far above the clouds, where dwelt the *manidos*, or gods. In American Indian mysticism are found many parallelisms with the old Chaldean metaphysics. Thus, life and death become merely the objective and subjective expressions of one state. Departing from the outer body of the world, men retire into the "inner" body of the world; but in life and death are bound to the terrestrial sphere. Hence, birth and death have no significance except when accompanied by a release of spiritual consciousness. Perfected souls do not wander in the ghost-land.

In the Egyptian system, Amenti was the nocturnal sphere of the dead, while the true heaven was far above the North Pole. The ghost-land is really nothing but the invisible body of the earth, wherein the souls of men, vested only in the more subtle garments of ethereal and astral substance, continue their existence after shuffling off their mortal coil. From the ghost-land they are reborn again to live and die repeatedly until the soul, energized by the reason, dedicates itself to the escape from matter and, through high purpose and great accomplishment, soars upward into the world of the gods to return no more to the illusions of matter.

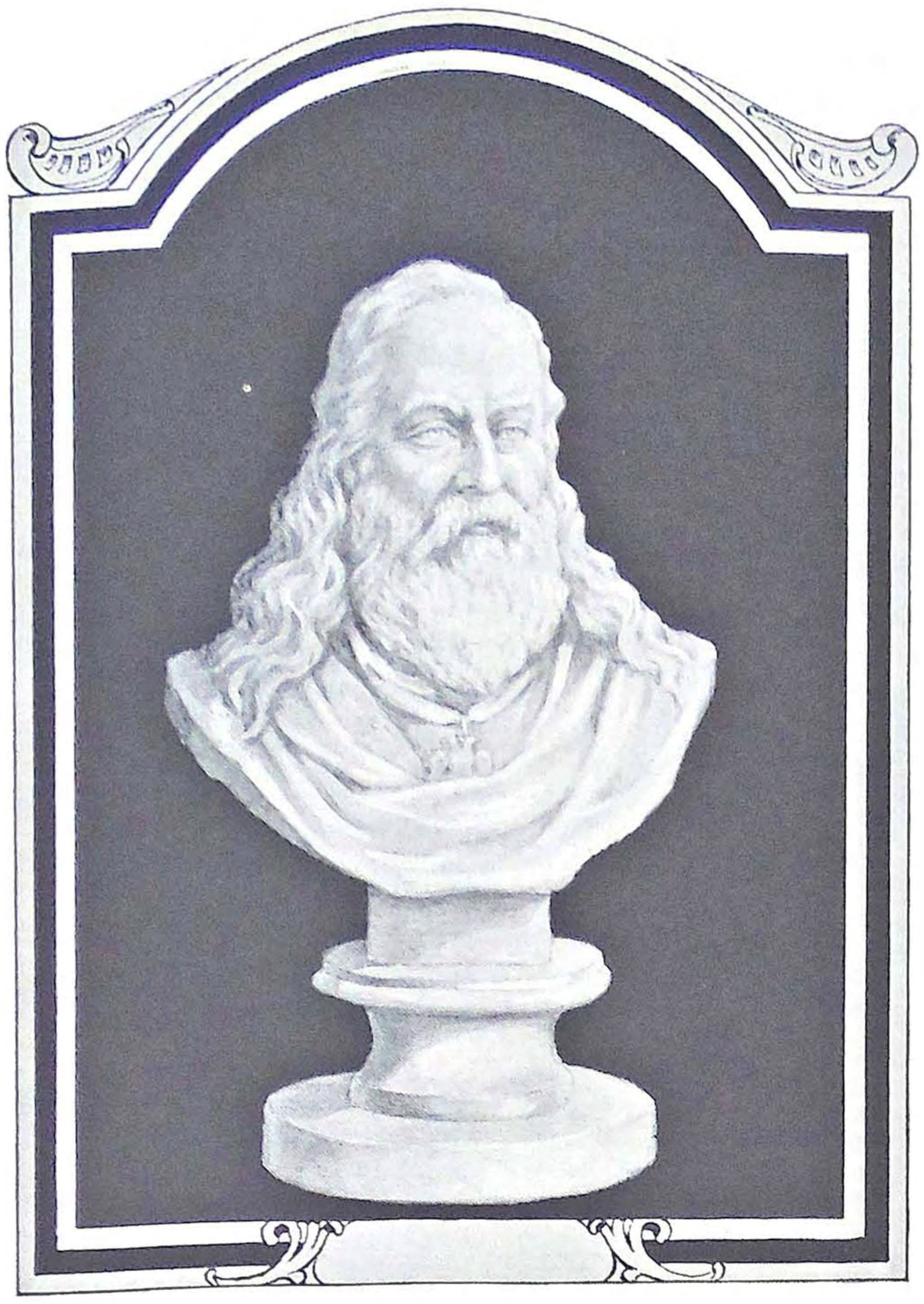
As the initiation ceremonies of the Mysteries constituted what was called the "philosophic death" and the "philosophic birth," the rites contained numerous allusions to death and in the higher degrees the more advanced pupils actually passed through the experience of death, an experience created for them by the wisdom and ingenuity of the priestcraft. Many of the initiated hierophants and adepts were profoundly versed in mesmerism and hypnotism. They could cause artificial catalepsy and by their own knowledge of natural law temporarily force the soul out of the body that it might gain the actual experience of passing into the invisible world. Narcotic drugs were used to produce temporary clairvoyance and were noted by Salverte, who adds that the Christians drugged the communion cups to create visions and ecstasy. Charms, talismans, and fetishes were employed, spells and mantras recited and elemental forces invoked; and in the lonely passageways of the ancient temples all these agencies conspired together to acquaint the neophyte with all the profundities of mortal and immortal existence. Hence it was well said that a man was born again when he had passed through the initiations. He was held as one who had returned from the dead, who had approached the threshold of Proserpine and had seen the gates of hell swing open to receive him.

Every initiate of the ancient world had been out of his body at least once, usually aided by the priests. This experience entirely changed the perspective towards life, for it enlarged the horizon and established a new concept of values. Today we firmly believe that when we are dead, we are very dead, indeed; but, in reality, when we are dead, we are very much alive. Terms are often given undue emphasis; we take words too seriously. Death seems a dismal and ultimate expression, when it actually signifies simple transition and is in no way concerned with a belief in a beginning or a fear of end. If the ancient Mysteries could be re-established upon the earth and every man could die at least once during this life and come back again, he would, like the classical personages described by Proclus, return to a better ordered and more justly enacted life. Having passed through such an experience, we could not again be the same as we were before. This single circumstance is largely responsible for that indescribable interval which separated the philosophers of antiquity from mankind in general. The philosophers were of a race apart. A strange dignity, a commanding simplicity had been conferred upon them by the Mysteries. As the oracle of Amphilochus said to Aridæus, we, in turn, might say of every man that they would do better after they had died at least once.



GENERAL ALBERT PIKE, 33°

Sovereign Grand Commander of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry of the Southern Jurisdiction, U. S. A.



ALBERT PIKE the Plato *of* Freemasonry

IN THIS article it is not our purpose to write of Albert Pike, the Arkansas gentleman; nor of Albert Pike, the shrewd and successful jurist; nor again of Albert Pike, the American poet; nor shall we enlarge upon his military career which elevated him to the rank of a brigadier-general; nor the high merit of his literary style and the numerous honors bestowed upon him by Freemasons and Freemasonry in all parts of the civilized world. Men who knew him intimately and sat under the spell of his personality and words are better fitted to enlarge upon his many virtues. We shall only speak of his rare abilities as far as is necessary to establish the main subject of our discussion.

The memory of great men lives after them, but their wisdom is interred with their bones. We worship at the shrine of the illustrious, but seldom emulate the qualities for which they came to be so elevated. We recognize the merit of achievement, yet ourselves make small effort to attain it. There is a forgotten Albert Pike—Pike, the Platonic philosopher, the Hermetist, the alchemist, the Cabalist, and the transcendentalist. It is to rescue this genius from the oblivion of forgetfulness that we have framed this essay. Albert Pike was the great American Freemason. He found the organization in a log cabin and left it in a palace. He took all its numerous vicissitudes upon himself and labored unceasingly through a long and industrious life for the perfection of Masonic ideals. For thirty-two years he was the Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of the 33° for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, with such dignity that at his death William Oscar Roome asked, "Who will dare aspire to fill his chair now vacant?" At the time of his passing, to this Masonic Prometheus was paid the following magnificent tribute: "Albert Pike was a king among men by the divine right of merit. A giant in body, in brain, in heart and in soul. So majestic in appearance that whenever he moved on highway or byway, the wide world over, every passer-by turned to gaze upon him and admire him. Six feet, two inches tall, with the proportions of a Hercules and the grace of an Apollo. A face and head massive and leonine, recalling in every feature some sculptor's dream of a Grecian god; while his long wavy hair, flowing down over his shoulders, added a striking picturesque effect. * * * He was in himself the highest and grandest embodiment of the virtues and graces of Freemasonry, a living exemplication of the exalted and exalting principles of your great world-embracing brotherhood! He ran the whole gamut of earthly honors. He climbed Fame's glittering ladder to its loftiest height, and stepped from its topmost round into the skies."

Henry R. Evans, Inspector General, Honorary, of the Supreme Council, 33°, thus describes this Grand Old Man of Masonry: "I often saw him on the streets of Washington, his snow-white hair falling about his shoulders like the mane of a lion. His broad expansive forehead, his serene countenance, and his powerful frame awoke thoughts in me of some being of a far-off time. The conventional dress of an American citizen did not seem suited to such a splendid personality. The costume of an ancient Greek would have been more in keeping with such a face and figure —such a habit as Plato wore when he discoursed upon divine philosophy to his students among the groves of the Academy at Athens, beneath the brilliant sun of Greece. Who knows but what Albert Pike was a reincarnation of Plato, walking these 19th century streets of ours?"

Fred W. Allsopp, in his book, *Albert Pike, A Biography*, says of Pike that "he was visited and consulted by important persons from all over the world. And, when not otherwise engaged, he sat and dreamed, and delved in ancient lore, as was his wont, smoking his long meerschaum pipe, and watching his

pet birds. In the *Centenary Souvenir of His Birth,* published in 1909, are contained a number of tributes to Albert Pike from men high in Masonic circles. James D. Richardson, Sovereign Grand Commander, calls Albert Pike Freemasonry's greatest son, adding that he stands without a rival in the hearts of all Masons of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite throughout the world. The Sovereign Grand Commander also pays a direct tribute to Pike's scholastic achievements: "He had been a fine Greek and Latin scholar, had taught himself many languages, and a great number of dialects, among them the Sanskrit, Hebrew, Old Samaritan, Chaldean, Persian, and American Indian. From these he went on to a study of the Parsee and Hindu beliefs and traditions and of the Rig-Veda and Zend-Avesta. He left fifteen manuscript volumes of translations and commentaries of these Aryan writings."

George F. Moore, 33°, Grand Prior, made this beautiful statement: "It was Pike, the Mason, who, by the divine alchemy of the love of his fellow men transmuted all his mental possessions into the pure gold of wisdom, poesy, patriotism, and law, and embodied them in our Scottish Rite Rituals as they were revised and spiritualized by him." Many endearing titles have been bestowed upon Pike by those who knew and loved him. He was called Albertus Magnus (the Great Albert), the Homer of America, the Master Builder, the Real Master of the Veils, the Oracle of Freemasonry, and the Zoroaster of modern Asia.



THE MASTER BUILDER

This is the man who is identical in his purposes and ideals with the highest aspects of Freemasonic thought, the man who taught himself Sanskrit after he was seventy years of age and whose unpublished manuscripts in the library of the Supreme Council represent, together with his published writings, the most important known collection of research work into Craft symbolism. In time these manuscripts will be published for the good of the Craft and the world.

In every sense of the word, Albert Pike was a self-made man. As a mere youth, he desired education above all things. Too poor to pay his matriculation fee at Harvard, young Pike set himself the task of self-education. How well he succeeded in this labor of love is well attested when in later life Harvard bestowed upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, in 1859. Pike declined the honor with thanks, saying that when he was penniless and needed an education, the doors of the institution had been closed to him and that he cared nothing for the deferred degree.

From the foregoing it is evident that Freemasonry not only accepts Albert Pike as a standard of Masonic excellence, but by the dignities showered upon him, gives official recognition to the systems of thought which he inculcated upon the rituals and symbols of the Craft. To Albert Pike, Freemasonry was synonymous with scholarship. Having searched as few men have searched into the hazy background of Freemasonic tradition, Pike is undoubtedly the best qualified authority to whom one can turn in the effort to discover the essential elements of Freemasonry. Let us then consult this splendid oracle, gathering from his own words the essentials of Freemasonic philosophy.

It is neither necessary nor especially desirable that all men should hold similar beliefs concerning the nature of God or the substances and purposes of the world. Nor is it harmony with the sovereign good that any should viciously revile or denounce the beliefs of their fellow men. The occult and metaphysical sciences are the oldest known to this race, and Freemasons of the higher degrees who, ignoring the importance of the transcendental branches of learning, viciously criticise those who have discovered their importance not only reveal their utter ignorance of the text of their own textbook—*Morals and Dogma*—but also of that fundamental Masonic tenet which gives to each man the guarantee of unpersecuted freedom of thought.

In his interpretation of Masonic symbolism, Albert Pike naturally turned, as all scholars must ultimately do, to those ancient institutions of learning from which has descended to this age the whole bounty of rational good. Nor does Pike hesitate, through any false pride, to acknowledge the origin of his illumination. In the Mysteries of Ceres and Proserpine at Eleusis, of Isis and Osiris in Egypt, of Atys and Adonis in Syria, of the Druses of Lebanon and the Druids of Britain, of the persecuted Gnostics and the reviled Cabalists, as well as a score of others, he finds the roots of that great tree which was to grow up

IN DEO FIDUCIA NOSTRA.

HOUSE OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL OF THE 33° DEGREE

OF THE A∴ & A∴ SCOTTISH RITE,

FOR THE SOUTHERN JURISDICTION, U. S. A.,

433 THIRD STREET N. W.,

Orient of Washington, District of Columbia,

the 25th day of September, 1890, C∴ E∴;

of the Supreme Council the 90th year.

The Grand Commander:

Unto the Inspectors-General of the Supreme Council.

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VERY DEAR BRETHREN:

By this urgent Letter of Convocation I invoke you, laying aside all other business, to assemble here in Council for the good of the Order, in accordance with our Statute, on the twentieth day of October next. I have looked forward to the coming of that day with impatience and longing since the present year began, for I would fain see you all once more. It is not possible, I know, that you can all be here. There have been vacant seats at every meeting for thirty years. Yet all of us who may be present will miss those whom we shall have in vain hoped to see; and the pleasure of our meeting will be sadly marred thereby, especially for those of us

"Who are now declined
Into the vale of years;"

for the absence of a dear friend whom we can hardly hope ever to see again affects us like his death. How can it not distress us and deject us to know that there is but little likelihood that we shall ever have opportunity to see the dear faces and hear the loved voices again? How can it not sadden us to remember that one of our Brethren who became an Active Member in June, 1879, died in May, 1889, without ever having met with us, his business as a lawyer alone preventing; and that, three only of us having ever seen him, he is to all the rest but like

"The shadow of a name in the land of dreams?"

Surely, of a little group like ours, bound together by ties that ought to be strong as Fate, having joint responsibilities, held by solemn vows to the performance of joint duties, each owing to the other counsel and advice, each knowing how too many vacant chairs impair its authority, lessen its power for good, and detract from its respectability, every Brother should be willing to make even great sacrifices to see his Brethren once or twice at least in his lifetime.

Dear Brethren, let not this urgency of remonstrance against absence, when to be present is possible, be offensive to you. Undoubtedly we can do the work that is to be done, without the help of those absent, though perhaps not as well, nor with as much ease and satisfaction to ourselves: but their absence could not be a matter of indifference and unconcern to us, unless our love for them were mere idle liking, and our desire to see them a mere fleeting wish. Always the silver cord of Brotherhood is weakened by long separation. SOCIOS ERGO CONVOCO OMNES.

May our Father Who is in Heaven have you always in His holy keeping!

‡ Albert Pike 33°∴

Grand Commander.

General Pike's Letter Convoking the Thirty-third Degree Written the Year Before His Death

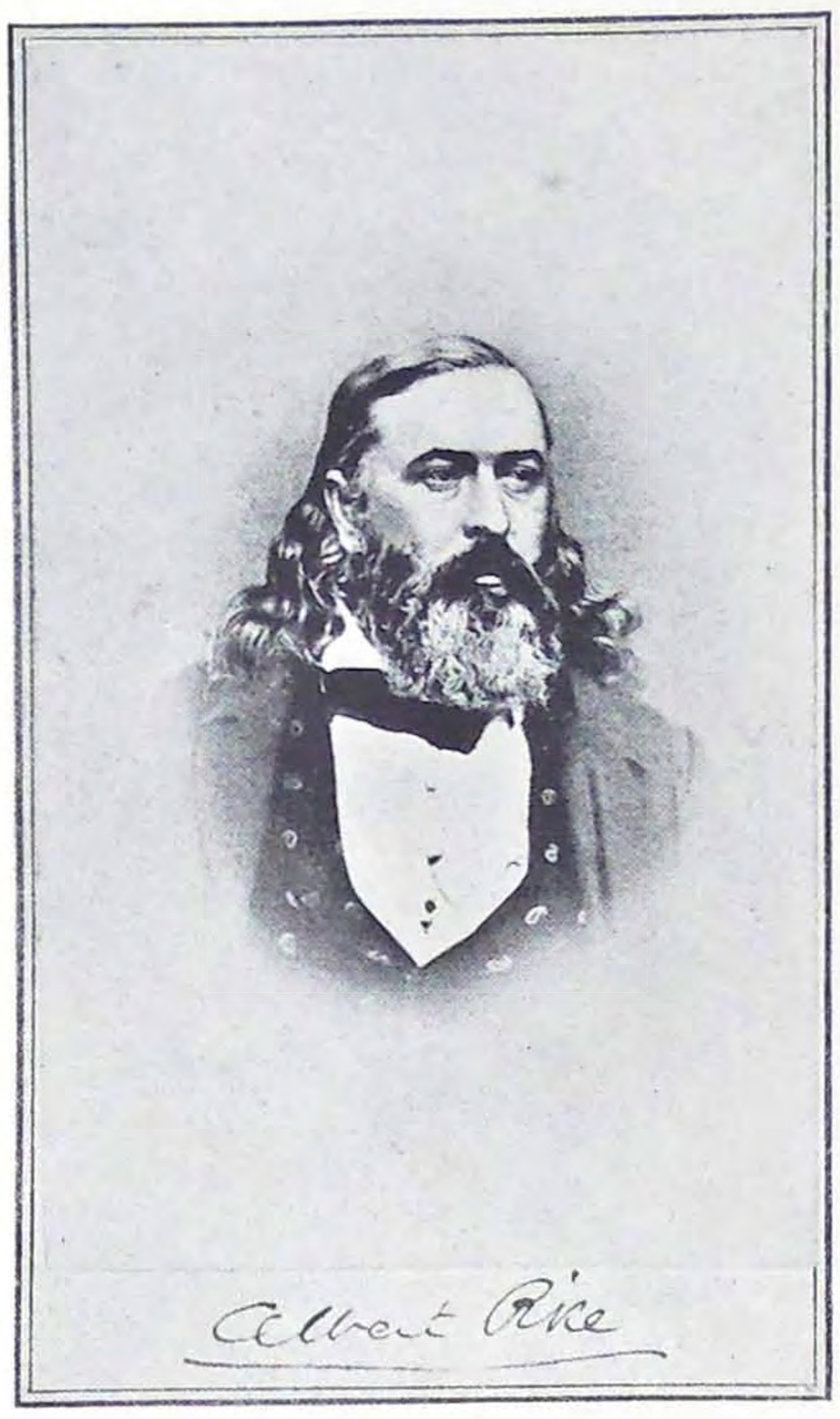
through the ages under the name of Freemasonry and spread its branches over the modern world.

He who denies this, denies Pike, the rituals and the evident; for the wealth of Freemasonry lies in those traditions with which it is bound to the great cultural systems of antiquity. Members of the Craft proudly refer to their Brother, Pythagoras, as an illustrious example of ancient initiation. But do they remember that this "Brother" was a transcendental magician, possessed of all the supernatural powers which moderns ridicule and immortalized because of the superlative quality of his erudition?

Pike sensed a deeper dignity, a fuller meaning, and a higher purpose. He was a man apart, one of a small race of rational giants, to whom it is given to see beyond the narrow sphere of personal interest into that broader vista of high purpose and unselfish end. When we say that Albert Pike was a Cabalist,

we say no more than he himself maintains. In *Morals and Dogma* is to be found the following statement: "One is filled with admiration, on penetrating into the Sanctuary of the Kabalah, at seeing a doctrine so logical, so simple, and at the same time so absolute. The necessary union of ideas and signs, the consecration of the most fundamental realities by the primitive characters; the Trinity of Words, Letters, and Numbers; a philosophy simple as the alphabet, profound and infinite as the Word; theorems more complete and luminous than those of Pythagoras; a theology summed up by counting on one's fingers; an Infinite which can be held in the hollow of an infant's hand; ten ciphers and twenty-two letters, a triangle, a square, and a circle,—these are all the elements of Kabalah. These are the elementary principles of the written Word, reflection of that spoken Word that created the world!"

If more evidence be necessary, consider the 235 pages of manuscript commentary on the Cabala in Pike's autograph now in the library of the Supreme Council. Nor should we forget that in his Masonic writings Pike drew considerably from the books on transcendental magic by Eliphas Levi, a Cabalist and a magician, whose concepts Pike must have highly admired since he quoted them so frequently. There are hundreds of references to Cabalism in the *Magnum Opus* and the *Legenda* of the degrees from the 4th to the 32nd. Any Freemason studying these carefully could not but become acquainted with the leading tenets of Cabalistic tradition as these are derived from the *Sepher Yetzirah* and the *Sepher ha Zohar*.



AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF ALBERT PIKE

As a Hermetist, Pike is an equally distinguished exponent of primitive revelation. In his lecture on the Knight of the Sun, or Prince Adept, Pike reveals his intimate knowledge of the arcanum: "The Hermetic Art is, therefore, at the same time a religion, a philosophy, and a natural science. As a religion, it is that of the Ancient Magi and the Initiates of all ages; as a philosophy, we may find its principles in the school of Alexandria and the theories of Pythagoras; as a science, we must inquire for its processes of Paracelsus, Nicholas Flamel, and Raymond Lulle." Pike then hazards all by a magnificent occult statement. None of that race of philosophical metaphysicians whom materialists despise so heartily ever soared more gloriously into the hermetic heavens. "The Science is a real one only for those who admit and understand the philosophy and the religion; and its process will succeed only for the Adept who has attained the sovereignty of will, and so become the King of the elementary world: for the grand agent of the operation of the Sun, is that force described in the Symbol of Hermes, of the table of emerald; it is the universal magical power; the spiritual, fiery, motive power; it is the Od, according to the Hebrews, and the Astral light, according to others. Therein is the secret fire, living and philosophical, of which all the Hermetic philosophers speak with the most mysterious reserve: the Universal Seed, the secret whereof they kept, and which they represented only under the figure of the Caduceus of Hermes. This is the grand Hermetic arcanum. What the Adepts call dead matter are bodies as found in nature; living matters are substances assimilated and magnetized by the science and will of the operator." Pike binds Hermetism to Freemasonry and thus demonstrates the line of its descent: "The Hermetic Science of the early Christian ages, cultivated also by Geber, Alfarabius, and others of the Arabs, studied by the Chiefs of the Templars, and embodied in certain symbols of the higher Degrees of Freemasonry, may be accurately defined as the Kabalah in active realization, or the Magic of Works.

Pike's high admiration for Plato, as well as his cultivation of the orderly rational procedure of the Platonic philosophers, entitle him to be regarded as a legitimate exponent of Platonism. In *Morals and Dogma*, Pike distinguishes Plato as the greatest of human revelators, and in another places declares that Plato drew his doctrines from the East and from the Mysteries. In his lecture on the Grand Elect, Perfect, and Sublime Mason, the Grand Commander summarizes the philosophical aspects of the Craft in the following words: "It is philosophical, because it teaches the great Truths concerning the nature and existence of one Supreme Deity, and the existence and immortality of the soul. It revives the Academy of Plato, and the wise teachings of Socrates. It reiterates the maxims of Pythagoras, Confucius, and Zoroaster, and reverentially enforces the sublime lessons of Him who died upon the Cross."

Pike's summary of the path which men must walk for the achievement of immortality, or the greatest good, is essentially Platonic and the same which was obscurely depicted in the ceremonials of the ancient Mysteries, especially in the death and resurrection of the martyred Sun God. He declares: "That the noblest purpose of life and the brightest duty of a man are to strive incessantly and vigorously to win the mastery in everything of that which in him is spiritual and divine, over that which is material and sensual." This is the inevitable moral conclusion which Pike arrived at after analyzing the confused anthropomorphism of ancient peoples. In accepting Plato as supreme among the revealers of truth, Pike aligned himself on the side of metaphysical philosophy as opposed to the natural philosophy of the Aristotelians.

We have yet to speak of Albert Pike, the alchemist, or, rather, we shall let him speak for himself. "The Hermetic Gold is not only a true dogma, a light without Shadow, a Truth without alloy of falsehood; it is also a material gold, real, pure, the most precious that can be found in the mines of the earth. * * *

EVERY YEAR

(Albert Pike's Best Known Poem)

Life is a count of losses,
Every year;
Lost springs with sobs replying,
Unto weary autumn's sighing,
While those we love are dying,
Every year.

The days have less of gladness,
Every year;
The nights more weight of sadness,
Every year.
Fair springs no longer charm us,
The winds and weather harm us,
The threats of death alarm us,
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows,
Every year;
Dark days and darker morrows,
Every year.
The ghosts of dead hopes haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces,
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us,
Every year;
"You can win no more affection;
"You have only recollection,
"Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

The shores of life are shifting,
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting,
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

Whatever is matter contains salt; and all salt (nitre) may be converted into pure gold by the combined action of Sulphur and Mercury, which sometimes act so rapidly, that the transmutation may be effected in an instant, in an hour, without fatigue to the operator, and almost without expense. At other times, and according to the more refractory temper of the atmospheric *media*, the operation requires several days, several months, and sometimes even several years."

By the foregoing we believe it has been amply demonstrated that to the enlightened vision of Albert Pike Freemasonry was a repository and perpetuator of the most precious and essential doctrines of mankind. His impetus to Freemasonry was an uplifting one, calling the Brothers to their dignity and estate, and rescuing from the confusion of misinterpreted symbols the principal elements of the arcane doctrines. To this grand soul, Freemasonry must be adorned with the insignia of learning in all its various departments. His life and actions reveal that Freemasonry was Albert Pike's religion—not Freemasonry in its outer sense, but in a deified aspect, in which all the rites and degrees blazed forth with the light of divine wisdom and authority. We have but to study the life of the man to discover that through the symbols, to the interpretation of which he devoted his life, Pike found his Creator and was brought face to face with that living Word which is the consummation to all Masonic travel.

Albert Pike was great because he recognized greatness. He is immortal because he refused to accept mortality. He was a true Master Mason because he refused to see in Freemasonry less than the most sacred and most profound of all mortal tradition. In his *Legenda* of the degrees of the Scottish Rite, Pike

sets forth a Masonic creed—his Masonic creed. In this is epitomized the Grand Commander's philosophy of life: "BELIEVE in GOD'S infinite Benevolence, Wisdom and Justice; HOPE for the final triumph of Good over Evil, and for perfect HARMONY as the final result of all the concords and discords of the Universe; and be CHARITABLE, as GOD is, towards the unfaith, the errors, the follies and the faults of men; for all make one great brotherhood."

This brings up a most mooted question, one which has perplexed Masonic scholars in particular and the Craft in general for a goodly number of years—IS FREEMASONRY A RELIGION? The superficial Mason is likely to answer in the negative. Studious investigation, however, will reveal that as the outer symbols are in the main derived from the religious symbols of ancient nations, it naturally follows that the inner traditions of the Craft are concerned with the esoteric interpretation of those symbols, an interpretation which must inevitably deal with the various aspects of sacred sciences. If we turn to our Oracle once more, we find the answer in the opening sentence of the *Legenda* for the nineteenth degree, where Pike declares: "Masonry has and always had a religious creed. It teaches what it deems to be the truth in respect to the nature and attributes of God, as the loving and beneficent Father of all mankind, as a Supreme and Perfect Intelligence, as not in anywise the gigantic and distorted image of a man reflected upon the clouds." His fullest statement upon this subject, however, is to be found in his essay on *Masonic Symbolism*, where he writes: "But those who framed its Degrees adopted the most sacred and significant symbols of a very remote antiquity, used many centuries before the Temple of the King Solomon was built, to express to those who understood them, while concealing from the profane, the most recondite and mysterious doctrines in regard to God, the universe and man. And those who framed the Degrees and adopted these symbols, used them as expressions of the same sacred and holy doctrine, and interpreted them quite otherwise than they are now interpreted in our Lodges. I have, at least, arrived at this conviction after patient study and reflection during many years. I entertain no doubt, and am ready to give the reasons for my faith, that the principal symbols of Freemasonry, all that are really ancient, concur to teach the fundamental principles of a great and wide-spread religious philosophy, and hieroglyphically express certain profound ideas, as to the existence, manifestations and action of the Deity, the harmony of the Universe, the Creative Word and Divine Wisdom, and the unity of the divine and human, the spiritual, intellectual and material, in man and nature; that have re-appeared in all religions, and have been expounded by great schools of philosophy in all the ages. The ancient symbols of Freemasonry teach, I think, the profound religious truths and doctrines that in reality ARE Freemasonry. I am so far from being one of those who think that it teaches no religious creed or doctrine, as that I firmly believe that it consists in the religious philosophy that it teaches; and that he only is a true Freemason who correctly interprets for himself the Symbols."

Here Pike commits himself in no uncertain manner to the fundamental premise of metaphysics and occultism: namely, that under the outer symbols and dogmas of religion there exists an esoteric key to the secrets of Nature and the purpose of human existence. The point which Pike is trying to make is that Freemasonry is not *a* religion but *the* religion. Freemasonry does not align itself with any individual institution of faith that seemingly exists largely for the purpose of confuting some other cult. Freemasonry serves and nurtures man's natural impulse to worship and venerate God in the universe and Good in the world. It interferes with the creed of no man, for it is above creeds. Calling its members from vain wrangling over jot and tittle, it invites them to unite in harmonious adoration of the universal Creator. It calls men from theory to practice, from vain speculation to the application of those great moral and ethical truths by which the perfection of human nature is wrought.

In Masonic symbolism, however, Albert Pike senses something more exalted than even the ethical and moral virtues. Speaking of the ancient Schools—the prototypes of modern Freemasonry, Pike notes: "It is certain that something in the ancient initiations was regarded as of immense value by such intellects as Herodotus, Plutarch and Cicero. The magicians of Egypt were able to imitate several of the miracles wrought by Moses; and the Science of the Hierophants of the mysteries produced effects that to the initiated seemed mysterious and supernatural." Pike even invites the studious Brethren to discover anew those recondite philosophies, through the understanding of which man becomes an adept not by name alone but by virtue of his transcendental powers.

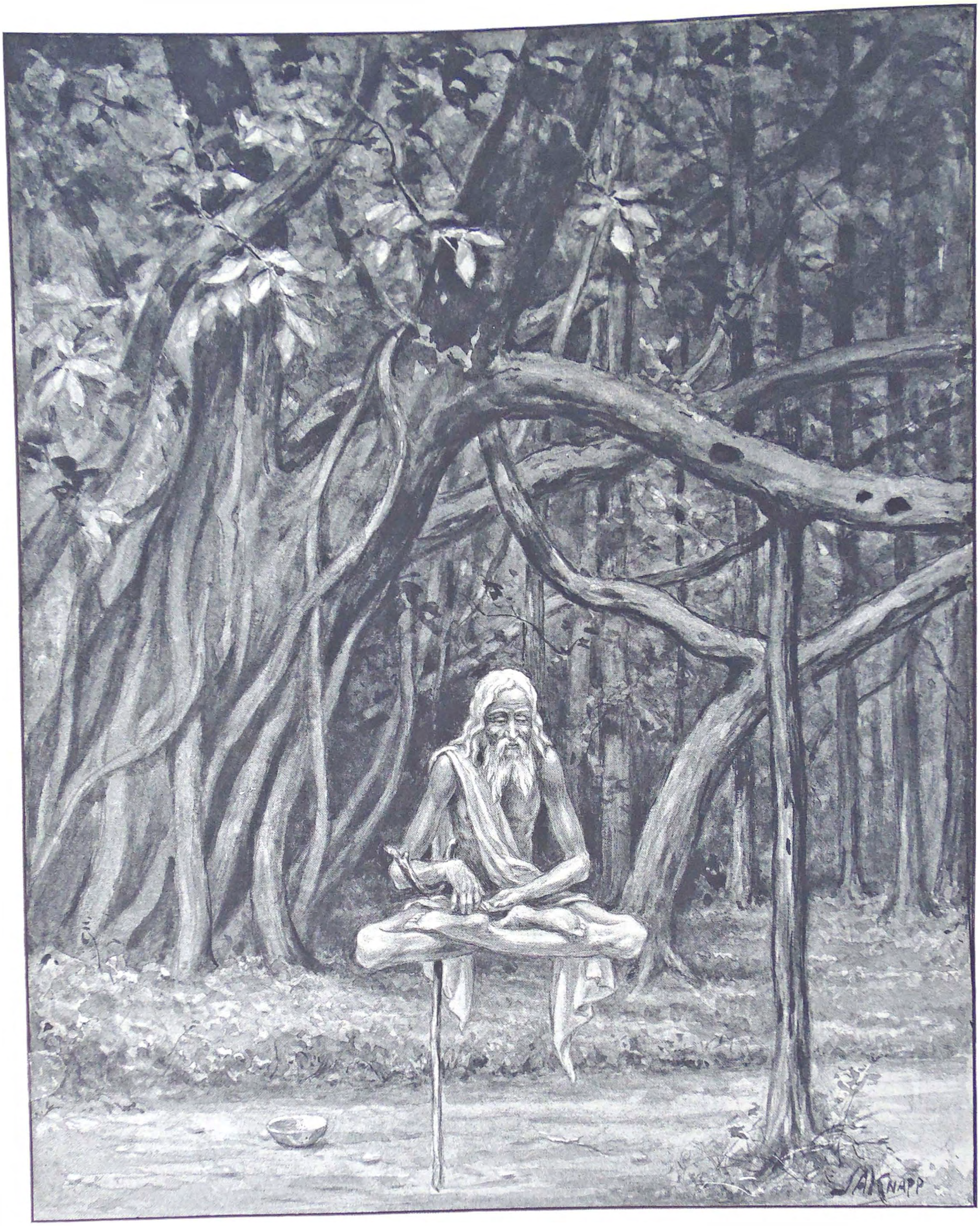
The Freemasonry of Albert Pike is too vast and grand a thing to be grasped by those who have not spread the pinions of their inspiration and soared upward into the rational sphere. Albert Pike was a real Masonic initiate. He felt the dignity and profundity of the work. He knew the high calling to which master builders are dedicated. Piercing the veil of futurity with his prophetic eyes, he dreamed with Plato and Bacon of a world ruled by wisdom and the return of the golden age. Ponder well this prophetic utterance: "Let the most Absolute Science and the Highest Reason again become the appanage of the Chiefs of the people; let the Sacerdotal Art and the Royal Art reassume the double sceptre of the ancient initiations, and the world will yet again emerge from chaos."

By the passing of Albert Pike into those Greater Mysteries of which the earthly lodge is but the outer symbol, Freemasonry was deprived of one of its staunchest defenders and noblest exponents. The period of Pike's administration was the golden age of Masonic enlightenment, a renaissance of those great institutions of the ancient world rendered luminous by the exalted personalities of Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Plato—the triumvirate of enlightened learning. Weary with his labor, bowed but never broken by the responsibilities of his office and the misunderstandings of an unbelieving world, this noble soul passed his dreams to the keeping of others and, drawing the folds of his robes about him, laid down to rest. Over his mortal remains, splendid even in death, was spoken the funeral service of the Kadosh, words he himself had framed and bestowed as a priceless legacy upon the Craft.

"Death is the inexorable creditor, whose indulgence nothing in the world can purchase. Every moment that sees a newborn child laugh at the light sees also a man die, and hears the cry of a breaking heart, and the lamentations of those who sit lonely and in the desolation of affliction, no longer seeing the faces of dearly loved ones. Round the little island of our being, on which we follow our various pursuits of toil or craft, of usefulness or mischief, throbs the illimitable ocean of Eternity, upon which, round the isle, a broad circle of impenetrable darkness brooding lies. But beyond that zone the outer ocean sparkles, and its white-crested waves dance in the light, and somewhere in the distance the islands of the blessed are dreaming, girdled by the peaceful waters."

The spirit of Albert Pike still guides Freemasonry to higher honors and fuller understanding. The impetus he gave to a clearer realization of spiritual and ethical values will continue in ever widening circles like the ripples of water from the stone thrown in the pool. The whole world has been enriched by the memory of this philosopher, whose words are known to comparatively few but whose genius has tinged the lives of the multitude. In closing this tribute to the "Master Builder," we would like to leave with the reader the same message which he left with the Brethren of the Craft. Though cults and creeds may come and go upon the ebb and flow of the universal tide, the Freemasonry of Albert Pike will endure as a monument throughout the ages to the vision of a true Prince of the Royal Secret.

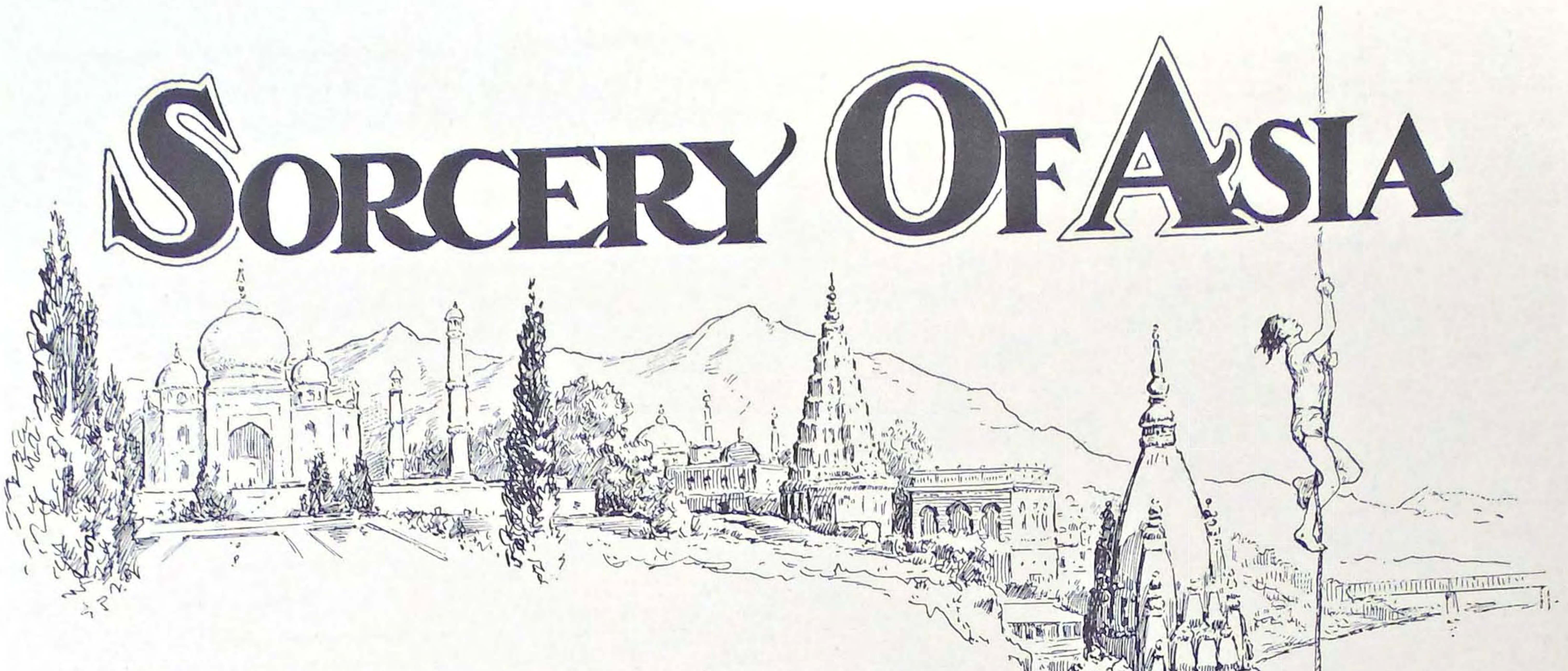
"So religions decay into idle forms and the mummery of meaningless words. The Symbols remain, like the sea-shells washed up from the depths, motionless and dead upon the sandy beaches of the ocean; and the Symbols are as voiceless and lifeless as the shells. Shall it always be so with Masonry, likewise? Or shall its ancient Symbols, inherited by it from the primitive faiths and most ancient initiations, be rescued from the enthralment of common-place and trivial misinterpretation, be restored to their ancient high estate and again become the Holy Oracles of philosophical and religious Truth, their revelation of Divine Wisdom to our thoughtful ancestors; and thus make true and real the immense superiority of Freemasonry over all the modern and ephemeral associations that ape its forms and caricature its Symbolism?"



A YOGIN WHO SITS IN THE AIR

Example of Levitation as practiced by the Wonder Workers of India.

SORCERY OF ASIA



STRANGE stories issue from the inscrutable East, stories telling of magic and sorcery and the extraordinary powers which a man may develop by rigid mental and physical discipline. Of course, such tales are ridiculed by the worldly wise or branded as infernal by the theologically minded. The rumors persist, however, and, with the evidence piling up, cause the unpleasant realization that there are stranger things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

There is scarcely a community in Asia which does not boast of at least one fakir or wonder worker, who occasionally exhibits his magic and who is suspected by the townsfolk of possessing powers little inferior to those of a god. This magician of indeterminable age and unkempt appearance dwells on the outskirts of the village, his person an oracle and his presence a benediction. The children of Asia grow up in the presence of these holy men. They understand the psychology of these recluses and the motives which turn them from the world of ordinary men to become adepts in unseen forces. Thus, the growing child not only comes to believe in magic but, through the evidence of his senses and the whole background of an ancestral lore, he knows magic to be true. Notwithstanding the vehemence of Occidental unbelief, the Oriental has learned to know and is content in the realization that, as Paracelsus so wisely put it, the beginning of wisdom is the beginning of supernatural power.



Let us take staff in hand and, starting forth, walk up and down the dusty roads of Hindustan, climbing the high mountains to the North and dipping into the torrid plains of the South, while we study the roadside wonders of this ancient people. Some will ask for proof of these stories and how we know these strange tales to be true. Our answer is simple: Take your staff in hand and join us on the Indian road. Then you, too, will learn. If you will not do this and come with open mind to examine all the factors in the case, then pass no harsh opinion but rather give a truly Islamic shrug and say: "Anything might happen and anything might be true."

The great monastery of Kounboum, in Sifau, lies near the western frontier of China. It is a rambling group of buildings in the midst of which rises the somewhat impressive double roof of the temple. Here preserved for the veneration of the faithful, is the remarkable Tibetan alphabet tree, sometimes referred to as the "Tree of the one hundred thousand images." The tree itself is short and thick through, with low branches in a somewhat shapeless mass. The Abbé Huc, a Roman Catholic missionary, who was struck off the list of missionaries at Rome and had his work on travels in Tibet and China placed on the Roman "Index," thus describes the tree of sacred letters:

"At the foot of the mountain on which the lamasery stands, and not far from the principal

Buddhist temple, is a great square enclosure, formed by brick walls. Upon entering this we were able to examine at leisure the marvellous tree, some of the branches of which had already manifested themselves above the wall. Our eyes were first directed with earnest curiosity at the leaves, and we were filled with absolute consternation of astonishment at finding that, in point of fact, there were upon each of the leaves well-formed Tibetan characters, all of a green color, some darker, some lighter, than the leaf itself. Our first impression was suspicion of fraud on the part of the Lamas; but, after a minute examination of every detail, we could not discover the least deception, the characters all appeared to us portions of the leaf itself, equally with its veins and nerves, the position was not the same in all; in one leaf they would be at the top of the leaf; in another, in the middle; in a third, at the base, or at the side; the younger leaves represented the characters only in a partial state of formation. The bark of the tree and its branches, which resemble those of the plane-tree, are also covered with these characters. When you remove a piece of old bark, the young bark under it exhibits the indistinct outlines of characters in a germinating state, and, what is very singular, these new characters are not infrequently different from those which they replace. We examined everything with the closest attention, in order to detect some trace of trickery, but we could discern nothing of the sort, and the perspiration absolutely trickled down our faces under the influence of the sensations which this most amazing spectacle created."



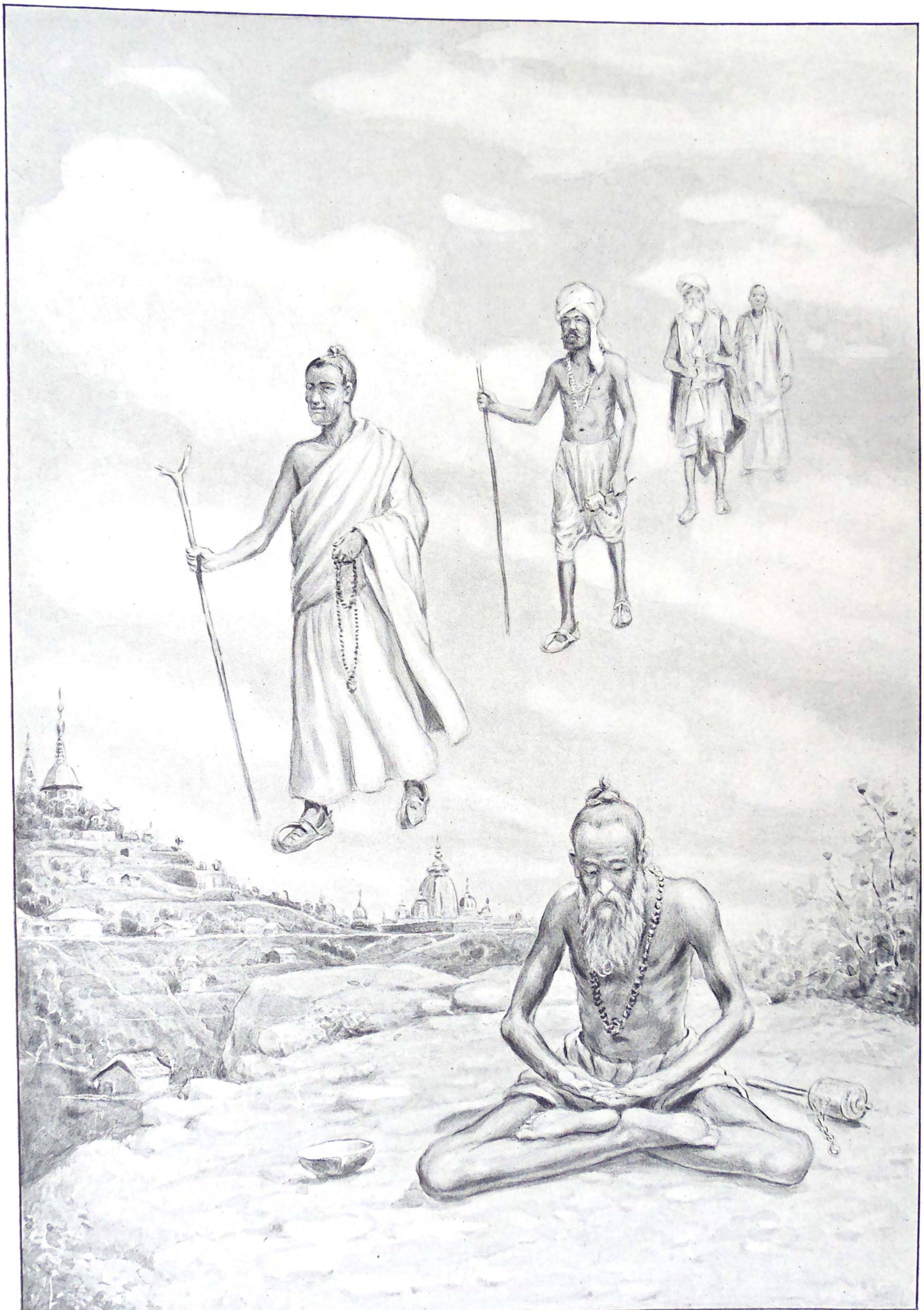
A TREE THAT GROWS ALPHABETS ON ITS LEAVES

To this description, we will append a few words of commentary by H. P. Blavatsky. "We will add to M. Huc's narrative the statement that the characters which appear upon the different portions of the Kounboum are in the Sansar (or language of the Sun), characters (ancient Sanscrit); and that the sacred tree, in its various parts, contains *in extenso* the whole history of the creation, and in substance the sacred books of Buddhism." Nor was this the only mystery which Abbé Huc discovered in far-off Tartary. He found a tiny child, declared to be the reincarnation of Buddha, conversing profoundly on metaphysical issues and describing in detail things which had occurred to him in a previous life, facts which were known to those gathered about him but which at his age he could have learned in no ordinary manner. And then Abbé Huc came in contact with a very unusual painting hanging on the lamasery wall. It was simply done upon rough canvas, depicting a moonlit scene. Strange as it may seem, the Abbé declares that the moon painted on this picture was continually changing its size and appearance to conform with the phases of the moon in the sky. He examined the picture with minute care, but there was no mechanical device of any kind. There was, in truth a real moon moving on a canvas background. It is easy to realize how such tales as these, when they reached Rome, proved the undoing of the naive Abbé, who was not sufficiently acquainted with Western attitudes to recognize that most men do not want to know facts but merely desire to have their own prejudices confirmed and maintained at all cost.

We will now turn our faces India-ward to visit an old Mohammedan fakir who lived at Mundla east of Jubbulpore. This learned man practiced an art extremely disconcerting to the followers of Newton. In the presence of many witnesses, this fakir levitated himself and sat in the air about six inches from the ground without any support or mechanism whatever. He could remain in this position for about fifteen minutes and then sank slowly back to earth. Previous to this exploit, he carried on for about two hours a certain process of contraction and expansion of the abdominal and thoracic muscles, and for about half an hour suspended the breath — which latter process is known as Kumbhaka.

It is not difficult to imagine the consternation which would occur among the savants of this era if, in chancing to walk down the street some day, they should come upon a man sitting in the air. Yet levitation has been practiced in India for thousands of years, and the old man at Mundla in no way represented the highest type of proficiency in the art. Uma Charam Mukeriji, who beheld the Jubbulpore fakir, also saw a Yogi in the Karokamandala hills seated on a wooden plank some distance above the ground. The plank was without any support or rope, but hung as though from the sky near a banyan tree.

Louis Jacolliot, Chief Justice of Chandenagur (French East Indies) and of Tahiti (Oceanica), devoted many years to an investigation of the pretensions of Oriental fakirs and Yogis. After examining all the evidence and being a witness of a great array of phenomena, he arrived at the following conclusions: "I am convinced that there are in nature, and in man, who is a part of nature, immense forces, the laws of which are yet unknown to us. I think that man some day will discover these laws, that things that we now re-



SKY-WALKING ADEPTS

The fabled Wonder Workers from the "Snowy Range"

gard as dreams, will appear to us, in the future, as realities, and that we shall one day witness phenomena of which we have now no conception. In the world of ideas, as in the material world, there is a period of gestation, as of birth. Who knows whether this psychic force, as the English call it—this force of the Ego, according to the Hindus, which the humble fakir exhibited in my presence, will not be shown to be one of the grandest forces in nature?"

In his amazing book, *Occult Science in India,* Jacolliot describes a score or more of examples of transcendental magic performed in his presence and which he analyzed as to the possibility of fraud. Two of these are concerned with levitation and confirm the evidence of other writers on this subject. The first account is substantially as follows: Taking an ironwood cane which Jacolliot had brought with him from Ceylon, the fakir, who was without garments save for a meagre loin cloth, seated himself cross-legged upon the ground and leaned heavily upon the stick, resting his right hand above the handle. After appropriate incantations and still leaning upon the cane with one hand, the fakir rose gradually about two feet from the ground. "His legs were crossed beneath him and he made no change in his position, which was very like that of those bronze statues of Buddha." For more than twenty minutes, Jacolliot examined the fakir, attempting to discover how the man could thus fly in the face and eyes of known laws of gravity. The stick gave the fakir no visible support and there was no apparent contact between the stick and his body except through his right hand.



THE SNAKE CHARMER ALWAYS FASCINATES

In another place, Jacolliot describes the feat of levitation without any stick, which was also performed in his own apartments. "As the fakir was about to leave me, * * * he stopped in the embrasure of the door leading from the terrace to the outside stairs, and, crossing his arms upon his chest, lifted himself up gradually, without any apparent support or assistance, to the height of about ten to twelve inches. I was able to determine the distance exactly by means of a point of comparison which I had fixed upon during the continuance of the phenomenon. Behind the fakir's back there was a silken hanging, which was used as a portiere, striped in gold and white bands of equal width. I noticed that the fakir's feet were on a level with the sixth band. At the commencement of his ascension I had seized my chronometer; the entire time from the moment when the fakir commenced to rise until he touched the ground again, was more than eight minutes. He remained perfectly still, at the highest point of elevation for nearly five minutes."

Friar Ricold, in referring to the metaphysical powers of the Hindu Bakhshis, describes them as "persons of deep wisdom, well conducted, and of the gravest morals. * * * For instance, one of eminence among them was said to fly; the truth, however, was (as it proved) that he did not fly, but did walk close to the surface of the ground without touching it; and would seem to sit down without having any substance to support him."

Colonel Sir Henry Yule also makes the following comment on this feat: "This last performance was witnessed by Ibn Batuta at Delhi, in the presence of Sultan Mahomed Tughlak; and it was professedly exhibited by a Brahmin at Madras in the present century (1903), a descendant doubtless of those Brahmins whom Apollonius saw walking two cubits from the ground. It is also described by the worthy Francis Valentyn as a performance known and practiced in his own day in India. It is related, he says, that 'a man will first go and sit on three sticks put together so as to form a tripod; after which, first one stick, then a second, then the third shall be removed from under him, and the man shall not fall but shall remain sitting in the air'."

Another extraordinary practice of Hindu magicians is that of suspended animation. This must not be confused with Occidental theatrical efforts to duplicate the illusion upon the stage. While a similar effect can be secured by mechanical means, the genuine Yogi descends to no such subterfuge. Frank G. Carpenter writes of the Indian holy men: "Others claim that they can remain alive though buried underground for long periods. They declare that they can seal the lungs by putting the tip of the tongue in the windpipe and then they allow themselves to be interred. Not all these cases appear to be frauds. Reliable witnesses report they have seen the Yogis dug up alive after such burials. Some report that the men go into a state of hibernation like that of bears in winter."

In *Isis Unveiled,* H. P. Blavatsky thus describes the almost unbelievable details of this amazing exploit: "According to Napier, Osborne, Major Lawes, Quenouillet, Nikiforovitch, and many other modern witnesses, fakirs are now proved to be able, by a long course of diet, preparation, and repose, to bring their bodies into a condition which enables them to be buried six feet under the ground for an indefinite period. Sir Claude Wade was present at the court of



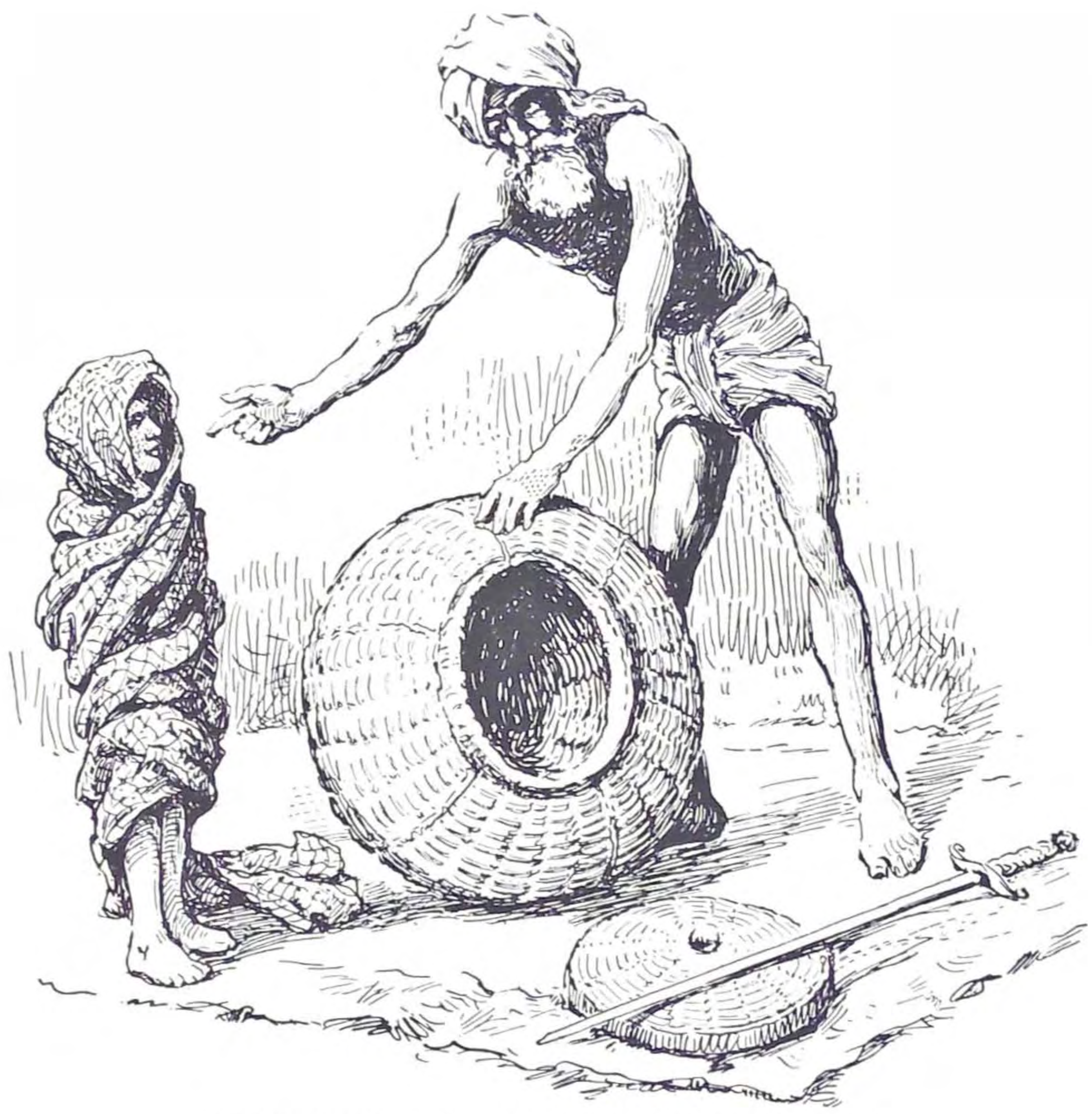
DEVIL DANCERS FROM DARJEELING

Rundjit Singh, when a fakir, mentioned by the Honorable Captain Osborne, was buried alive for six weeks, in a box placed in a cell three feet below the floor of the room. To prevent the chance of deception, a guard comprising two companies of soldiers had been detailed, and four sentries 'were furnished and relieved every two hours, night and day, to guard the building from intrusion. * * * On opening it,' says Sir Claude, 'we saw the figure enclosed in a bag of white linen fastened by a string over the head * * * the servant then began pouring warm water over the figure * * * the legs and arms of the body were shrivelled and stiff, the face full, the head reclining on the shoulder like that of a corpse. I then called to the medical gentleman who was attending me, to come down and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, the temples, or the arm. There was, however, *a heat about the region of the brain,* which existed in no other part of the body exhibited.'

"Regretting that the limits of our space forbid the quotations of the details of this interesting story, we will only add, that the process of resuscitation included bathing with hot water, friction, the removal of wax and cotton pledgets from the nostrils and ears, the rubbing of the eyelids with ghee or clarified butter, and, what will appear most curious to many, the application of a hot wheaten cake, about an inch thick 'to the top of the head.' After the cake had been applied for the third time, the body was violently convulsed, the nostrils became inflated, the respiration ensued, and the limbs assumed a natural fulness; but the pulsation was still faintly perceptible. 'The tongue was then anointed with ghee; the eyeballs became dilated and recovered their natural color, and the fakir recognized those present and spoke.' It should be noticed that not only had the nostrils and ears been plugged, but the tongue had been thrust back so as to close the gullet, thus effectually stopping the orifices against the admission of atmospheric air. While in India, a fakir told us that this was done not only to prevent the action of the air upon the organic tissues, but also to guard the deposit of the germs of decay, which in case of suspended animation would cause decomposition exactly as they do in any other meat exposed to air. There are also localities in which a fakir would refuse to be buried; such as the many spots in Southern India infested with the white ants, which annoying termites are considered among the most dangerous enemies of man and his property. They are so voracious as to devour anything they find except perhaps metals. As to wood, there is no kind through which they would not burrow; and even bricks and mortar offer but little impediment to their formidable armies. They will patiently work through mortar, destroying it particle

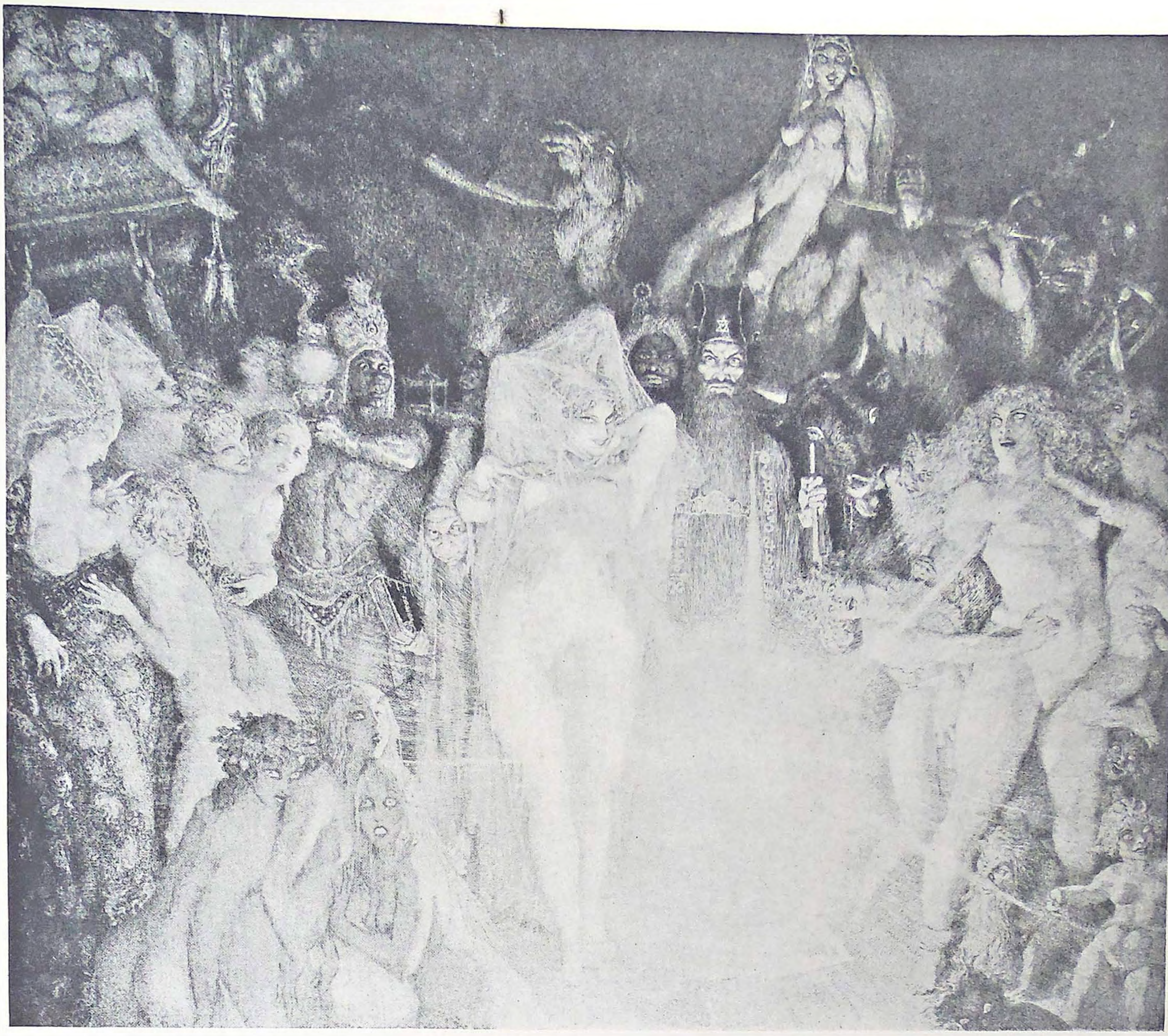
by particle; and a fakir, however holy himself, and strong his temporary coffin, would not risk finding his body devoured when it was time for his resuscitation."

No description of Oriental conjury would be complete without that of the famous boy-in-the-basket, or basket murder, trick. While in the majority of cases this may be regarded as representing the conjurer's skill at deception, still examples are recorded of such astonishing import as to imply that on rare occasions it assumes the proportions of sorcery. The equipment for the exhibition consists of a large basket, somewhat square and with a circular opening in the top; a cover containing a round hole which fits closely over the opening in the basket; a pointed stake which passes through the hole in the cover; a square of canvas or native cloth; a long, sharp sword; and a scantily-clothed native boy, generally about fourteen years old. In the particular instance which came under our observation a net was added to the general equipment. The trick is performed on the open ground with the audience completely encircling the conjurer. This worthy first seats himself cross-legged upon the ground and plays several notes upon a strange flute-like instrument. After a few moments the native boy appears, generally clothed only in a loin cloth. The lad was securely tied up in a net, which was apparently drawn so tightly about him that he could not move in any direction, and then was forced into the basket, which was barely large enough to contain his body; in fact, his head and shoulders extended considerably above the top of the opening. The magician then spread the cloth over the basket. The cloth did not reach entirely to the ground but hung over the rounded sides of the basket. The lid was next placed in position but would not entirely go down because of the protruding head and shoulders of the boy which could be seen through the folds of the cloth. Leaving the basket sitting in the midst of the audience, the conjurer again seated himself, playing a weird and pathetic melody upon his flute. After a few seconds, the lid of the basket slowly dropped into position. Allowing a short interval to pass, the magician then rose and, going over to the basket, inserted the stake in the opening in the lid and with a quick move drove it straight through to the bottom of the basket. The boy had apparently vanished. Withdrawing the stake the juggler then took his sword and thrust it through all parts of the basket and, taking off the lid, he jumped into the basket and, stamping around, demonstrated its emptiness. Finally, he reached under the cloth and drew forth the net which had enclosed the boy. After a few moments he replaced the net, returned the cover to its proper position and, sitting down, again played upon his flute. As soon as the first note was struck, the basket began to heave and move, and the lid rose again. Upon removing the cover and canvas, the boy was again found tied up in the net, and it required the assistance of two other men to extricate him from the basket.



THE BOY AND THE BASKET TRICK

Of almost equal interest is the famous Oriental illusion of the mango trees, an experiment in what may be termed intensive horticulture. There is scarcely a country in the world where the story of this trick has not been told yet, strange to say, the intimate details of it are seldom described. The preparation for the trick consists in securing three sticks about four feet in length and of the thickness of canes, which are arranged in the form of the poles of an American Indian tepee. This framework is covered with a large white cloth, the whole constituting a small tent. One side of this covering opens to permit the spectators to watch what is going on inside. The conjurer next produces a large oblong mango seed, which he passes around for examination, afterwards requesting one of the audience to carve his initials into the pod. This having been done, the magician next produces an empty flower pot, which he fills with earth and in which he plants the seed. He then thoroughly waters the tree with a sprinkling can and, placing the flower pot with its contents inside the tepee-like tent, drops the flap, sits down near by, and plays upon the inevitable flute. After about five minutes, he rises, lifts the side of the tent, and there protruding from the earth in the flower pot is a tiny green shoot. Closing the flap again, he continues to play. After another interval, he once more lifts the flap and a mango bush about a foot in height is seen growing out of the pot. Some three minutes later, when the tent is again opened, the mango bush has reached full growth and is in bloom. More playing of strange tunes upon the reed. Then the tent is removed entirely and the mango tree is revealed covered with ripe mangoes, which are picked off and tossed into the audience. Then with a sudden gesture, the magician tears up the plant and, shaking off the dirt, shows the open pod still clinging to the



By the distinguished Australian artist, Norman Lindsay.

ENTER THE MAGICIAN

roots and bearing the initials inscribed thereon at the beginning of the experiment. The entire growth of the tree requires not to exceed fifteen minutes.

Even more astonishing accounts of the miraculous growth of plants and trees have been described by Asiatic travelers. One fakir is said to have grown a full-sized palm tree in less than thirty minutes and there is an account of a juggler having planted the seed so close to the edge of the porch that when the tree grew up it took off one corner of the veranda. Covindasamy, who performed the mango tree illusion for M. Jacolliot, evidently used no conjury in the production of the growing tree. He permitted the Frenchman to choose from over thirty types of plants the one which he would care to have grown. The fakir required two hours to grow a young papaw eight inches in height. Covindasamy further explained that it would take him eight days to grow the papaw to the point of flowering and seven more to perfect the fruit. Such feats challenge belief, but it is equally difficult to doubt the statements of honorable men, by nature skeptical, who have been converted by evident fact.

While in India, H. P. Blavatsky was chosen as the referee at a trial of skill between a holy fakir and a sorcerer, each of whom claimed to be the possessor of superior spiritual powers. She writes: "We were taking our noon-day rest, beside a small lake in Northern India. Upon the surface of the glassy water floated innumerable aquatic flowers, and large shining leaves. Each of the contestants plucked a leaf. The fakir, laying his against his breast, folded his hands across it, and fell into a momentary trance. He then laid the leaf, with its surface downward, upon the water. The juggler pretended to control the 'water-master,' the spirit dwelling in the water; and boasted that he would compel the *power* to prevent the Pitris from manifesting any phenomena upon the fakir's leaf in *their* element. He took his own leaf and tossed it upon the water, after going through a form of barbarous incantation. It at once exhibited a violent agitation, while the other leaf remained perfectly motionless. After the lapse of a few seconds, both leaves were recovered. Upon that of the fakir were found —much to the indignation of the juggler—something that looked like a symmetrical design traced in milk-white characters, as though the juices of the plant had been used as a corrosive writing fluid. When it became dry, and an opportunity was afforded to examine the lines with care, it proved to be a series of exquisitely-formed Sanscrit characters; the whole composed

a sentence embodying a high moral precept. The fakir, let us add, could neither read nor write. Upon the juggler's leaf, instead of writing, was found the tracing of a most hideous, impish face. Each leaf, therefore, bore an impression or allegorical reflection of the character of the contestant, and indicated the quality of spiritual beings with which he was surrounded."

Madam Blavatsky's position as a world traveler and student of Oriental religions and philosophies is so well established that we cannot turn from her writings without noting one more example of Oriental fakirism. The story is concerned with the depredations of a Bengal tigress which had thrown the whole population of a small village not far from Dakka into a panic. "Two men and a child had already become her victims, when an aged fakir, bent on his daily round, emerging from the gate of the pagoda, saw the situation and understood it at a glance. Chanting a mantram, he went straight to the beast, which with flaming eye and foaming mouth crouched near a tree ready for a new victim. When at about ten feet from the tigress, without interrupting his modulated prayer, the words of which no layman comprehends, he began a regular process of mesmerization, as we understood it; he made *passes*. A terrific howl which struck chill into the heart of every human being in the place, was then heard. This long, ferocious, drawling howl gradually subsided into a series of plaintive broken sobs, as if the bereaved mother was uttering her complaints, and then, to the terror of the crowd which had taken refuge on trees and in the houses, the beast made a tremendous leap—on the holy man as they thought. They were mistaken, she was at his feet, rolling in the dust, and writhing. A few moments more and she remained motionless, with her enormous head laid on her fore-paws, and her bloodshot but now mild eyes riveted on the face of the fakir. Then the holy man of prayers sat beside the tigress and tenderly smoothed her striped skin, and patted her back, until her groans became fainter and fainter, and half an hour later all the village was standing around this group; the fakir's head lying on the tigress's back as a pillow, his right hand on her head, and his left thrown on the sod under the terrible mouth, from which the long red protruding tongue was gently licking it."

The feats of the fakirs and Yogis are too numerous to describe in anything like adequate detail. Through their peculiar training, they are brought *en rapport* with forces or beings who bestow upon them the most unbelievable gifts. In Tibet there is a college for the education of magicians, and throughout Asia the occult arts are cultivated as more or less essential to the fulfillment of the requisites of a spiritual life. We have saved the most miraculous exploit for the last; for of all Oriental conjury, the mystery of the boy who climbs up into the air along a rope suspended from nothing, finally to vanish altogether, is the most inexplicable. Because it is so rarely performed, many persons believe this trick to be a myth. In his notes upon the book of Ser Marco Polo, which work he translated from the French and copiously annotated, Colonel Sir Henry Yule, R.S., C.B., K.C.S.I., already mentioned, gathers several fragments of evidence relative to this supreme demonstration of sorcery. As most persons seeking information on this subject would not be likely to turn to Marco Polo — although this great traveler makes numerous references to such matters—we feel it advisable to quote somewhat freely from the commentaries of Colonel Yule.


MIRACULOUS MANGO TREES

Ibn Batuta, a Moor, visiting China in the year 1348, was present at an entertainment given at the Court of the Viceroy of Khansa, where he beheld a miracle which is best described in his own words. "That same night a juggler, who was one of the Kan's slaves, made his appearance, and the Amir said to him, 'Come and show us some of your marvels.' Upon this he took a wooden ball, with several holes in it, through which long thongs were passed, and laying hold of one of these, slung it into the air. It went so high that we lost sight of it altogether. (It was the hottest season of the year, and we were outside in the middle of the palace court.) There now remained only a little of the end of the thong in the conjurer's hand, and he desired one of the boys who assisted him to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, climbing by the thong, and we lost sight of him also! The conjurer then called to him three times, but getting no answer, he snatched up a knife as if in great rage, laid hold of the thong and disappeared also! By and by he threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand, and then the other foot, then the trunk, and last of all the head! Then he came down himself, all puffing and panting, and with his clothes all bloody, kissed the ground before the Amir, and said something to him in Chinese. The Amir gave some orders in reply, and our friend then took the lad's limbs, laid them together in their places, and gave a kick, when presto! there was the boy, who got up and stood before us! All this astonished me beyond measure, and I had

an attack of palpitation like that which overcame me once before in the presence of the Sultan of India, when he showed me something of the same kind. They gave me a cordial, however, which cured the attack. The Kazi Afkharuddin was next to me, and quoth he, 'Wallah, 'tis my opinion there has been neither going up nor coming down, neither marring nor mending; 'tis all hocus pocus!' "

Edward Melton, an Anglo-Dutch traveler, witnessed a similar performance in Batavia, about the year 1670. He writes: "But now I am going to relate a thing which surpasses all belief, and which I should scarcely venture to insert here had it not been witnessed by thousands before mine own eyes. One of the same gang (troupe of conjurers) took a ball of cord and, grasping one end of the cord in his hand, slung the other up into the air with such force that its extremity was beyond the reach of our sight. He then immediately climbed up the cord with indescribable swiftness and got so high we could no longer see him." Melton then describes the arms and legs tumbling down and later uniting themselves, and the magician rising uninjured. He goes so far as to say, after beholding this wonder, that he no longer doubted but that the men performed the trick by the aid of the devil.

The Emperor Jahangir relates a like performance given before him by a troupe of Bengal jugglers. He writes: "They produced a chain of fifty cubits in length and in my presence threw one end of it towards the sky, where it remained as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward and, being placed at the lower end of the chain, immediately ran up the chain and, reaching the other end, immediately disappeared in the air. In the same manner, a hog, a panther, a lion, and a tiger were successively sent up the chain, and all equally disappeared at the upper end of the chain. At last they took down the chain and put it into a bag, no one ever discovering in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner above described."

The last account given by Colonel Yule is quoted from the *Weekly Dispatch* for the 15th of September, 1889, quoting the *Times of India*. "One Siddeshur Mitter, writing to the Calcutta paper, gives a thrilling account of a conjurer's feat which he witnessed recently in one of the villages of the Hooghly district. He saw the whole thing himself, he tells us, so there need be no question about the facts. On the particular afternoon when he visited the village the place was occupied by a company of male and female jugglers, armed with bags and boxes and musical instruments, and all the mysterious paraphernalia of the peripatetic Jadugar. While Siddeshur was looking on, and in the broad, clear light of the afternoon, a man was shut up in a box, which was then carefully nailed up and bound with cords. Weird spells and incantations of the style we are all familiar with were followed by the breaking open of the box, which, 'to the unqualified amazement of everybody, was found to be perfectly empty.' All this is much in the usual style; but what followed was so much superior to the ordinary run of modern Indian jugglery that we must give it in the simple Siddeshur's own words. When everyone was satisfied that the man had really disappeared, the principal performer, who did not seem to be at all astonished, told his audience that the vanished man had gone up to the heavens to fight Indra. 'In a few moments,' says Siddeshur, 'he expressed anxiety at the man's continued absence in the aerial regions, and said that he would go up to see what was the matter. A boy was called, who held upright a long bamboo, up which the man climbed to the top, whereupon we suddenly lost sight of him, and the boy laid the bamboo on the ground. Then there fell on the ground before us the different members of a human body, all bloody —first one hand, then another, a foot, and so on, until complete. The boy then elevated the bamboo, and the principal performer, appearing on the top as suddenly as he had disappeared, came down, and seeming quite disconsolate, said that Indra had killed his friend before he could get there to save him. He then placed the mangled remains in the same box, closed it, and tied it as before. Our wonder and astonishment reached their climax when, a few minutes later, on the box being again opened, the man jumped out perfectly hearty and unhurt."

Many explanations have been advanced to account for the miracle of the rope trick. Some declare that the trick is performed under a tree, in the branches of which a confederate is hidden, who under cover of the darkness of night catches the rope and holds it while the boy climbs up on the branches and apparently disappears. Some believe the rope to be a trick; in other words, to be braided over bamboo joints which can be formed into a rigid pole by pulling on a cord concealed within. This pole, which would carry the weight of a monkey, it is generally admitted, however, could not sustain the weight of even a small child. If the trick be performed in daylight in an open place, where mirrors and similar devices are out of the question, there is no possible explanation for it to be found in the secrets of Occidental conjury. Efforts have been made, it is said, to photograph the trick, but the plates always come out blank, which has led to the conclusion that the whole miracle is simply an hallucination—a spell cast by the hypnotic power of the conjurer. This explanation, however, is not adequate, for a man capable of hypnotizing *en masse* a large audience would be a greater wonder than the trick itself, for as is well known, many persons cannot be hypnotized; and in every audience there would be some who would complain that they could not see the trick!

Two forces conspire in the production of these illusions. The first is the will power of the conjurer himself. This is not used to hypnotize the audience, but to cause appearances or forms to be materialized from the subtle forces of the ether. The magician thinks so intensely that he can cause his thoughts to take on form and appear as real objects to the uninitiated. The second factor is the elemental spirits. They are called Pitris and are presumably attached to the persons of enchanters of all kinds. These elemental beings are responsible for the motion of otherwise inanimate objects—the moving of articles from one place to another. They hold the rope in the rope trick and, like the familiar demon of Faust, are ever ready to serve the purposes of their master. The Hindus themselves know that the wonderful feats ascribed to the Yogis and fakirs are referable to their ability to control what we call the forces of nature.



From the celebrated engraving by Albrecht Dürer

MELANCHOLIA



Concentration and Retrospection

FOR years students of occultism in America have been searching for a safe and sane path of discipleship. Most methods advanced by metaphysical teachers are unsatisfactory and even hazardous. Uncounted disasters may be traced to unwise efforts to awaken latent superphysical forces. Nearly all the yogas, with the possible exception of raja yoga, have been so diluted with Tantric sorcery that to attempt their use is to become unpleasantly involved in black magic. Raja yoga is the princely discipline but, without the constant guidance and closest confidence between disciple and master, tragedy is almost inevitable. The American public has gone through a terrible orgy of trick breathing, eye-rolling, and blank thinking. Our lack of knowledge of Eastern metaphysics has made the perpetration of fraud so simple that scarcely a community has escaped. The reaction is now towards more intelligent directionalization of effort. Nearly everyone realizes that he lacks proper control of his faculties and has little or no influence over his impulses and appetites. The desire for self-improvement being universal, it is natural that the question should be asked how order can be brought out of this chaos of conflicting emotions and elements in the body.

Before it is possible to advance a solution, it is necessary to carefully analyze the problem. Presuming, for the sake of argument, that which cannot always be presumed in fact — namely, that the occult exercises now in vogue for development purposes are authentic esoteric instruction—we have an incongruous situation. Individuals with no understanding whatever of the fundamental principles of metaphysics are dabbling promiscuously with the most dangerous of all sciences, that of operative occultism. These exercises create distinct vibratory rates so radically different from those of the individual who is attempting to superimpose them upon his organism that the result is psychical disorganization.

Man's normal functioning results from a fine equilibrium between his parts. In the average person there is no faculty or part either so much higher or lower than the rest that this balance is destroyed. In other words, our eating is on a level with our thinking, our actions synchronize with our desires, and our ideals, while generally the highest part of us, are still in reasonable relationship to the whole. True there is discord in the body, but for the most part this discord is in a minor key. Nature effects the growth of the soul by achieving through gradual environmental modifications the improvement of the entire nature. *Where* we are is determined by *what* we are and each is placed in a world not too far beyond his capacity to understand. It is then that occult exercises, intriguing the mind, lead to excesses which may bring down the life in ruin. A right thing is only really right when it is in the right place, and methods of development which may bring a properly qualified chela to the dignity of

an arhat will destroy the reason and well-being of the person who has not received the necessary preliminary instruction. This instruction is seldom given in American metaphysical circles because of the spirit of haste which is our national disease. It is little short of a crime—in fact, it is criminal—to collect a group from the streets to whom even the term occultism is a stranger, and then promise these same people that through some Asiatic technique they can acquire control of the psychical forces of their lives in ten simple lessons, etc., etc. The rationale of Nature is thus violated, the laws of life are put at variance with life's purpose, and the farce rapidly turns into tragedy.

As we have suggested, all other things being in themselves honest, the fault lies in the attempt to storm the gates of heaven or to force upon oneself a state inharmonious with the qualifications of the nature. The average individual is not fit to contemplate the profundity of universal mysteries, and when he attempts to do so he simply sprains his intellect. It is absurd for men and women with no comprehension of the meaning of life about them to attempt to visualize or feel Nirvana. When the uninformed goes into *samadhi*, he is not likely to return, because not knowing how he got there he would not be able to find his way back. Metaphysical distances and intervals are very real and it would be easier for a small child lost in the heart of Africa to find its way to civilization than for the unqualified student to return from those invisible worlds which are separated from this earth by immense intervals of quality and consciousness. Enthusiasts, of course, assert that it is otherwise, but enthusiasts are not wise. Enthusiasm is one of the emotions that is not permissible among the elect.

Our attitudes toward life create their invisible counterpart in the subtle substances of the causal spheres, becoming powerful factors in occult development. The Orient and the Occident are not only separated from each other by vast oceans but by even wider intervals of attitude. The East is metaphysical, the West is physical. The East is ascetic, the West is materialistic. The East has extraordinary powers of concentration and continuity, the West very little of either. The East has all eternity in which to accomplish, the West regards five minutes as a period long enough for almost any attainment. These variances in racial attitudes and beliefs render it absolutely necessary to modify Eastern occult exercises before they can possibly serve the needs of Western students. Most Asiatics in this country have never made such changes and modifications and, therefore, they cannot understand why the majority of their students fail and why the most sincere die within a short time.

In their philosophic intercourse with India and Persia, the Greeks brought most of the Oriental exercises into the Hellenic states prior to the Christian Era. Pythagoras, the greatest of the Greek school, having been initiated at Ellora and Elephanta, was unquestionably instructed in the esoteric practices of the Brahmans. If other evidences be lacking, the fragments of his esoteric disciplines that have survived support this viewpoint. We find that the Greeks modified the Asiatic disciplines, bringing them into harmony with the great body of Western thought. Through Platonism the Oriental traditions were widely disseminated and perpetuated to this day in reasonably complete form, although Plato has not been properly interpreted for many centuries. The Greeks devised a positive approach to truth. Instead of the universe absorbing man, as in the Asiatic mode, they conceived man absorbing the universe. Pythagoras taught perfection through the glorification of self, that is, through release of all the potential powers of self; whereas the Orientals taught perfection through the debasement and renunciation of self and the denial of all individual existence. It is not difficult to see that to the Western mind, individuality is the cornerstone of life. In the last analysis, however, both schools have the same ultimate, both achieve perfection and the state itself is identical in both systems. However, the psychology of the approach is entirely different, and this difference is not only an intellectual one but expresses itself through every nerve and fiber of the Occidental organism. To deny this expression is to throw the whole life out of harmony with both its environment and its racial plan. Hence, when that which is naturally positive attempts to become negative, discord begins, becoming more acute as the sacred premises of Occidental development are violated. The question then naturally arises, What are the disciplines peculiarly suitable to the Occidental world? Where can those disciplines be found and how can they be applied in an effort to accelerate the perfection of the organisms?

Before taking up these questions, one other point must be made clear. No occult development can produce permanent results which in any way compromises the laws of life. There can be no growth apart from growing nor can any individual improve more rapidly than he can grow. Growth does not imply a sudden spurt in any one direction. It involves the symmetrical expansion, the increase of all parts in harmony with the law of natural unfoldment. In other words, true spirituality cannot in any way exist apart from a spiritualized condition of the whole constitution—mental, spiritual, and physical. A man cannot be spiritual in his right hand and physical in his left, nor can one organ exceed another in virtue, because all partake of the diffusion of life permeating the whole and cannot minister to one apart from the rest. A man can no more over-reach himself spiritually that he can be truly virtuous on Sunday and sinful the rest of the week. Sunday piety is not virtue, we know, nor can any false stimulation of a single part, which is not justified and substantiated by the testimony of all other parts, be considered legitimate spiritual growth. Our attitudes toward life, our capacity to learn, our value sense, and our morality—these are all chemical products of the separate parts of ourselves combined to form ethical compounds. Hence, our ability to see intellectually is indivisible from what we are, and no matter how hard we try, we simply cannot be more than the sum of ourselves nor appreciate qualities with which our whole being is not *en rapport*. The student who feels that he will become spiritual *in spite of* himself has a rude awakening ahead, for he can only gain true metaphysical power *because* of himself.

Even the simplest exercises which can be designed for the improvement of man's physical state cannot, therefore, be successfully performed unless the whole disposition is placed under an increasingly rigid discipline. By this discipline we do not mean to infer inhibition, but simply a realization of the interrelationships existing throughout the human constitution. The simple exercises herein outlined involve no extreme



THE HIGH PLACES OF THE WORLD. MT. EVEREST IS THE THIRD PEAK FROM THE RIGHT

asceticism nor is any radical departure from the natural order of life either necessary or desirable. The discipline is concerned largely with attitudes and those disquieting fluxes which destroy the harmony of the inner life. Mental peace and emotional poise should be first cultivated. These will result in a greater degree of corporeal harmony, which harmony provides the proper environment for the directionalization of the abstract faculties. Concentration is impossible or, at least, its success is seriously jeopardized by intemperate attitudes. As the Bhagavad-Gita so aptly puts it, only the man balanced in pain and pleasure is fitted for immortality. Many people believe that peace will result from the cultivation of a spiritual state, when, in reality, the spiritual state results from the development of peace. Perfection is the end and not the means; perfection is the consummation of enlightened effort and bestowed only upon those who have greatly achieved in other things. When the mind is torn with discord and speeded up to an abnormal intensity by uncontrolled nerve impulses, or the emotions are rendered intemperate by grief, fear or hate, no illumination can result from the performance of occult exercises. Only disaster can follow unbalanced effort or effort supported only by unbalanced functioning. So East and West alike warn their disciples that before they put their feet upon the path of wisdom, they must place their own beings in a state of order.

Concentration is the first exercise which we will take under consideration. Concentration is simply the pointing of mental effort, the focusing of the mind so that the object of the attention shall be an undivided interest. Concentration involves the coordination of the intellectual parts under the dominion of the will, the function of the will being to contribute intensity and continuity to mental effort. The average person has poor continuity. He cannot carry a train of thought to its logical destination. In other words, he cannot think things through. Impulses foreign to the subject intrude themselves and the sequences are lost. The untrained man is also superficial as to the degree of his mental effort. His thoughts are not sharply delineated nor given proper values, but are so blurred or slurred that they produce little, if any, effect upon his code of action. The purpose of concentration is to begin the organization of the mental powers so that the mind actually becomes that which it was designed to be—an instrument for the discernment of relative values and realities. Concentration as an exercise cannot be injurious if practiced with moderation and not allowed to obtrude itself upon the responsibilities of daily life. It should be carefully noted, however, that concentration as an exercise is in no way a substitute for labor or action, but is primarily designed to assist the individual to gain from experience those precious truths which are the beginning of wisdom and understanding. In approaching the practice of concentration, it is first necessary to remove the sense of effort involved; for effort brings with it tension and this tension, instead of clarifying the mind, upsets the nerves and often results in serious discomfort. Man is a bundle of tensions. The life that he lives is so filled with false intensiveness that nervous debility and deterioration afflict a large part of the race. As a philo-

sophical discipline, concentration must be performed through the gentle application of will and not by browbeating the thought into a state of groveling servility. Many are unpleasantly surprised when attempting concentration at the unruliness of their faculties. The mind pays but little attention to the will and our thoughts wander promiscuously through the ether of the brain. After a few unsuccessful efforts, many become discouraged and develop inferiority complexes, while some become so enraged at their inability to think that their emotional reactions render them incapable of concentration. Discouragement, disgust, annoyance, and other destructive reactions can prove serious hindrances to the objective to be reached; while the one who faces even failure gracefully, by his very gesture, achieves a considerable measure of success.

The ancients established the desirability of performing concentration in the early morning hours, preferably upon awakening and before rising. The advantages of this time are, first, that the superphysical entity which is out of the body during sleep has but just returned thereto and its functioning is least impaired, as the activities of the body have not yet obscured the subtle impulses of the soul. Then, again, there is less tension in the body at this hour, for the objective mind has scarcely reassumed the burden of daily cares and distractions. Finally, the vitality which has been stored up during sleep bestows additional strength to the enterprise. In every respect, therefore, the individual is at his best in his efforts at self-improvement. Regularity is also a vital factor. As far as possible, concentration should be practiced at the same time and under similar conditions each day. This establishes a rhythm and the changes wrought by occult exercises upon the superphysical nature of man are nearly all achieved from continuous repetition over a long period of time. As our habits are the product of repeated impulses, so our temperaments may be molded into nobler proportions by such repetition.

Under no condition should a person who is concentrating begin by making his mind a blank. Such a procedure must inevitably thwart the end which concentration seeks to achieve. On the other hand, it is equally undesirable to use any physical object as the focal point for the mental faculties, because such objects lead almost invariably to self-hypnosis. The idea involved is that of an active directionalization of thought. The individual is not trying to become mediumistic or to permit extraneous influences from any level to usurp the seat of reason. Thus such objects as crystal balls, magic mirrors, lights, and reflecting surfaces are excluded. Nor is it desirable to burn incense or use perfume in the effort to provoke results.

Pythagoras suggested to his disciples that their concentration should be upon some natural fact, such as the flight of a bird, the growth of a tree or the wonder of the human soul. It might even be directed to the contemplation of action, analysis of motive, or the visualization of a place or thing. One of the primary ends for which the Greeks developed these exercises was for the improvement and ultimate perfection of memory, which they regarded as indispensable to the acquisition of knowledge. By memory, however, they intimated a faculty which not only perpetuated the forms and circumstances but also analyzed motive and causation; so that the incident in all its aspects could be recalled at will by the mind for analysis by the reason of the values involved.

The average person when beginning the practice of concentration will have the greatest measure of success if he will start by visualizing some simple familiar object which involves the elements of symmetry, beauty, and high symbolic significance. The lotus blossom or some other beautiful flower would be appropriate. Flowers bring a reaction of peace and nearly every temperament responds constructively to the beauty which they have captured in their parts and colors. The lotus brings with it a wealth of symbolism, for it signifies the soul floating upon the surface of life's ocean, with its hidden roots deep in matter but with its glorious heart turned upward to the light. The rose is the lotus of the West, with similar significance, representing by the opening of its buds the flowering of the ideals of humanity.

Having chosen some such appropriate figure, the mind should be given the task of envisioning it and the practice continued until the image can be invoked at pleasure and held an indefinite period of time. It may require from two to five years of daily concentration to capture the elusive shape and hold it securely. But the strength bestowed by this exercise upon the faculties is of inestimable value. The flower should be envisioned as about two feet in front of the face, hanging as it were in space, and after the concentration is sufficient to retain it there, the blossom may be given animation, opening from a bud to a full blown state.

At the same time that the faculties of visualization are projecting the outer semblance of the flower, the mind should be contemplating the qualities of the plant and seeking to fathom the universal mysteries revealed through the blossom's structure. Under normal conditions, a beginner will not be able to perform this feat with any marked measure of success. If he can retain the image for twenty seconds, he may consider himself as unusually successful. Within six months to a year, however, he should be able to lengthen the time to a full minute. Under no condition or at any time should the exercise be extended, however, beyond five minutes. The average person cannot concentrate for a full five minutes upon any subject or object without seriously depleting the mental energies.

One particular bit of advice should be borne in mind. When in the process of concentration, the image has been created and then some disturbance destroys it, do not attempt to force it back, but consider the attempt finished for the day, and never perform the exercise more than once a day. Most of the unpleasant effects of concentration result from the effort to bring back through will power and force the fleeting shape of the object. This is always disastrous and is the real reason for the nerve fag of which many people complain who have attempted concentration. Without long practice to strengthen the faculties, all occult exercises should be performed sparingly, always aiming to do too little rather than too much. In metaphysical subjects it is much easier to prevent trouble than it is to mend the damage afterwards. If performed as herein suggested, the exercise can cause no harm to any normal person, but if there is supersensitiveness, subnormal vitality or any abnormal condition present, these should be corrected as far as possible before any metaphysical exercises are undertaken. As

concentration is primarily intended to order the thinking equipment and is the first step towards development of true clairvoyance, it has no direct effect upon the chakras or psychical centers of the body and therefore, cannot create a condition beyond the control of the individual. Concentration strengthens the mind and the mind, endowed with greater powers of discrimination and discernment, in turn, impels the life to more worthy ends. Thus a circle is established in which each mutually benefits the other and the entire outlook is ennobled.

As concentration is distinctly a morning exercise, so *retrospection* is the proper discipline of the evening. Having completed the labors of the day, the body exhausted by its efforts seeks rest. In the peace of that twilight which divides labor from repose our thoughts instinctively turn towards the actions of the day past. The discipline of retrospection was designed to serve two purposes, first to instruct the individual to analyze the consequences arising from his daily activities. Everything that we do becomes a causal point from which flow innumerable effects, and retrospection is intended to reveal the true order of these outflowing effects. Again, retrospection is also an additional stimulus to the memory, for it causes the individual, through the association of ideas, to live over again the day that is past. From this detached viewpoint of an observer, the obscure issues are clarified and mistakes made evident. Like concentration, the practice of retrospection should be governed by the laws of order and repetition. The process should be the last waking act of the day, when the mind has begun to release its hold upon worldliness and retire into itself. Again, there should be no effort. The events of the day should be allowed to flow through the mind like the passing incidents of a panorama. The course of the picture, however, should be reversed. The mind should work backwards through the day, beginning with the last act and ending with the first. The goal should be a smoothly flowing recapitulation of every incident and circumstance of the day.

By placing the effect before the cause, as is done in retrospection, we introduce an entirely new element. The perspective is changed and what we call facts we find are largely matters of perspective. By approaching the matter from the opposite end of the happening, new values are discovered and the errors in decisions become apparent. Retrospection is a very good cure for insomnia, having many advantages over the archaic method of counting sheep dashing through a break in the fence. The average person cannot remain awake through a period of retrospection. He often goes to sleep before he has recalled one-tenth of the actions of the day. This, however, is not a cause for discouragement, since once the rhythm of retrospection is established, the process continues throughout sleep.

Retrospection is the greatest organizer of life ever discovered, and after practicing it for a short time an improvement will be noticeable. As the mind grows accustomed to think upon the *result* of action, it begins to reason by anticipation and the decisions necessary to our daily existence are thus made with gradually increasing ease and accuracy. Five years of faithful performance of retrospection will lift the individual from the haphazard state of the majority to the level of the philosophic few, for it is impossible to contemplate sincerely upon action without instinctively desiring to improve that action and render it more meritorious in the sight of Self, which must always be the supreme judge. Persons with a bad memory—which simply means one that has never been developed or has been broken through abuse—often complain that they are incapable of performing an accurate retrospection. At the same time, most of these people bewail the deficiency of their retentive faculties and wish there were some way in which they could improve their memory. Retrospection will accomplish this end, but the correction must necessarily be gradual. Little by little, the ability to remember will increase, and in time the smallest incident can be recalled at will. Nothing is ever really forgotten, but very few can tap the storehouse of memory and draw forth therefrom the thought pictures accumulated there. Retrospection gives control of these pictures, and a person who has achieved high proficiency in the exercise can go backward not only over the previous day but over the entire life, recovering each detail and distilling wisdom from every apparently accidental occurrence.

Retrospection should not be extended unduly, and if the individual does not fall asleep in a short time the effort should be discontinued until the following day. In a dream a person can live over a whole lifetime in a few moments. The same is true in retrospection. A minute analysis of even a well-filled day should not require over ten minutes and to lengthen retrospection beyond this point may cause an unpleasant sense of fatigue. Nor should one permit any irritation over inability to rescue some desired thought from the oblivion of forgetfulness. That which cannot be accomplished is best passed over with no emotion except a sincere desire to do better the next time.

One other point is involved in the exercise of retrospection, namely, the moral or ethical aspect. When the exercise has revealed some complex of action, the individual should make a definite effort to "order" the circumstances and determine what he should have done under the conditions. He may feel a certain pleasure from the contemplation of a distinctly righteous act. He should also honestly criticise himself without, however, any sense of pettiness where he feels that he has been delinquent in some duty. Retrospection includes not only the living over of the day but also putting it in order—picking up the broken fragments and loose ends, and preparing the whole temperament for more constructive endeavor in the future. Every retrospection should bring the life up-to-date, summarizing that which has been accomplished and, to a certain degree, sensing the direction of future accomplishment.

When concentration and retrospection are practiced daily, the entire life will reflect the improvement which right thinking confers. These exercises, giving the proper stimulation to the whole nature, will finally bring the student to the path of discipleship, if followed as here suggested. They prepare the conscious nature for its new duties in a larger vista and are the absolute prerequisites of a spiritualized state; and, most important of all, they do not jeopardize the integrity or endanger the health and efficiency of those who practice them.

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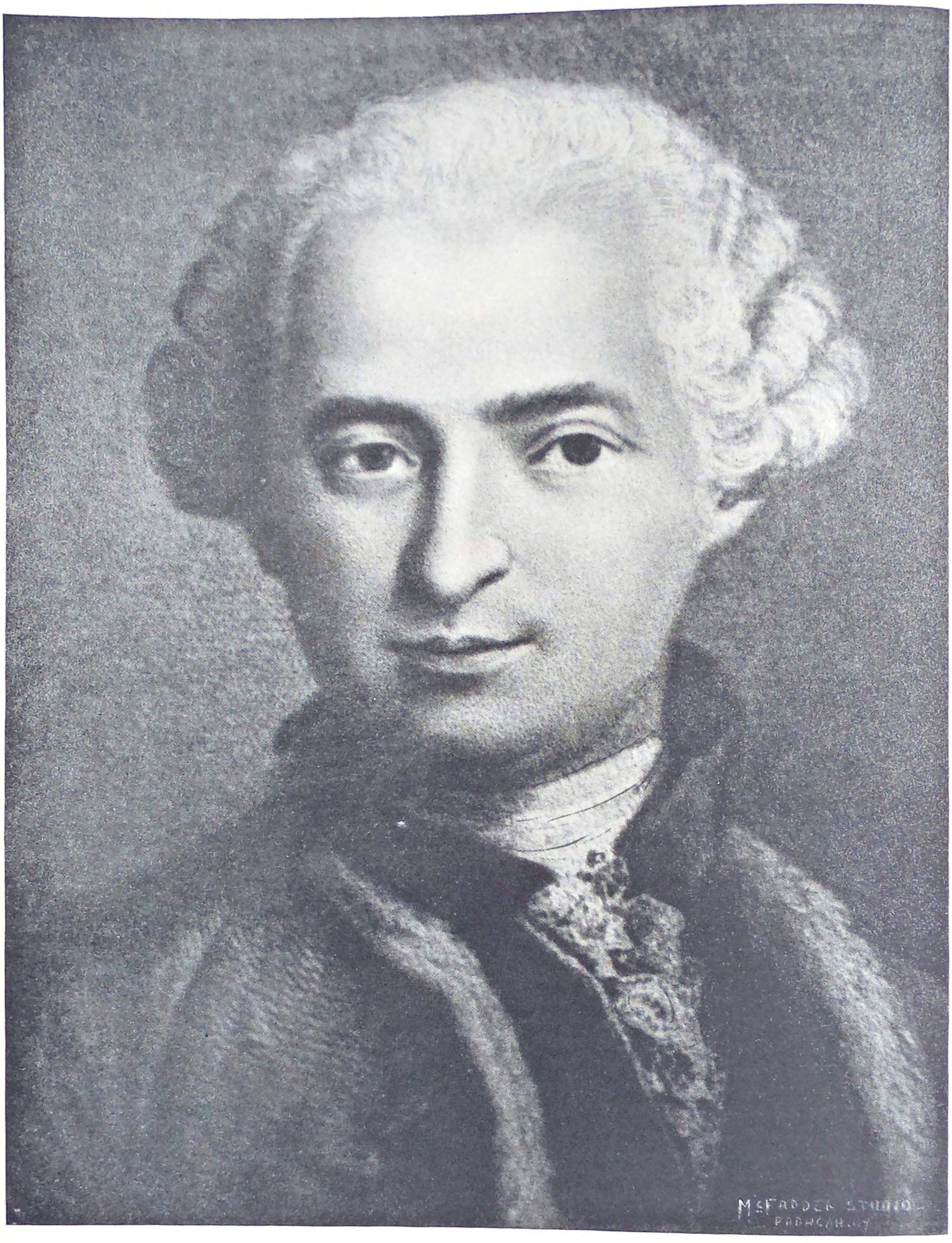
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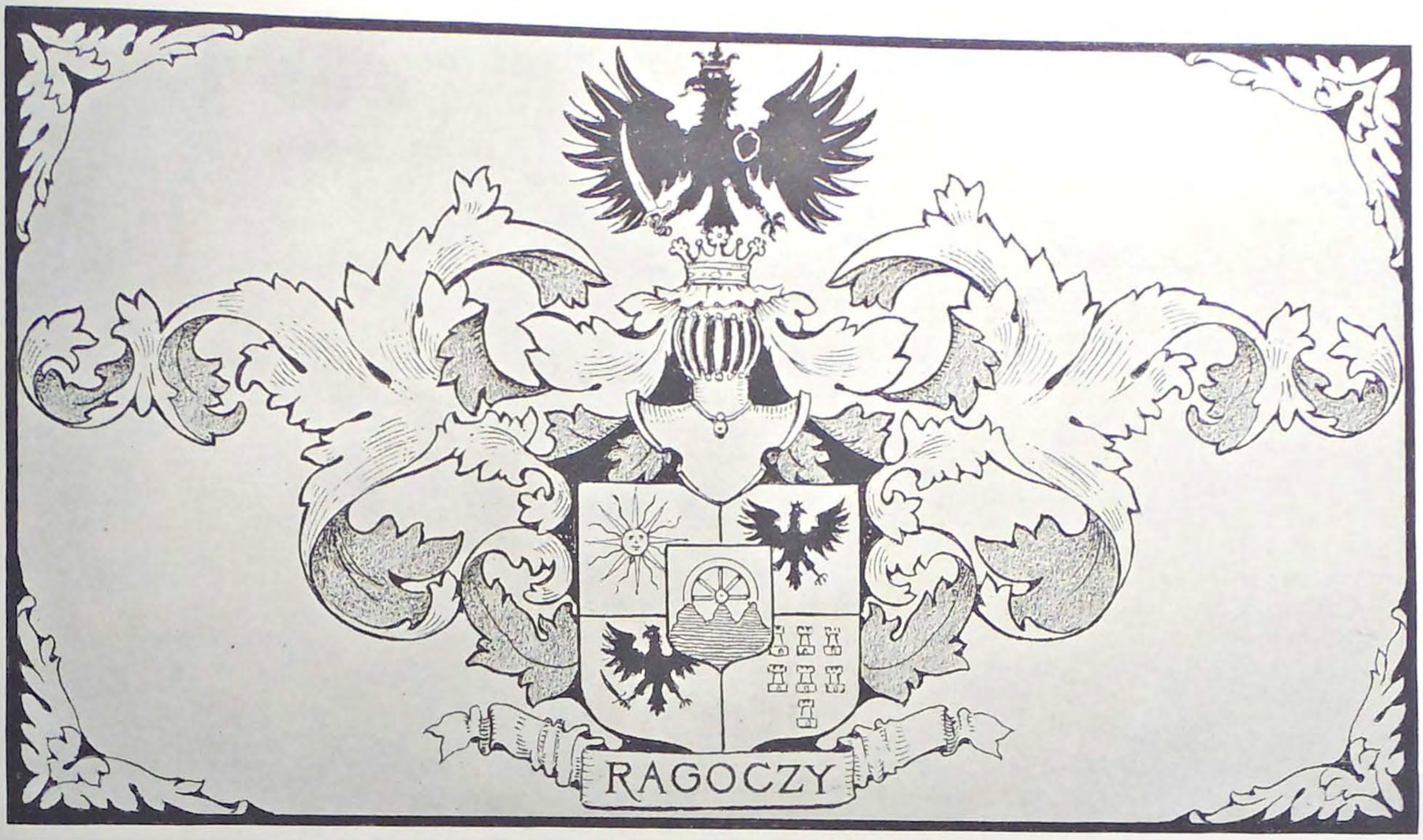
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LE COMTE DE ST.-GERMAIN

From the original portrait by Thomas in the Louvre.



The Comte de St.-Germain

The Wonder Man of Europe

THE Pompadour was content. Louis XV had found a new amusement—in fact she had found it for him. The king's ennui was dispelled without an intrigue or a new mistress. Comte de St.-Germain was his new divertissement. Louis was amused and thrilled by turns. Never before had so extraordinary a person trod the sacred precincts of Versailles. The whole court was topsy-turvy and miracles were the order of the day. Courtiers of depleted fortunes envisioned the magical multiplication of their gold and grandames of uncertain age had dreams of youth and favor restored by the mysterious Count's fabled elixirs. Had he not taken flaws from precious stones for the king and even rolled several small diamonds into one big one? And as to his panacea for age, did he not give some of this remarkable medicine to the Countess de Gergy, and was she not now called the old everlasting Countess whom death must have certainly forgotten upon the earth? Here was a man worth cultivating.

Of course, a person who thus completely eclipsed even the notables about him could scarcely fail to create jealousy. Certain courtiers hated him heartily, but they had to keep their feelings to themselves, for the king was championing the illustrious Count and would tolerate no criticism either of his person or conduct. If St.-Germain had been given to amours, it would have gone hard with him, for the bitterest enmities of that period grew out of such irregularities. But as he remained aloof from all entanglements and was always the patron—never the patronized—he maintained his position secure amid the crumbling of empire.

From *Souvenirs de Marie Antoinette*, by Madam la Comtesse d'Adhemar, we have an excellent description of the Count whom Frederick the Great referred to as the man who does not die. "It was in 1743 the rumour spread that a foreigner, enormously rich, judging by the magnificence of his jewelry, had just arrived at Versailles. Where he came from, no one has ever been able to find out. His figure was well-knit and graceful, his hands delicate, his feet small, and the shapely legs enhanced by well-fitting silk stockings. His nether garments, which fitted very closely, suggested a rare perfection of form. His smile showed magnificent teeth, a pretty dimple marked his chin, his hair was black, and his glance soft and penetrating. And, oh, what eyes! Never have I seen their like. He looked about forty or forty-five years old. He was often to be met within the royal private apartments, where he had unrestricted admission at the beginning of 1768."

It was in the court at Versailles that the Comte de St.-Germain was brought face to face with the aged Countess de Gergy. Upon beholding the celebrated magician, the aged lady stepped back in amazement, and the following well authenticated conversation thereupon took place between the two:

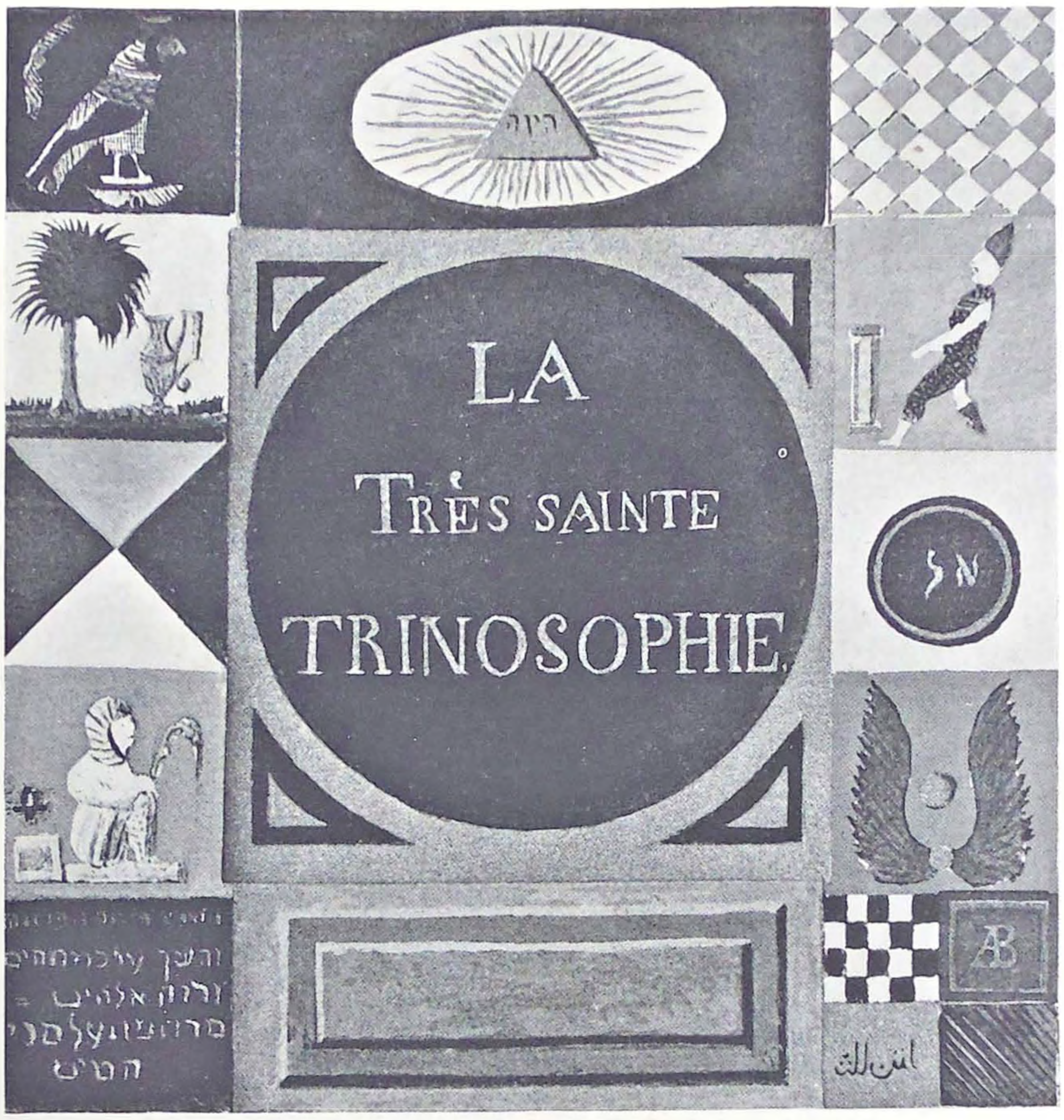
"Fifty years ago," the Countess said, "I was ambassadress at Venice and I remember seeing you there looking just as you do now, only somewhat riper in age perhaps, for you have grown younger since then."

Bowing low, the Count answered with dignity: "I have always thought myself happy in being able to make myself agreeable to the ladies."

Madame de Gergy then continued: "You then called yourself the Marquis Balletti."

The Count bowed again and replied: "And Countess Gergy's memory is still as good as it was fifty years ago."

The Countess smiled. "That I owe to an elixir you gave me at our first meeting. You are really an extraordinary man."



From *Le Musée des Sorciers.*

TITLE PAGE OF LA TRES SAINTE TRINOSOPHIE

From the manuscript attributed to the Comte de St.-Germain in the Bibliothéque de Troyes.

St.-Germain assumed a grave expression. "Did this Marquis Balletti have a bad reputation?" he asked.

"On the contrary," replied the Countess, "he was in very good society."

The Count shrugged his shoulders expressively saying: "Well, as no one complains of him, I adopt him willingly as my grandfather."

The Comtesse d'Adhemar was present during the entire conversation and vouches for its accuracy in every detail. The reference to the Marquis Balletti is a reminder of the many names and titles affected by this polyonymous individual. Mrs. Cooper-Oakley discovers him under such various appellations as Marquis de Montferrat, Comte Bellamarre or Count Aymar at Venice, Chevalier Schoening at Pisa, Chevalier Weldon at Milan and Leipzig, Comte Soltikoff at Genoa and Leghorn, Graf Tzarogy at Schwalback and Triesdorf, Prinz Ragoczy at Dresden, and Comte de St.-Germain at Paris. To the above list it may be added that he has been connected with the mysterious Count de Gabalis, who appeared to the Abbe Villars and delivered several discourses on submundane spirits. Nor is it impossible that he is the same as the remarkable Signor Gualdi, whose exploits Hargrave Jennings recounts in his book, *The Rosicrucians, Their Rites and Mysteries.* It is also of interest to note that in his memoirs Casanova indirectly links St.-Germain with the activities of a society of the Rose Cross, which was intriguing the minds of the curious during his day. The smallest doings of so unusual a person as St.-Germain would, of course, be meticulously noticed, so we discover some interesting and amusing notes relative to the establishment maintained by him in Paris. He had two *valets de chambre,* one of whom had been in his service for five hundred years, a circumstance that raised the eyebrows of the skeptics. The other was a Parisian engaged for his knowledge of the city and other useful local information. "Besides this, his household consisted of four lackeys in snuff-colored livery with gold braiding. He hired a carriage at five hundred francs a month. As he often changed his coats and waistcoats, he had a rich and expensive collection of them, but nothing approached the magnificence of his buttons, studs, watches, rings, chains, diamonds, and other precious stones. Of these he possessed a very large value and varied them every week." The valet of long apprenticeship is heard from on one occasion. The Comte was relating an anecdote regarding his own experience at some remote time and suddenly failing to recollect clearly what he considered a relevant detail, he turned to the valet and said: "Am I not mistaken, Roger?" The good man replied, "Monsieur le Comte forgets that I have only been with him for five hundred years. I could not, therefore, have been present at that occasion. It must have been my predecessor."

From this general outline of the Parisian activities of the eccentric but illustrious Count, we turn to a consideration of those rare personal gifts through the exercise of which he gained so wide a sphere of influence. Even his most relentless detractors admit that the Comte de St.-Germain was possessed of almost incredible attainments in every department of learning. Madame de Pompadour extols the genius of St.-Germain in the following words: "A thorough knowledge of all languages, ancient and modern; a prodigious memory; erudition, of which glimpses could be caught between the caprices of his conversation, which was always amusing and occasionally very engaging; an inexhaustible skill in varying the tone and subjects of his converse; in being always fresh and in infusing



FRANZ JOSEPH RAGOCZY, PRINCE OF TRANSYLVANIA

Now generally believed to have been the father of Comte de St.-Germain.

the unexpected into the most trivial discourses made him a superb talker. Sometimes he recounted anecdotes of the court of the Valois or of princes still more remote, with such precise accuracy in every detail as almost to create the illusion that he had been an eyewitness to what he narrated. He had traveled the whole world over and the king lent a willing ear to the narratives of his voyages over Asia and Africa, and to his tales about the courts of Russia, Turkey, and Austria. He appeared to be more intimately acquainted with the secrets of each court than the *chargé d' affaires* of the king."

In his memoirs, the Italian adventurer, Jacques Casanova de Seingalt, makes numerous references, most of them of a somewhat slighting nature, to his acquaintance with St.-Germain. Even he admits, however, that this adept of magic was a skilled linguist, musician, and chemist who won the favor of the ladies of the court, not only by the general air of mystery surrounding him but by his surpassing skill in preparing pigments and cosmetics by which he preserved for them at least a shadow of swift departing youth.

We can well understand how so fascinating a character could relieve the boredom of a king who had spent his life as a martyr to royal fashions and was deprived by his position of the pleasure of honest work. Then, again, rulers become victims to the fads of the moment and Louis himself was dabbling in alchemy and other occult arts. True he was only a dilettante whose will was not strong enough to bind him to any lasting purpose, but St.-Germain appealed to several qualities in the royal nature. Throughout his long career in the political centers of Europe, Comte de St.-Germain was renowned for his honesty and outspokenness. One day at Versailles, when St.-Germain and the king were walking through a long gallery, the Comte spoke. "To entertain any esteem for any man, sire," he said, "one must not be either a confessor, a minister or yet a lieutenant of police." "You may well add, Count," replied Louis XV, "or a king." "Do you know why, sire?" the magician asked. "Did your majesty see the thick fog which prevailed yesterday in Paris? Well, the fog which false friends and ministers cast around a king is thicker still."

St.-Germain's jewels and his consummate skill in matters of art, both as a technician and a critic, also endeared him to the king. The Pompadour writes: "He enriched the cabinet of the king by his pictures by Velasquez and Murillo, and he presented to the Marquise the most precious and priceless gems. For this singular man passed for being fabulously rich and he distributed diamonds and jewels with astonishing liberality." As an art critic, he could instantly detect the most cleverly perpetrated forgeries. In music he was equally a master. While at Versailles he gave concerts on the violin and on at least one occasion during his eventful life conducted a symphony orchestra without a score. He was constantly assisting his friends and found time in his busy life to instruct Anton Mesmer in the rudiments of mesmerism and initiate Comte di Cagliostro into the Egyptian Rite of Freemasonry as Cagliostro himself testifies in his *Memoirs Authentique*.

To convince his friends that he actually possessed the alchemical powder of projection, by which it is possible to transmute base metals into gold, he actually performed this feat on at least two occasions, as attested by the writings of contemporaries. The Marquis de Valbelle, visiting St.-Germain in his laboratory, found the alchemist busy with his furnaces. He asked the Marquis for a silver six-franc piece and, covering in with a black substance, exposed it to the heat of a small flame or furnace. M. de Valbelle saw the coin change color until it turned a bright red. Some minutes after when it had cooled a little, the adept took it out of the cooling vessel and returned it to the Marquis. The piece was no longer of silver but of the purest gold. Transmutation had been complete. The Comtesse d' Adhemar had possession of this coin until 1786, when it was stolen from her secretary.

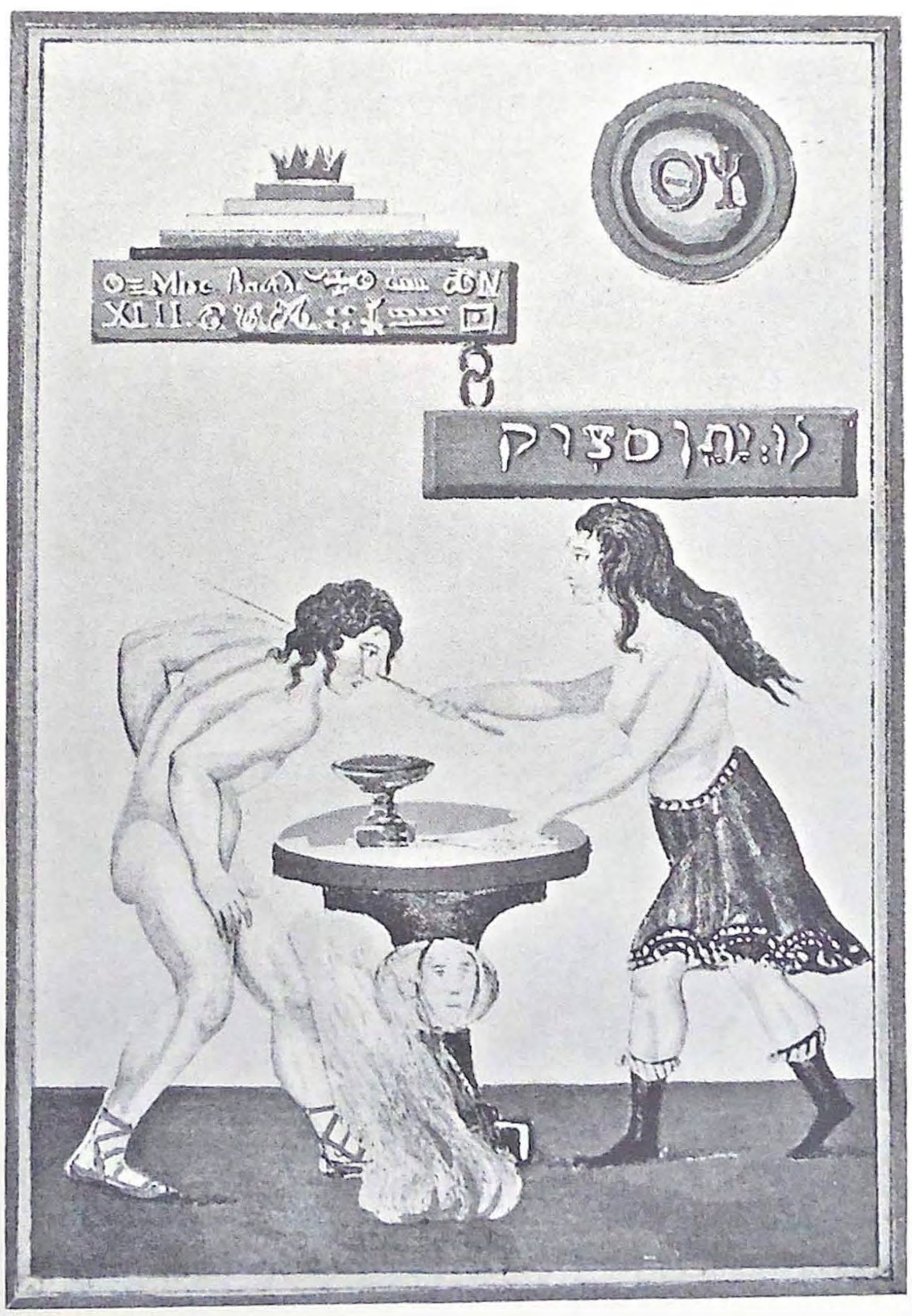
Casanova records a similar incident in which St.-Germain changed a twelve-sols piece into a pure gold coin. Being a doubting Thomas, Casanova declared that he felt sure that St.-Germain had substituted one coin for another. He intimated so to St.-Germain, who replied: "Those who are capable of entertaining doubts of my work are not worthy to speak to me," and bowed the Italian out. This is the last time that Casanova ever saw the Comte. Both of these writers of memoirs fail to tell us whether the denomination stamped upon the coins was changed by the alchemical process or whether only the metal was affected. If the denominations of the coins remained the same and only the metal changed, the possibility of substituting a gold coin for the silver one would be negated, unless it be supposed that a counterfeit gold coin had been prepared in a mold made from a silver one. To assure that the dates and general appearance of the coins should match and thus make the substitution unnoticed is presuming a greater degree of skill on the part of St.-Germain than the actual transmutation of the metals would have entailed. There are too many authentic cases of metallic transmutations to condemn St.-Germain for such a feat. The Leopold Hoffman medal which is still in possession of that family, two-thirds of which was transformed into gold by the monk, Wenzel Seiler, leaving the rest silver (which was its original state) is the most outstanding example of the transmutation of metals recorded. In this case fraud was impossible, as there was but one copy of the medal extant. The ease with which we condemn as fraudulent and unreal anything which transcends our understanding has brought unjustified calumny upon the names and memories of many illustrious persons.

Nearly all writers on the life of St.-Germain have noted his peculiarities with regard to eating. He was frequently a dinner guest. Casanova notes of Madam de Gergy coming to the table upon the arm of this mysterious man. St.-Germain, however, seldom if ever ate, but throughout the entire meal entertained the other guests with tales of magic and sorcery, unbelievable adventures in remote places, and intimate episodes from the lives of the great. Casanova goes so far as to say that he followed the Count's example, being too engrossed in listening to touch his own food. In one of his tales concerning vampires, St.-Germain mentioned in an offhand way that he possessed the wand or staff with which Moses brought water from the rock, adding that it had been presented to him at Babylon during the reign of Cyrus the Great. The memoir writers admit themselves at a loss as to how many of the Count's words could be believed. Common sense, as the word was then defined, assured them

that most of the accounts must be fashioned from whole cloth. On the other hand, his information was of such precise nature and he was so learned in every respect that his words carried both weight and authority.

The popular belief that Comte de St.-Germain was merely an adventurer is not supported by even a shred of evidence. He was never detected in any subterfuge nor did he betray, even to the slightest degree, the confidence entrusted to him. His great wealth, for he was always amply supplied with this world's goods, was not extracted from those with whom he came in contact. Every effort to determine the source and amount of his fortune was fruitless. He made use of neither bank nor banker, but moved in a circle of unlimited credit, which was neither questioned by others nor abused by himself.

Referring to the attacks upon his character, H. P. Blavatsky wrote in *The Theosophist*, of March, 1881: "Do charlatans enjoy the confidence and admiration of the cleverest statesmen and nobles of Europe for long years, and not even at their deaths show in one thing that they were undeserving? Some encyclopædists (see *New American Cyclopedia*, xiv. 266) say: 'He is supposed *to have been employed during the greater part of his life as a spy* at the courts at which he resided.' But upon what evidence is this *supposition based?* Has anyone found it in any of the state papers in the secret archives of either of those courts? Not one word, not one shred of fact to build this base calumny upon, has ever been found. It is simply a malicious lie. The treatment this great man, this pupil of Indian and Egyptian hierophants, this proficient in the secret wisdom of the East, has had from Western writers, is a stigma upon human nature."



From *Le Musée des Sorciers*.

DIVINING BY THE MAGIC MIRROR

A beautiful miniature from La Trés Sainte Trinosophie

No one questioned the noble birth of Comte de St.-Germain. His whole personality bore the indelible stamp of gentle breeding. He moved graciously and gracefully, with perfect poise and self-confidence, in the midst of the exclusive and aristocratic circles. He was eccentric, yes, but a gentleman always. Only centuries of culture and high breeding could have produced a man so utterly poised and to the manner born.

A London publication makes the following brief analysis of his ancestry: "Did he in his old age tell the truth to his protector and enthusiastic admirer, Prince Charles of Hesse Cassel? According to the story told by his last friend, he was the son of Prince Rakoczy, of Transylvania, and his first wife a Tekely. He was placed, when an infant, under the protection of the last of the Medici [Gian Gastone]. When he grew up and heard that his two brothers, sons of the Princess Hesse Rheinfels, of Rothenburg, had received the names of St. Charles and St. Elizabeth, he determined to take the name of their holy brother, St. Germanus. What was the truth? One thing alone is certain, that he was the protege of the last Medici." Cæsare Cantu, librarian at Milan, also substantiates the Rakoczy hypothesis, adding that St.-Germain was educated in the University of Sienna.

Casanova describes a meeting with St.-Germain which occurred in Belgium under most unusual circumstances. Having arrived at Tournay, Casanova was surprised to see some grooms walking spirited horses up and down. He asked to whom the fine animals belonged and was told: "To the Comte de St.-Germain, the adept, who has been here a month and never goes out. Everybody who passes through the place wants to see him, but he makes himself visible to no one." This was sufficient to excite the curiosity of Casanova, who wrote requesting an appointment. He received the following answer: "The gravity of my occupation compels me to exclude everyone, but in your case I will make an exception. Come whenever you like and you will be shown in. You need not mention my name nor your own. I do not ask you to share my repast, for my food is not suitable to others, to you least of all, if your appetite is what it used to be." At nine o'clock Casanova called and found that the Comte had grown a beard two inches long. This circumstance is enlarged upon by one writer to the following proportions: "The Cavalier de Seingalt (Casanova) finds the Count in an Armenian robe and pointed cap, with a long beard descending to his waist, an ivory wand in hand, in fact the complete makeup of a necromancer." It seems that the growth of the Count's whiskers was indeed greatly stimulated by the pen of this writer.

Casanova reports that St.-Germain had a number of retorts before him filled with chemicals in various stages of digestion. The Count stated that he

was experimenting with colors for his own amusement, possibly completing the experiment commenced by him at Chambord in the laboratory constructed and equipped for him by Louis XV. He was so successful that Vanloo, the French artist, begged him to divulge the secret of his brilliant colors, but he refused. St.-Germain is also accredited with having secured astonishing results in painting jewelry by mixing powdered mother-of-pearl with his pigments. What occurred to his priceless collection of paintings and jewels after his death or disappearance is unknown.

Continuing his discussion with Casanova, the now bearded Count explained his presence in Belgium by stating that Count Cobenzl, the Austrian ambassador at Brussels, desired to establish a hat factory and that he was taking care of the details. Upon his telling St.-Germain that he was suffering from an acute disease, the Count invited Casanova to remain for treatment, saying that he would prepare fifteen pills which in three days would restore the Italian to perfect health. Casanova writes: "Then he showed me his magistrum, which he called *athoeter*. It was a white liquid contained in a well stopped phial. He told me that this liquid was the universal spirit of Nature and that if the wax of the stopper was pricked even so slightly, the whole of the contents would disappear. I begged him to make the experiment. He thereupon gave me the phial and the pin and I myself pricked the wax, when, lo, the phial was empty." Casanova, being somewhat of a rogue himself, doubted all other men. Therefore, he refused to permit St.-Germain to treat his malady. He could not deny, however, that St.-Germain was a chemist of extraordinary skill, whose accomplishments were astonishing, if not practical. The adept refused to disclose the purpose for which these chemical experiments were intended, maintaining that such information could not be communicated.

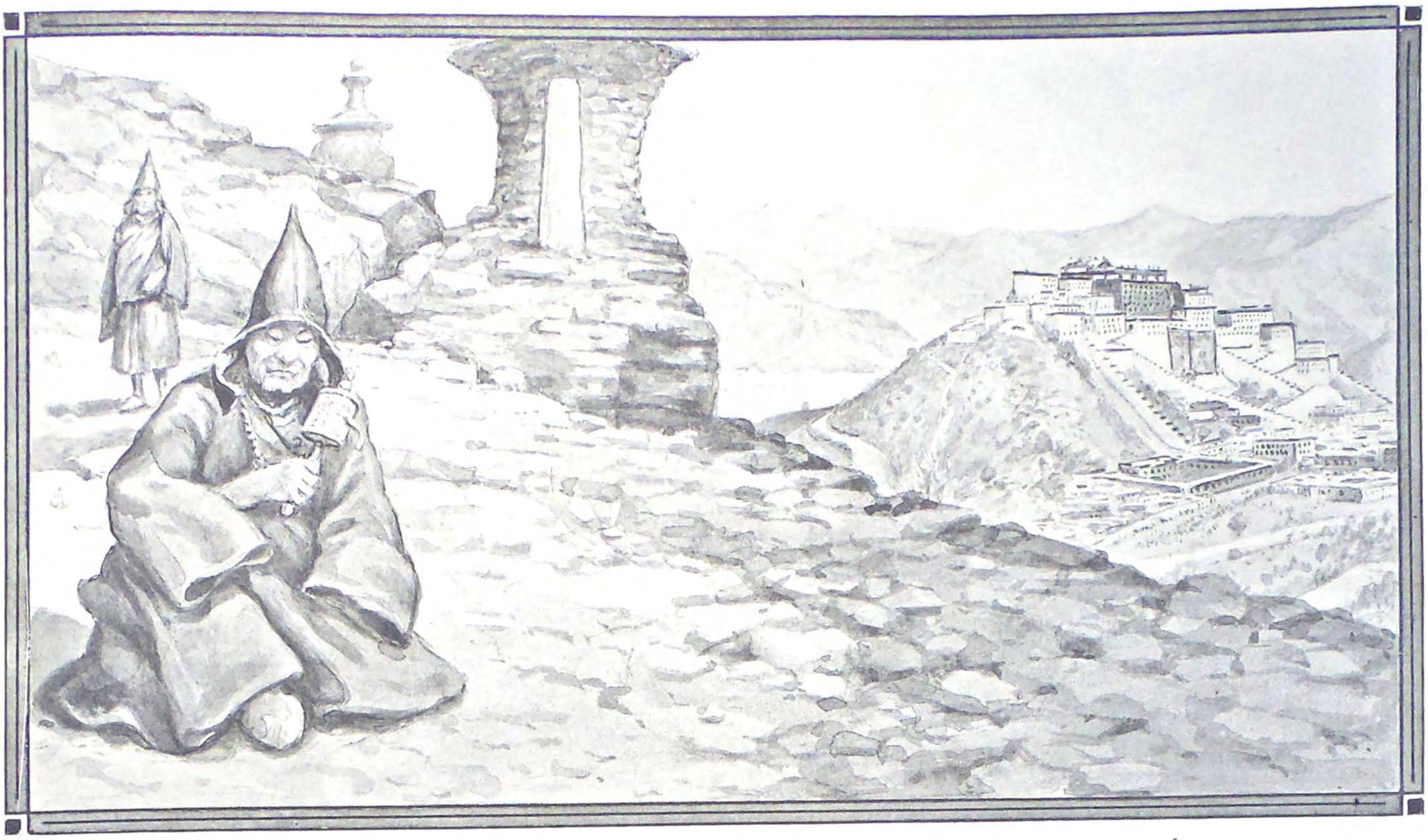
From the *Memoirs de Mon Temps* of Charles, Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, we gain several particulars concerning the last years before the death or disappearance of the Hungarian adept. Charles was deeply concerned with occult and Masonic mysteries, and a secret society, of which he was the moving spirit, held occasional meetings upon his estate. The purposes of this organization were similar to, if not identical with, Cagliostro's Egyptian rite. In fact, after studying the fragments left by the Landgrave, Cagliostro's contention that he was initiated into Egyptian Masonry by St.-Germain is proved beyond a reasonable doubt. The "Wonder-man," as St.-Germain had been termed, attended at least some of these secret meetings, and of all whom he met and knew during life, he confided more in Prince Charles than in any other man. The last years of St.-Germain's known life were therefore divided between his experimental research work in alchemy with Charles of Hesse and the Mystery School at Louisenlund, in Schleswig, where philosophic and political problems were under discussion.

According to popular tradition, it was on the estate of Prince Charles that St.-Germain finally died at a date given out as 1784. The strange circumstances connected with his passing lead us to suspect that it was a mock funeral similar to that given the English adept, Lord Bacon. Again quoting from H. P. Blavatsky, "Is it not absurd to suppose that if he really died at the time and place mentioned, he would have been laid in the ground without the pomp and ceremony, the official supervision, the police registration which attend the funerals of men of his rank and notoriety? Where are these data? He passed out of public sight more than a century ago, yet no memoir contains them. A man who so lived in the full blaze of publicity could not have vanished, if *he really died then and there*, and left no trace behind. Moreover, to this negative we have the alleged positive proof that he was living several years after 1784. He is said to have had a most important private conference with the Empress of Russia in 1785 or 1786, and to have appeared to the Princess de Lamballe when she stood before the tribunal, a few minutes before she was struck down with a billet, and a butcher-boy cut off her head; and to Jeanne Dubarry, the mistress of Louis XV as she waited on her scaffold at Paris the stroke of the guillotine in the Days of Terror of 1793."

It should be added that the Comte de Chalons, on his return from an embassy to Venice in 1788, said that he had conversed with the Comte de St.-Germain in the square at St. Marks the evening before his departure. The Comtesse d'Adhemar also saw and talked with him after his presumed decease, and the *Encyclopedia Britannica* notes that he is reported to have attended a Masonic conference several years after his death had been reported.

Comte de St.-Germain has unfortunately left but two or three literary fragments. He is known to have had a copy of the Vatican manuscript on the Cabala, presumably the finest work of its kind extant, and the Bibliotheque de Troyes contains a manuscript, *Le Tres Sainte Trinosophie*, which has been attributed to the pen of this extraordinary man. This manuscript is beautifully written and illustrated with twelve miniatures in colors and is regarded as a unique and priceless document. In *Le Musée des Sorciers* by Grillot de Givry, appears the following note on this manuscript, which is described as a book of cabalized alchemy: "This volume, artistically written, was bought at one of the sales in Messina, and carries at the head of it a note of a philosopher whose name is I. B. C. Philothaume, who announces that this manuscript once belonged to and is the only existing copy of the famous Trinosophie of Count de St.-Germain. * * * He adds that Cagliostro had also possessed this volume at one time, but that the Inquisition seized it in his home at Rome when he was arrested at the end of 1789. Cagliostro and his wife had been visiting the Count de St.-Germain in the chateau of Holstein."

The true purpose for which St.-Germain labored must remain obscure until the dawn of a new era. Homer refers to the golden chain by which the gods conspired to bind the earth to the pinnacle of Olympus. In each age there appears some few persons whose words and actions demonstrate clearly that they are of an order different from the rest of society. Humanity is guided over critical periods in the development of civilization by mysterious forces such as were personified in the eccentric Comte de St.-Germain. Until we recognize the reality of the occult forces at work in every day life, we cannot grasp the significance of either the man or his work. To the wise, St.-Germain is no wonder; but to those who are limited by belief in the inevitablity of the commonplace, he is indeed a magician, defying the laws of Nature and violating the smugness of the pseudo-learned.



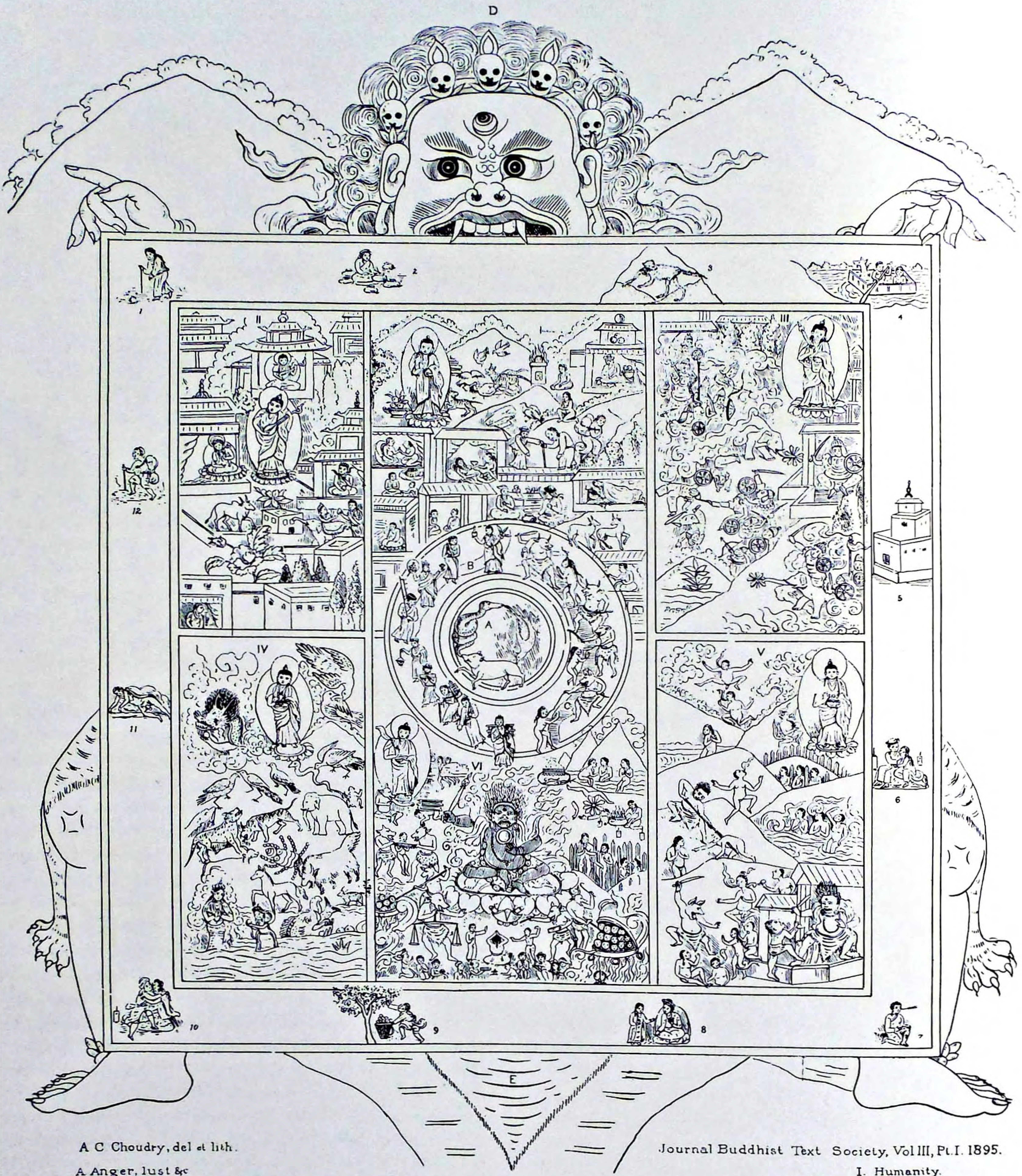
The Cycle of Transmigration

THE *Mahayana*, or Great Vehicle of Buddhism, was advanced as a compromise to the extreme austerities of the primitive faith. The founder of the sect is unknown, but the celebrated monk, Nagarjuna, is its most distinguished exponent and promulgator. Nagarjuna studied at the famous Nalanda University, the chief school of Buddhist theology of his time—the second century A. D. This patriarch declared that he had discovered the previously unknown writing of Gautama Buddha, called the *Prajnaparamita*, which may be roughly interpreted as "the method of arriving at the distant side of wisdom." Nagarjuna held that Buddha had concealed these traditions because the world in his day had not yet earned the right to receive such superior instruction. He had, therefore, entrusted the doctrine to the keeping of the Naga demigods, or serpent kings, who, in turn, upon the dawn of a more enlightened era gave it into the custody of Nagarjuna.

The Mahayana system softens the austere philosophic atheism of Buddha, clothing the simple truths in elaborate symbolism and evolving a tradition, calculated to impress with its intricacy and splendor, the mind of priest and layman alike. Mahayana is termed the Middle Path, an approach to the state of Nirvana broadened to admit those of every class and sect, even assuming the possibility of those not belonging to holy orders achieving to the highest (or Buddha) state. It would not be erroneous to say that the tenets expounded by Nagarjuna turned Buddhism from a philosophy to a religion. He was a sort of Oriental St. Paul who elevated words above works, so that salvation became more or less a matter of orthodoxy rather than of integrity. On the other hand, it would be unfair not to emphasize the high order of Nagarjuna's metaphysical speculations. He created out of the moralisms of Sakya-muni a complex transcendentalism which shows a strange blending of Brahmanic and Buddhistic interests. It is evident that Gautama Buddha built his philosophy upon the foundation of the Brahman Vedas and Puranas. The major deviation is in the matter of the gods, who in the Buddhist system lose their creative attributes and become the servants of law rather than arbitrary despots. The Mahayana school appealed to the highly cultivated imagination of the Easterner. He was accustomed to view the universe as a battlefield of gods and demons, and hence found no difficulty in visualizing three-faced Brahmas or seven-headed Nagas. Nagarjuna converted all the *lokas* and *talas*, together with the creatures inhabiting them, to the Buddhist way of thinking. So the old system continued "under new management!"

The Hinayana, or the Little Vehicle—the Imperfect Way as it came to be called by comparison—could bring but a small number of mankind to perfection. The purely philosophic aspects of Gautama Buddha's teaching could no more be expected to attract the rank and file of the Orient than could the metaphysical speculations of Plato intrigue the great proletarian class of the West. Most men think with their hands, contemplate with their eyes, and venerate with their lips. The Mahayana school turned northward to find its stronghold amid the snow-capped peaks of Tibet, and the more severe and simple

BHAVA CHAKRA
OR
The Wheel of Transmigratory Existence.



A C Choudry, del et lith.

Journal Buddhist Text Society, Vol III, Pt. I. 1895.

A Anger, lust &c
B The state of piety
C The state of sinfulness.
D Death.
E Tiger-skin

I. Humanity.
II. Heaven.
III. Demon world.
IV. Animal world.
V. Tantalus.
VI. Hell.

THE WHEEL OF TRANSMIGRATORY EXISTENCE

Reproduced from the Journal of the Buddhist Text Society of India.

Hinayana school turned southward to meditate amid the gently swaying banyans of Ceylon. No clear line of demarkation, however, can be drawn as between northern and southern Buddhism, as each division has been more or less tinctured with the attitudes of the other.

The pundit, Haraprasad Castri, has analyzed the differences between the two schools, in substance as follows: The Hinayana commences the practice of all meritorious acts for the control, for the peace, and for the extinction (absorption) of their own souls. This is not the noblest end to which a high-spirited Bodhisattva should strive; he should not only desire to place himself in truth but should also strive to place all other sentient beings in truth. Thus, the Hinayana seeks achievement for self alone and the Mahayana for self only that it may lead and serve others. The pundit continues: "When a man knows everything, he knows the miseries of the world and, therefore, cannot enter Nirvana without stretching a helping hand to the suffering millions all around him. * * * While secure in his own prospect of emancipation, he delays accepting it, for the good of others." There have been many Buddhas who by their preaching emancipated, emancipate, and will emancipate innumerable sentient beings, but none of these stands as high as Avalokitesvara, who has vowed not to enter the blissful region while there is a single sentient being unemancipated. The Mahayana school, therefore, regards accomplishment *per se* as a selfish and unworthy motive for action, accusing the Hinayana of lack of idealism. The Hinayana, in turn, accuse the Mahayana sect of having departed from the more austere virtues to the confusion of issue and the worship of chimeras.

The Buddhism of Tibet is also further adulterated by the Tantric cults. Tantrism sprang from the Shivan worshippers and is responsible for the highly complicated pantheon of Lamaism, especially in regard to the great number of demons incorporated therein. Tantrism also clouded the issues by assigning to each of the various celestial entities a *sakti*, or female counterpart. It is not improbable that the worship of Shiva in India antedates both that of Brahma and Vishnu. Shiva belongs to the primitive pre-Vedic folklore of India, even as in Scandinavia the god Thor, or the Thunderer, was far older than the pantheon led by Odin, of which he later became a part. Before the advent of Buddhism, Tibet was a cannibalistic country, the people worshipping in the most primitive and barbaric fashion divinities no better than demons and propitiating them with infernal necromancies and human sacrifice. This old faith is now referred to as the *Bon*. Although it has almost ceased as a separate institution, it still survives as a more or less degraded element in trans-Himalayan Buddhism. The black hat Lamas in particular, as well as sorcerers of all classes, still mingle Bon sorcery with their Buddhist magic. This also probably accounts, to some degree at least, for the streak of cruelty—in itself utterly un-Buddhistic—which persists among the less educated followers of Lamaism. Many of the lamaseries of Little Tibet and Mongolia are hotbeds of *dugpas*—sorcerers of the left-hand path—who control the elemental spirits and practice demonolatry.

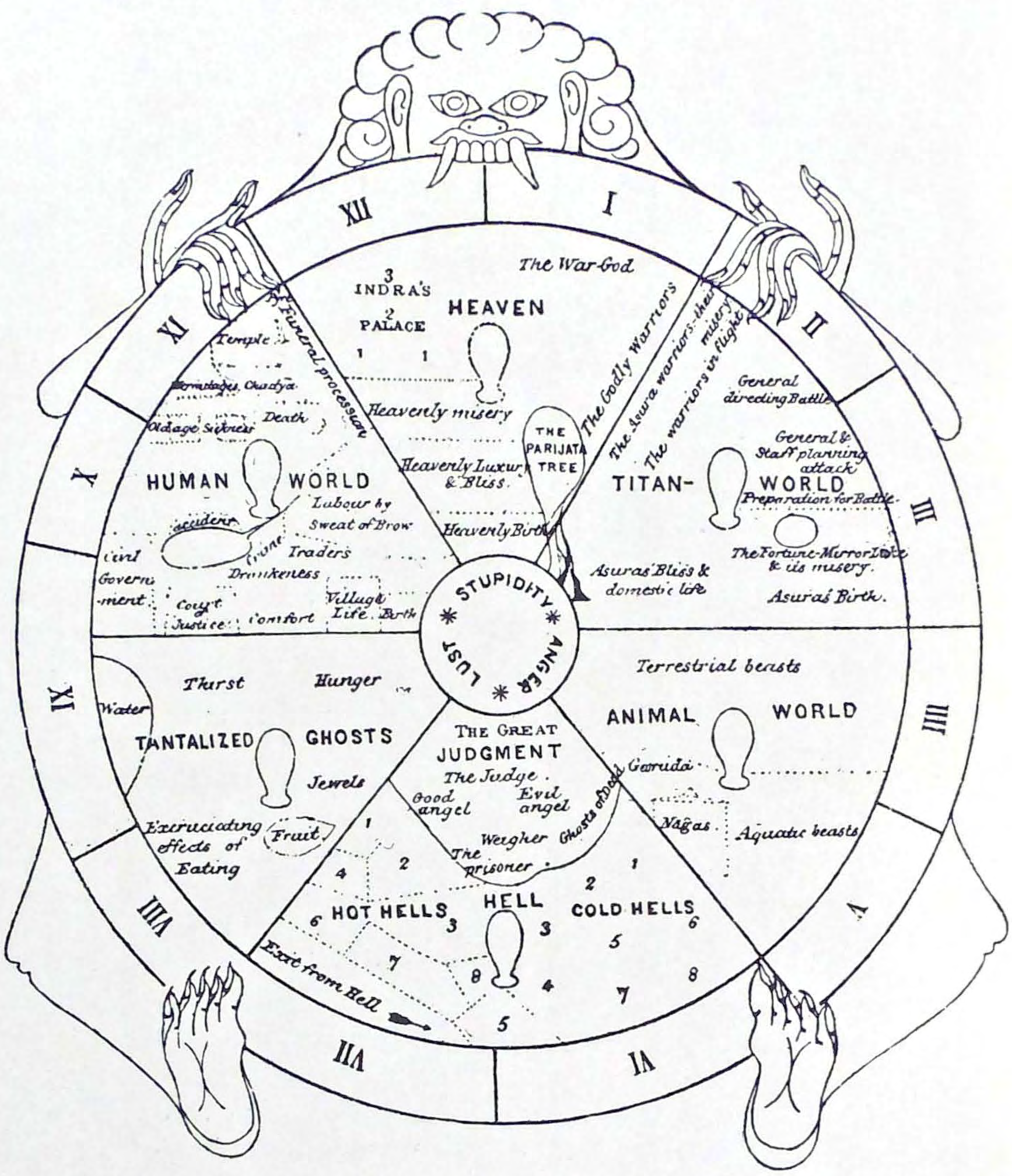
In the North, therefore, we see the simple moralisms of Gautama Buddha involved in a complex ceremonialism. The books containing the *sutras* of enlightenment now lie on the altars with a wand fashioned from a human thigh-bone on one side and a prayer wheel inlaid with beans on the other. To those who find difficulty in discerning true values, the Tantric confusion now called Lamaism would appear utterly hopeless. There is, however, a magnificent order beneath the chaos. Not altogether evident at first, there is in it a wholeness great enough to enclose the discord. The doctrines of Tibet are unspeakably rich in metaphysical and philosophical verities. While the Arhats and Mahatmas have, for the most part, deserted the temples of Lamaism, sages still gather there, whose wisdom is the hope of the world. The inscrutable Lama, as he sits spinning his wheel or saying the well-worn beads of his rosary, has one metaphysical finger on the pulse of the world. Occidentals with all their worldly wisdom could make neither head nor tail of the thoughts moving behind that wrinkled Mongolian countenance. Yet the old man has a "private wire" from the Infinite and he senses aspects of universal law wholly beyond the comprehension of the money-grabbing multitude.

Before undertaking a detailed study of the Buddhist Wheel of Life, it is necessary to establish the substance and nature of that identity which, though ever changing in its condition and state, is unchanging in its intrinsic being. "To understand transmigration, or the sattvic movement of Buddhism, is indeed to understand its greatest doctrine, a fabric which has been reared to the astonishment of all who have sought to learn its intricate architecture, its fine moldings, or its delicate workmanship." (See *Journal of the Buddhist Text Society of India.*) What, then, is a *sattva* and what is the *sattvic* movement? A sattva is a conscious being or entity which exists from all time to all time, being in every sense utterly immortal until it enters Nirvana, where it is merged in eternity. A sattva moves from one state to another, but must always be in some state. These motions or movements of the sattva are termed *transmigrations*, in that they do not constitute a passing from body out of body but rather a continuous passing from one body to another. All animate creatures are primarily sattvas, in that the sattva is the real substance of their animation, and all creatures are bound together by this common sattvic relationship. Recognizing that the experiences of life exist only through these relationships, the enlightened sanctify such relationships, seeing in all beings kindred entities co-eternal with themselves. The sattva, then, is the subject of transmigration even as Nirvana is the object.

"The Mahayana school," writes Sri Sarat Chandra Das, "teaches that neither spirit, nor substance, nor law, nor organized life is self-created." All such phenomena are in mutual relation and exist only by virtue of such relationship. Explaining how things which seem to have an actual existence have only a relative one, this learned author uses the example of a house. "What is a house?" he asks. "Is it the door, the roof, the pillar, or is it the sum of them?" He answers his own question by saying that it is neither the parts separately nor the parts together,

for house is simply a name to signify the relation of these parts. Sri Sarat Chandra Das arrives at the following conclusion: "Consistent with this doctrine, Buddhists do not believe in the existence of a creator, so there can be no creation. According to them, the world has existed from eternity, the living beings in it also existing from eternity, and so spirit and substance are co-eternal. The indivisible spirit, like absolute matter or atom, cannot cease to exist. Their quantity cannot be diminished or increased." It follows that as nothing can be added to or taken from, then all forms are merely relationships of eternal principles. Nothing which is real can be annihilated nor can anything which is unreal be rendered permanent. Life, then, in all its aspects is simply the sattva (or Self) moving through spheres of relationships (the not-selves, as being in substance unreal), and wisdom lies in the realization of this supreme truth.

We can now turn to a specific discussion of the *Bhava Chakra,* or the wheel of transmigratory existence. The two examples published with this essay show the wheel in both a square as well as a round form. The circular chart is from the frescoes of the Tashi'ding monastery at Sikkim, and was published by Dr. Waddell in *The Buddhism of Tibet.* The square drawing was obtained from Lhassa and belongs to the Yellow Cap school. It was published in Vol. III of the *Journal of Buddhist Text Society of India.* We are also reproducing Dr. Waddell's key to the circular chakra as a valuable commentary to the material involved. In both cases, the wheel is held by a horrible red monster called *Dag-zin* in Tibetan. This figure represents to the Mahayana mind the horror of egoism as the most deplorable state of selfishness. The wheel of birth and death is supported by egoism, by belief in the reality of illusionary things. Altruism is the release from egoism. It is the destroyer of the monster who supports the illusion; it is another form of the statement that he who saves his life shall lose it and he who loses it for the sake of righteousness shall find it again. Belief in matter binds man to matter; belief in the reality of phenomenal experience binds him to the phenomenal world. The spheres of the Bodhisattvas and Buddhas are not included in this wheel, because they are outside the boundary of egoism. They live not for themselves but for others and, in departing from their personal interests, they depart also from the sphere of misery and destruction.

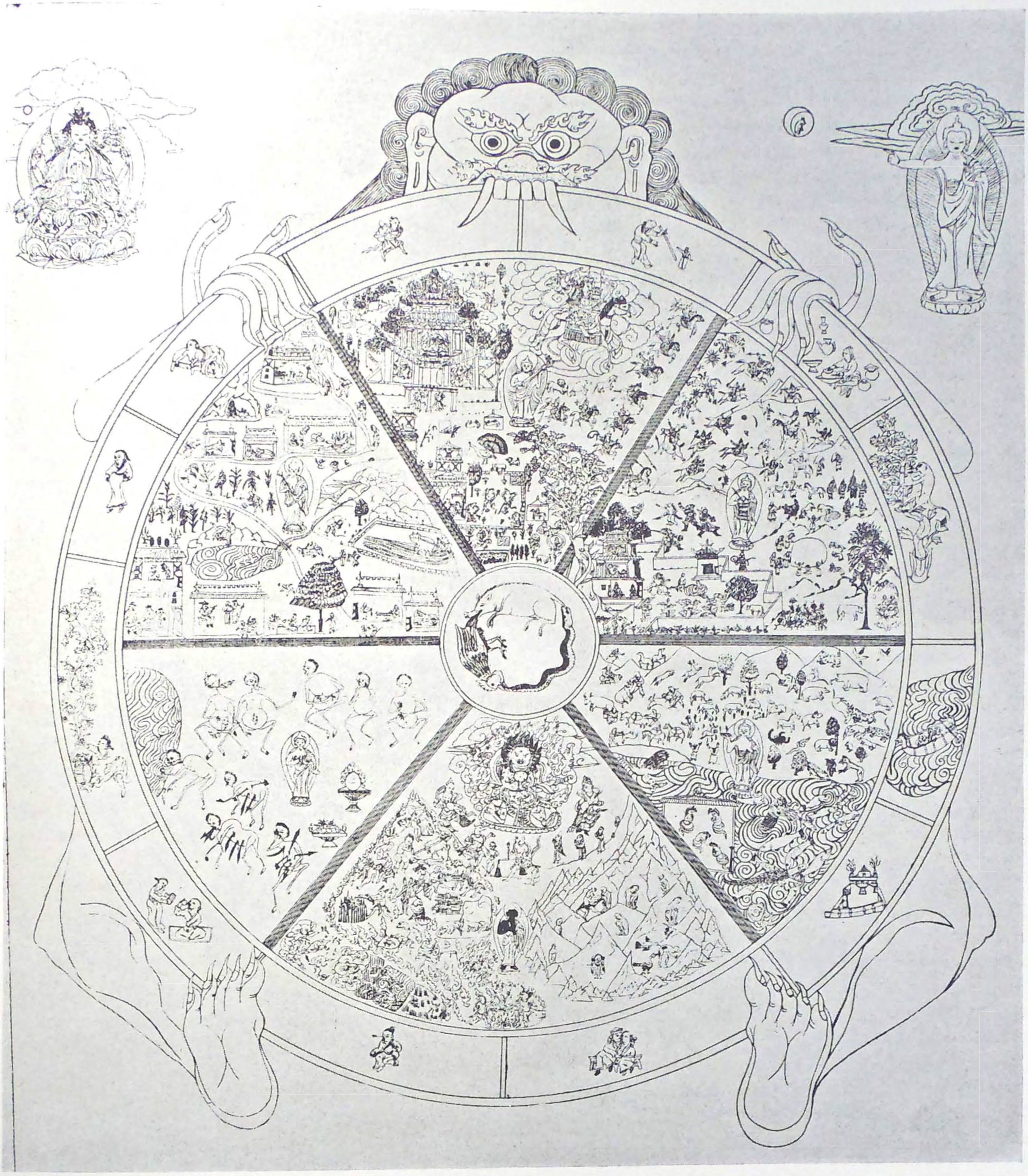


KEY TO THE DEPARTMENTS OF THE WHEEL OF LIFE

Reproduction from Dr. Austin Waddell's rare work, The Buddhism of Tibet

It would be natural to ask, What makes the wheel go around? Or possibly more correctly, What makes the sattva go around the wheel? The answer is karma. All beings, or sattvas, are continually creating karma. In other words, they exist in action, and action pre-supposes consequence. Consequence, in turn, engenders consequences, and the *nidanas,* or consequences of action are established. "An animate sentient being," writes one author, "in contradistinction to an inanimate object, has reactions for doings called in Sanskrit karma, which are coexistent with it from eternity. Karma is, therefore, eternal and inseparable from the sattva or the sattvic existence." Karma has been interpreted as fate or destiny, but these terms generally imply some providential agency beyond human control. Karma is the inevitable reaction of action. Its substance is the merits and demerits of the life. Walt Whitman indulged in Buddhistic fatalism when he said: "That which is mine own shall know my face." Karma, then, moves the sattva upon the wheel, changing the environment to meet the merit of the act.

Karma may be good or evil, or a combination of both. It generally manifests in the latter confused state, where contradictory impulses result in the discord and confusion of earthly life. When one who has achieved the dignity of a Bodhisattva, or Enlightened Being, has by thought and action exhausted all bad karma and has through realization come to a state



THE BHAVA CHAKRA

Copied by Dr. Waddell from the frescoes of the Tashi'ding monastery at Sikkim.

wherein he ceases to accumulate the "causes of misery," he is designated a Buddha. In such a one all evil has ceased as a cause of reaction and he is said to step down from or release his hold upon the spinning wheel of transmigration. "With the exception of a Buddha, all other sattvas have complex karma, where good and evil are mixed up in varied proportions. Bad karma is the element of change in a sattva, while good karma is the element of purity: one contaminates and degrades the sattva, the other purifies and elevates. On account of their bad karma, sattvas are changeable." Immortality (or, more correctly, the indefinable term, *Nirvana*) lies, therefore, in the continual practice of good, and mortality in the perpetuation of error through unbalanced attitudes. Mixed karma causes the being, or Self, to vacillate erratically from one state to another through thousands of lives and millions of years, and to experience in these immense periods alternations of happiness and misery. The degree of happiness is measured by the intensity of the accumulated virtue and, conversely, the degree of misery by the intensity of the accumulated vice. By his revelation of these mysteries to mankind, Gautama Buddha gained for himself the title of "The Great Benefactor." As expressed in the *Vinaya Texts,*

> "Of all objects which proceed from a Cause
> The Tathagatha has explained the cause,
> And he has explained their cessation also;
> This is the doctrine of the great Samana."

In the Mahayana *dharma chakra* here pictured, the central sections are divided into six major compartments. These divisions represent the six possible states or conditions of phenomenal activity and together constitute the *samsara chakra*, or the wheel of worldly existence. In reality, they are the domains of the six states of karma. A sattva, or being, must continually be in one of these six states until through Buddhahood it is liberated from its migrations. As the Platonists might say that a thing must always be in a place, so the Buddhists affirm that a being must always be in a state, the nature and substance of this state being determined by karma.

Two planes are omitted from these diagrams, one of which consists of those elemental forces which have not yet developed a sattvic, or conscious being, the other the abode of the enlightened, where those dwell who are completely emancipated from the wheel of birth and death. Karma is ever building bodies in the six compartments of the wheel, which should be regarded as planes of life—in reality, the six planetary continents which emerged from the central sun, or the six bodies through which consciousness passes on its road to perfection. The sattva must pass from one of these bodies to another until all evil karma has been expiated. As in Egypt, Typhon swallows those who are found wanting in the ceremonial of the weighing of the soul, so in Tibet the Dag-zin monster swallows up, or immerses in various states of matter, the sattvas that have not achieved the Bodhisattvic tranquillity.

In both the square and circular diagrams, the inner space is divided horizontally into an upper and a lower section. Together these two constitute the *samsara*, or the circle of worldly influences. The upper and the lower halves are devoted respectively to the illusions of happiness and the illusions of misery, being called *su-gati* and *dur-gati*. Those sattvas whose good karma promises them a favorable rebirth expect to reside in the upper, or su-gati, hemisphere; while those of a depraved spirit will be confronted with the misfortunes of the infernal, or dur-gati, state. The three divisions of the su-gati state are called *sura-loka*, the abode of the gods; *asura-loka*, the abode of the demigods; and *nara-loka*, the abode of men. In the square drawing, the sphere of the *naras*, or human beings, is located in the central or highest part. The sphere of the gods, or devas, is upon the left and that of the asuras, or demigods, upon the right. In the circular figure, the human sphere is at the left, that of the gods under Indra in the upper center, and that of the asuras, or Titans, at the right.

In the interpretation of these three states, it should be borne in mind that the human state was regarded as more desirable than that of the gods or demigods. The highest good, other than Nirvana, to which the Tibetan can look forward, is to be immediately reborn in the human state; for it is in the human state only that he can achieve Buddhahood. This, according to Sri Sarat Chandra Das, "is the most desirable of all the states. The great benefit of being born in the man state is, that, in this state, if the good karma be sufficient, and the will rightly directed, 'the way' may be seen, the first ray of Buddha lights upon the sattva, and he becomes a Bodhisattva; henceforward he enjoys all the privileges of a Bodhisattva. He has undergone the great renunciation, and ascends through the various stages of sainthood, to the border of the worldly existence; having renounced all, even good works, he attains merit by meditation; he has a knowledge of his past births, all the circumstances of which have been carefully noted in a diary; he is allowed to let his prayers and merits prevail for others, the less fortunate sattvas in the other five states; at length he passes beyond the bounds of worldly existence to become a Buddha and enjoy endless bliss in Nirvana."

Special attention should be given at this point to a little recognized element of Northern Buddhist metaphysics. As already intimated, Buddha reduced the status of the divinities until gods ceased to possess really divine attributes, becoming merely vehicles for the merits of the transmigrating sattvas. Godhood, therefore, is but a reward for good karma and, far from being permanent, may be lost at any moment. The Buddhist monk fears to be incarnated as a god lest this circumstance prevent him from achieving Buddhahood. To be born in sura-loka is the reward of having earned, by action, terrestrial power and bliss. In this aspect, the gods are but symbols of various constructive ambitions, less, however, than the highest ambition—that of liberation. The sattva establishes those consequences which entitle it to a period of existence in Indra's heaven; and as karma draws the being to rebirth here, so it draws it to rebirth in the paradisiacal sphere, where it remains as long as the merits continue by which it was established there. When these merits become exhausted or demerits destroy the karma which binds the sattva to the heaven worlds, the being falls like a plummet to some lower level to which the new karma has brought it.

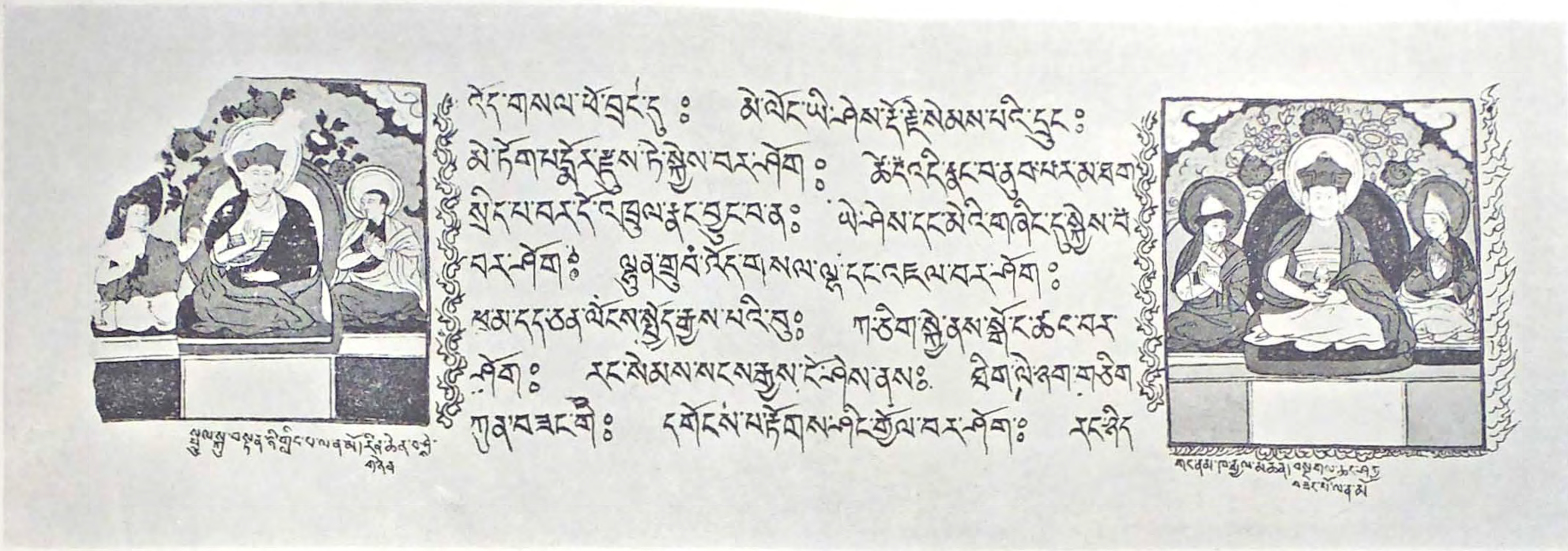
"The position of the gods and the duration of the period of their bliss are determined, as in the case of human beings, by the extent of their moral merits, that is to say, the merits they shewed when they lived as men on Earth, or in some sphere not Heaven. Thus the Wheel of Life turns:—Indra, Brahma, and others who were once 'gods' in Heaven may today be ordinary mortal men in exalted or in lowly sphere of life; and, vice versa, the turn of the great wheel which one day exalts men to gods in Heaven and another brings down gods to be men on Earth explains two great truths, one of which is frequently lost sight of. We believe, pretty generally, what all Scriptures teach, namely, the divinity of man, or the 'god' upon Earth; but we do not so generally believe in the often equally necessary truth, viz., the humanity of God. After the exhaustion of the merits with which terminates his celestial bliss, he has to revert to his former position, or to a worse state in this world; therefore, it is foolish on the part of man to lay out so much of his merits in the wrong direction instead of utilizing the same to the right end,—ensuring his attaining to the state of Bodhi, or Enlightenment." (See *Journal of the Buddhist Text Society of India.*)

All the departments of the wheel have opposite states. The lower have their opposites above, to which the merits of the sattvas cause them to ascend. The higher also have their opposites in the lower, to which their demerits force them. There is no permanence in any of the six states, for although existence in them may be extended over a vast period of time, and the

happiness or misery may seem interminable, the sattvic motion flows from one to another without end. "But the sattva when he sees the prospect of a happy life before him, which his good doings (karma) have secured for him, forgets the true secrets that underlie the worldly existence, and holds firmly to the vanishing unrealities, which plunge him into the sea of continual suffering. He should, therefore, not count much upon the pleasures of the heaven of Indra, or the longevity of Brahma-loka which, however long it may appear, is nothing but less than a second in the ocean of eternity. For when the effects of his good deeds come to an end, he is sure suddenly to fall headlong into the state of dur-gati, i.e., to bottomless perdition. While the sattvas continue in this blessed though transient state of humanity, they should exert themselves both by action and by meditation, to apply the merits that have already been amassed by them till now, and that are still to their credit, for the attainment of that state of spiritually enlightened existence called Buddhahood. In this world health, wealth, power, etc., which constitute our happiness are transient, lasting for a month, a year or more. They delude us like the pleasures of a dream. Therefore without aspiring to the state of bliss on earth or in heaven, we should in this life endeavour to get out of this sea of samsara, and to possess those spiritual accomplishments and resources, which are essential for the attainment of the most perfect state of supreme enlightenment." (Compiled from the Tibetan Buddhist works, *Sninthig, Lam rim chenpo, and Pag-sam Thi-siu.*)

The human is the median state between the pleasures of heaven and the miseries of hell. When the sattva is in the infernal worlds, its powers of discrimination and discernment are destroyed by the miseries of retributive karma; and while the sattva is in the heavenly state, its perspective is quite as effectually ruined by the blissfulness of its state and the beautiful illusions which surround it. Human existence is a blending of all the lokas or conditions, whether joy or sorrow. Only in the human state, therefore, is the sattva capable of rationally determining that which is the greatest good. Hence, the Bodhisattva must rise directly from the human state and nara-loka becomes the vestibule of Nirvana.

An interesting story is told that throws considerable light upon the heavenly state. There was once a very wise king, named Mandhata, who earned so much good karma for himself that he reincarnated in sura-loka as the god Indra himself. Now there were several sattvas who also reached such heights of achievement that six of them were likewise reborn as Indra. This demonstrates a very important doctrine, namely, that *the gods are not personalities but states of consciousness* and, therefore, more than one person may be of that state at the same time and consequently be that god. After a time King Mandhata began wishing that he was the only Indra. Some very bad karma resulted and, "like a bankrupt in the hands of his creditors, he was ruined." His sattva relapsed into an infernal state, where he had time to meditate upon the retribution wrought by the demerits of envy! Even heaven is not a place of security and sattvas stay there only while they remain worthy of its bliss.



THE LIFE OF PADMA-SAMBHAVA

Leaf of a Tibetan manuscript concerned with the introduction of Buddhism into Tibet.

The lower hemisphere of the great wheel of transmigration is likewise divided into three unfortunate states, of which the worst is *naraka,* or hell. In both the figures, this is located at the nadir of the wheel. On the circular diagram, *preta yoni,* or the ghost state (Tartarus) is to the left and *tiryyak yoni,* or the animal state, is to the right of this lowest hell. In the square figure, the animal world is on the left and the ghost state on the right. A sattva whose demerits are too great to permit its rebirth in the upper hemisphere but not great enough to warrant its commitment to the lowest hell may temporarily exist in the sphere of ghosts as an elementary demon, hobgoblin, imp, or other invisible creature. Or it may take upon itself one of the animal forms of the tiryyak state. In both these spheres there is a choice, governed by karma, for some invisible creatures are of higher order than others as some animals are of a nobler order than the rest. The sattva may be capable, through its efforts in these inferior conditions, of regaining its human estate in the not too remote future. *Avichi,* the deepest hell, is reserved for those whose infamies require the longest to erase. The figures in the various compartments of the wheel represent sattvas enjoying the bliss or suffering from the agony their karma has earned for them.



THE CONTEMPLATION OF REALITY

The Bodhisattva, Avalokitesvara, with eight arms.

There is an interesting correspondence, which we cannot fail to note, between the dharma chakra as pictured and fragments of the Gnostic tradition. The Gnostics are generally admitted to have been in contact with the Orient. In the Gnostic fragments there appears a despotic creative agent, *Ialdabaoth,* the Demiurgus of the world, and he locks the gates of heaven in an effort to prevent men escaping from bondage to himself and his sons' creations. Is not Ialdabaoth the monster holding the wheel and the symbol of illusionary existence, and are not the six planes or states his offspring, for all the compartments of the wheel are generated from ignorance? The wheel is the mundane globe which all the initiates regarded as a sphere of illusion, escape from which by philosophic means constituted the greatest good.

In the center of both the square and the circular diagrams are to be seen three creatures holding on to each other's tails and forming a sort of endless chain. These represent the motive power which keeps the great chakra rotating. The hog symbolizes stupidity, the dove lust, and the serpent anger. These qualities

are always opposed to that steadfastness and high principle, through the expression of which Nirvana is achieved. Thus the wheel continually turns upon this triple axis, for the world only exists as a reality for those who choose to accept it as such. It would be a mistake to view the wheel as intended to set forth literal teachings. The whole concept is purely metaphysical, dealing with the invisible and superphysical

It might not be amiss to insert at this point the formula of escape by which a sattva, bound to one of the infernal spheres, can hope for release therefrom. The forces which can contribute to the improvement in its condition are four in number: (1) When it has completed the karma by which it is bound to that loka, it will immediately depart therefrom into another state. Usually penitence insures that the sattva leaving one



KOKORI-NO-KAGAMI, THE MIRROR OF THE HEART
The Japanese Buddhist Wheel of Life, with its ten Phases of Rebirth.

planes in their relationship to the physical universe. The dharma chakra does not reveal places but conditions, and the small figures ornamenting the compartments are not intended to portray literal facts but to intimate the conditions of consciousness by which the well-being of the sattva is determined.

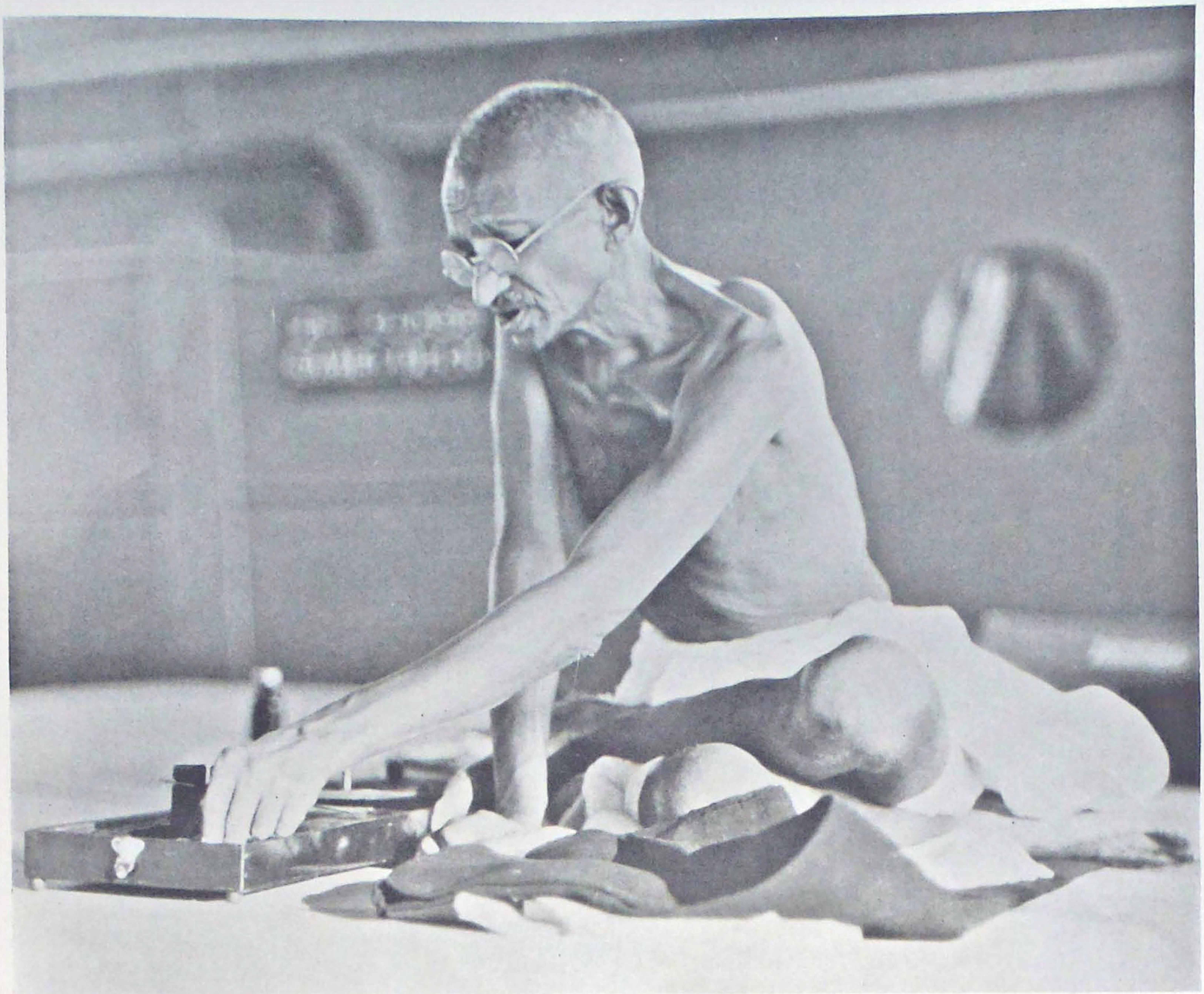
of the infernal spheres will ascend to a nobler state. (2) Under certain conditions, when a sattva does voluntary penance, it is released from the lower world by the expiration of the period which it has allotted for itself. (3) A sattva may be temporarily released from karma and given an opportunity for enlightenment by the prayers or intercession of a Bodhisattva,

or Perfected Soul. (4) By the merits directed upon the sattva by others in the same state as itself. In other words, the love and devotion and gratitude of those whom we benefit become vital forces in our own redemption.

As a border to both the square and circular wheels are the twelve *nidanas*. These represent the concatenation of circumstances, or causes from effects, themselves in turn engendering causes and moving inevitably from birth to death. The figures on the two charts differ somewhat as to detail, but the doctrine is identical in both cases. The doctrine of nidanas reveals the inevitability of consequences—causes flowing into effects, etc. Thus birth, which is the first nidana, inevitably presages death, which is the twelfth; and the causes of being follow each other in unbroken sequence from beginning to end; then on to beginning again, ad infinitum.

The first nidana, Unconscious Will, is called *avidya*, and is typified by a blind man, or ignorance. In the human life cycle it represents a sattva passing from death to rebirth. The second nidana, Conformations, is called *saniskara*, and is typified by a potter and his pots. In the human life cycle it represents the sattva shaping the formless material of its mental and physical natures. The third nidana, Consciousness, is called *vijnana*, and is typified by the restlessness of a monkey. In the human life cycle it represents the rise of conscious experience. The fourth nidana, Self-consciousness, is called *namarupa*, and is typified by an ark containing a man, woman, and animals. In the human life cycle it represents the rise of individuality—the distinction between the Self and not-self. The fifth nidana, Sense Surfaces and Understanding, is called *chadayatana*, and is typified by an empty house containing doors and windows. In the human life cycle it represents the dawning realization of the possession of sense surfaces and understanding with reference to the outside world. The sixth nidana, Contact, is called *sparsa*, and is typified by husband and wife embracing each other. In the human life cycle it represents the exercise of sense organs on the outer world. The seventh nidana, Feeling, is called *vedana*, and is typified by delusive pleasures and pain shown by an arrow entering a man's eye. In the human life cycle it represents the development of mental and physical sensations. The eighth nidana, Desire, is called *trishna*, and is typified by a man drinking wine and a woman holding a wine jug. In the human life cycle it represents desire as the experience of pain or delusive pleasure. The ninth nidana, Indulgence, is called *upadana*, and is typified by a man collecting fruit in a basket. In the human life cycle it represents the clinging to worldly wealth and greed. The tenth nidana, Fuller Life, is called *bhava*, and is typified by conception. In the human life cycle it represents temporal life in a fuller form as expressed through the obtaining of an heir. The eleventh nidana, the Birth of an Heir, is called *jati*, and is typified by birth from the womb. In the human life cycle it represents the maturity by birth of the heir, or the fulfillment of responsibility through offering rebirth to another sattva. The twelfth nidana, Decay and Death, is called *jaramarana*, and is typified by a dead body being carried to the cemetery on the back of a coolie. In the human life cycle it represents maturity leading to death and decay.

After the twelve nidanas comes the first again, and so on indefinitely until the Life of Enlightenment takes the place of the householder's existence. In the square chakra, the two forms of life are represented by the figures in the central circle. Upon the left side the figures rise to enlightenment, while on the right side they descend to perdition. In concluding the description of the bhava chakra, it should be noted that in each of the six states of illusionary existence is to be seen a figure of the Buddha, his body surrounded by a double nimbus. Out of his compassion, the Buddha manifests simultaneously in the six states of existence, a thought found in the Christian Gospels where Christ descends into hell to convert the demons. In every state mercy and compassion are thus established, and through his forms in the different worlds "he who is perfected in virtue invites all sattvas to join him in the beatitude of liberation."



Underwood & Underwood.

The Tenth Avatar

MOHANAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI, "with all his goats' milk, loin cloths, and hand looms and inner voices," threatens to dissipate with one simple gesture the whole illusional structure of modern selfishness and exploitation. A land of myth and legend, India has produced a reality more amazing than any of her fables. The holy man sits in the councils of state. An emaciated ascetic confounds the worldly wise. From the bruised and battered body of this Jain "shines out the leading spirit of the world." By a curious twist of fate, a man who calls himself a beggar dominates a generation which worships wealth alone. A humble Hindu has been exalted above the princes of the earth. In an age of materiality, a little Bombay lawyer has become a god.

In the Bhagavad-Gita—the Brahman's Book of Psalms—the Lord of Love, gazing down from His high throne beyond the heavens, uttered those words of prophetic splendor which for countless centuries have comforted and assured the heart of Asia: "When virtue fails upon the earth, then I come forth." Nine times has virtue failed and nine times has the Preserver concealed His glory within a mortal shape and redeemed His people. Again virtue fails; once more integrity is at its nadir. Even now civilization is destroying itself in a frenzy of exploitation and abuse. The worms of destruction are gnawing at the roots of the World Tree. The very existence of the race is threatened, and unless mankind is turned from its present course by some spiritual impulse—some rational urge, some new vision—the whole order of which we are a part must inevitably perish in a holocaust of competition and war.

This is the *Kali-yuga*, the Black Age, the period of universal dissolution, when the bonds which hold orders and systems together rot away and the parts fall back into chaos. The world is oppressed with a great fear. The wing of impending disaster overshadows the earth. An epoch is closing; old laws

and premises are insufficient. Thrones topple and nations perish in the void. The Rule of Gold is at an end. Now must come the Golden Rule. In the confusion occasioned by the crash of empire men have raised their arms to the heavens and turned their eyes to the hills from whence cometh their help. The old scriptures are once more remembered. The need is great. Will the Lord of the World come as He did before? Will the prophecy of the Tenth Avatar be fulfilled when "He who is the substance of the world's desire" shall come riding down the sky upon a white horse, crowned with power and bringing with Him the hosts of wisdom? Does Vishnu hear the calling of the nations? Does He incline himself to the plea of His suffering world? Will he come?

Mother India has brought forth another son. The dusty roads where the gods have trod are walked by another saint. Who is this little, dark-skinned man with a white cloth about his middle, a shawl over his head, and under his arm a spinning wheel? There are some in India who think they have sensed the mystery of the "Great Magician." They have bedecked his pictures with flowers and offered prayers to this beggar saint who comes to them in the spirit of the ancient law. Is Mahatma Gandhi the heavenly mendicant for whom Asia has waited so long? Some believe, some wonder, and some do not know. Yet no man will deny that behind the frail exterior of this Emancipator there stands an indomitable spirit. Nor can any deny that through this humble Hindu a great part of the world speaks. Even Gandhi's enemies admit that he is a champion of human integrity. The brute power of the world—force in all its aspects, greed, and destruction — all these malevolent agencies are opposed by the soul power of a single Hindu ascetic. Yet so great is this soul power that the Titans of policy cringe before it. India realizes that Mahatma Gandhi is no ordinary man. He is supported in his mission by agencies quite evident to the Oriental but rather vague to the less mystically inclined peoples of the West. Yet, for the most part, the West recognizes and admires this Hindu saint. All do not understand, yet the sympathy of the greater part of humanity goes out to the little Jain ascetic, whose dream is to build a world that shall be bound together by no ties other than the "silken cord of love."



International News Reel.

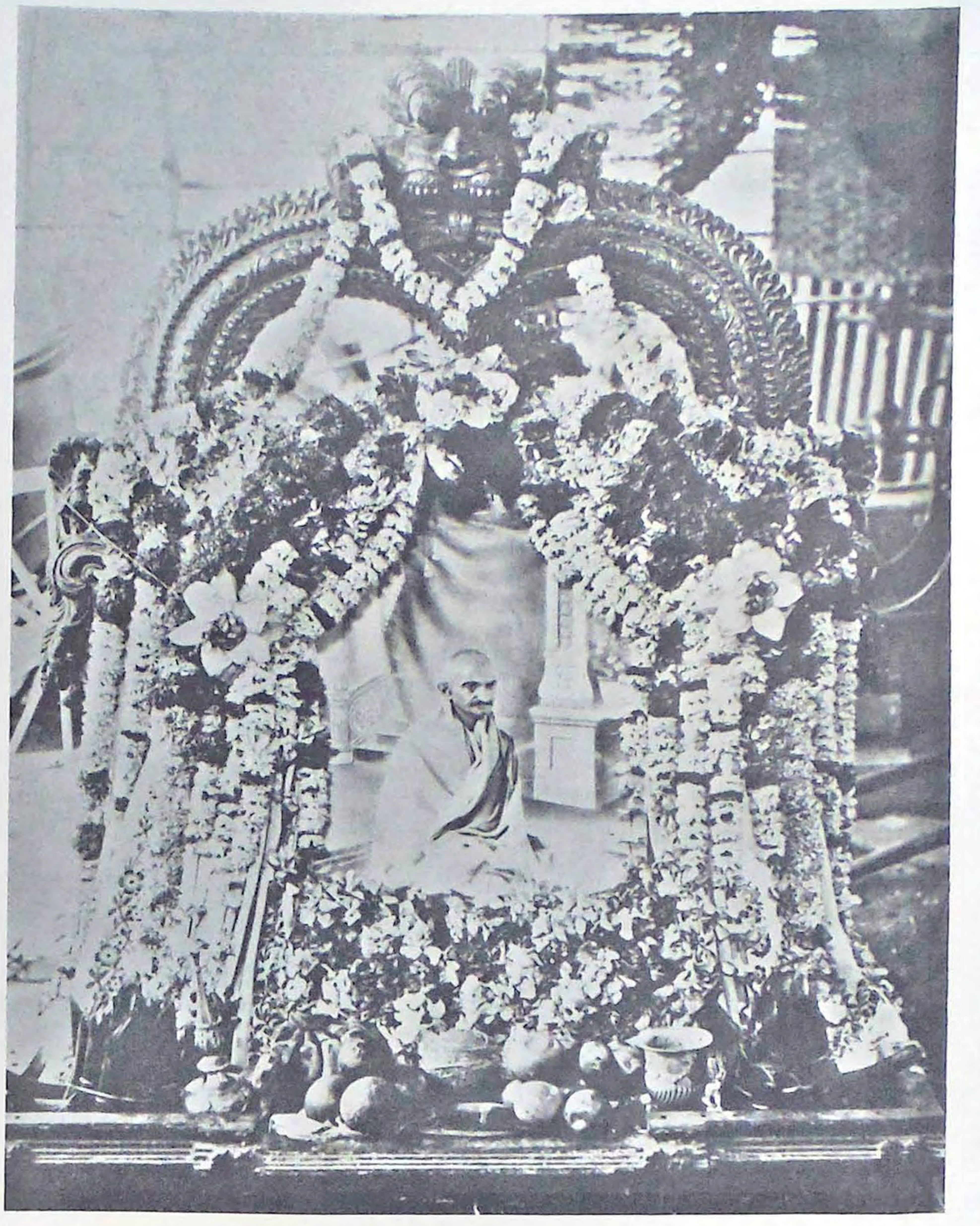
GANDHI AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS CAREER

By religion Gandhi is a Jain, that devout group noted for their piety and integrity and the most respected of citizens. In his program of non-violence, Gandhi is true to the highest tenets of his faith. His father and mother devoted their lives to charity and social reform, and when his legal practice brought Gandhi into contact with the numerous instances of unfair legislation afflicting his people, he gave up a successful practice, as well as all the comforts bestowed by wealth and station, to share the lot of the outcasts and uphold the cause of the voiceless millions. So far, he has been able to lead the vast body of his followers in paths of peace. As though by magic he has united the divergent factions of a caste-bound race into one body with a single purpose. Brahman and Mussulman stand side by side for liberty. Old feuds are forgotten, temporarily at least. Gandhi is the common denominator of Indian thought. Is it a wonder, then, that this man, who has accomplished in a few short years the miracle of consolidating India, should be called Mahamaji Gandhi — "Gandhi, the great magician"? There are fakirs who charm snakes and Yogins who walk in the air, but Gandhi is a wonder-worker greater than all of these; for he has charmed the soul of India, awakening it from the sleep of ages.

As far back as 1922, Gandhi was India's national hero. His name was upon every man's lips and, quoting one faithful Son of the Prophet, who keeps a rug store in Jaipur: "As Islam counts its years from the hegira, so India shall measure its time from the advent of Gandhi. A hundred years from now a man shall say, 'Oh, that occurred fifty years before Gandhi!' And another referring to other circumstances, will remark, 'This happened a thousand years before Gandhi!' " To his millions of followers, Gandhi is the focal point of time and place. The ages circle about him and the flower-filled gardens of the

Ashrama where he sits plying his loom are the very center of the universe.

Those who live in this age are privileged to witness the deification of a man. Most of the gods we worship lived in the long ago. Thousands of years have passed since Zarathustra tended the sacred fire and Moses ascended Sinai's lofty peak. Twenty-six centuries separate the devout Buddhist from the lifetime of the Enlightened One, and nineteen hundred years have elapsed since the Holy Nazarene preached in Galilee. But now the chemistry of our times has produced a man for whose sake this century will be remembered. Even as we watch, the humble man becomes a saint; the saint, a god. Gandhi is as significant to the Occident as to the Orient. He is establishing a new standard of world integrity. He is not a ruler placed upon the throne by heredity nor a dictator maintaining himself through force of arms. As a Brahman pundit expressed it: "Gandhi is not a man; he is a force. He is not a Hindu; he is India. He is not a good man; he is the good in every man. He is the expression, the personification of the hopes and aspirations of uncounted millions through unnumbered ages. Gandhi is the spirit of a new order, a new civilization, a new world. He is truth triumphant, humility exalted, peace victorious."



Underwood & Underwood.

THE SAINT ENSHRINED

The anniversary of Gandhi's birth was celebrated in Southern India by great processionals carrying portraits of Gandhi set in altars of flowers.

To the non-Hindu, this may seem hyperbole. Many will say that such things cannot be. Yet they are. Three hundred million human beings have found in Gandhi the very substance of their own souls. He is the thing they have longed to be, doing the thing they have longed to do. Even today Gandhism is a reality. It is an endless marching army of half-naked figures, following the little frail man whose will shall march triumphant down the ages. The world is tired of hate, of bloodshed, and of conflict. It is weary with plotting and scheming. Falseness and sham weigh heavily upon the bruised soul of humanity. The world longs for the simple things, for gentleness, kindliness, and understanding. Power no longer intrigues and wealth has proved but an illusion, tempting men to their own destruction. Tired of the pretense and the outer show, weary with accumulation, the world awaits a nobler impulse to lead it on.

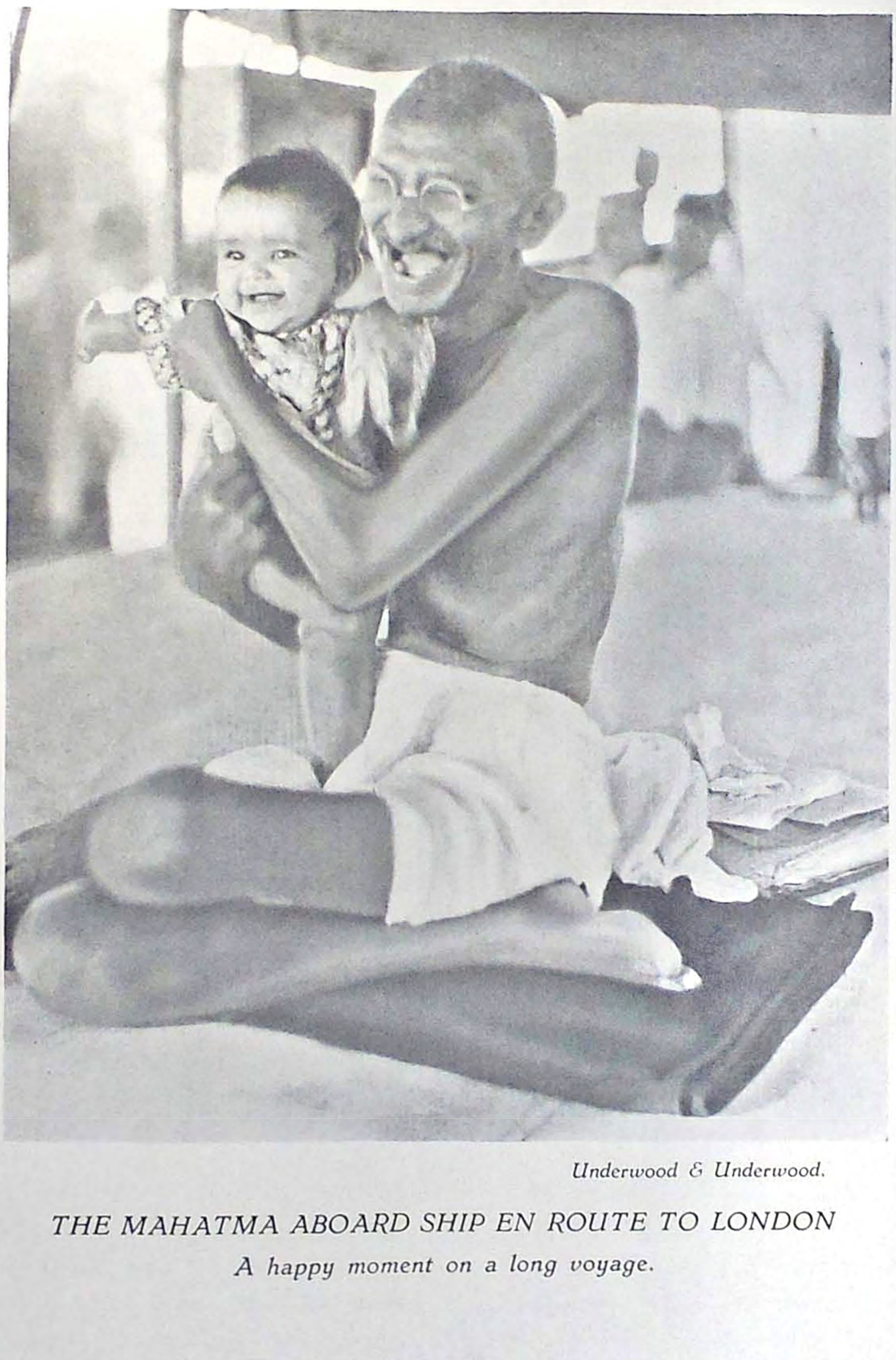
Disillusioned and disheartened, humanity has discovered in Mahatma Gandhi a new ideal. The almost childlike simplicity of his nature brings a sense of release to lives in bondage to the complexities of an artificial culture. Gandhi is strong, frank, and natural. Picture the little Hindu wandering lost in the complicated passageways of the Court of St. James, peering through his thick-lensed glasses and carrying his thermos bottle and bag of dates in his hands. No pomp, no ceremony, no show of power, but a holy man traveling steerage and sharing with the ship's cat the bench on which he slept at night! Yet there is no person in world diplomatic circles who takes Mahatma Gandhi lightly. It requires no guard of honor to impress the statesmen with the extreme significance of Gandhi's presence.

Mahatma Gandhi's strength lies both in the integrity and intensity of his conviction. He has communicated this conviction to his followers. His spirit moves in them, welding the hopes and dreams of Hindustan into a driving force. For thousands of years Asiatic sages have preached the doctrine of non-resistance. They have preached the victories of peace, declaring only such nations and institutions to be permanent as are established in love and maintained by enlightened reason. Governments founded upon the sword shall perish by the sword, but that government founded without violence shall endure when the karmic reactions of destruction have swept away the warring factions of earth.

Greater strength and courage are often required to hold back a blow than to strike one. Gandhi does not desire war, and has made every effort to prevent outbreaks and violence. He has a vision, however, that extends even beyond the imminent problem of Indian independence. Appearing, as he does, at this critical point in the history of civilization, his is a

message of world-wide import. No man is actually free so long as selfishness is the motivating force of human activity. Those not in bondage to some petty overlord are in servitude to their own desires and opinions. Many a man proudly says, "I own this" or "I own that," when, in truth, "this" or "that" owns him. The rich do not possess things; things possess them. Rich and poor alike struggle through life in the vain effort to find happiness and power in accumulation and competition. The world is obsessed by a system of exploitation. It is striving to maintain a despotism of wealth. It has even come to believe that the universe itself is a sometimes benevolent plutocracy and that the Gods on high Olympus are what Sprague calls "incarnations of fat dividends."

It is the theory of selfishness that Gandhi assails. As the New York *World-Telegram* writes: "He is challenging the whole western machine civilization. * * * If Western civilization digs its own grave with destructive competition and wars, maybe another century may see some Gandhian or Christian reign of peace and non-resistance sovereign over the world." The Mahatma sees the dissolution of all those unnatural bonds which now bind nations together and in their place a world partnership consolidated in friendship, not in force. If men will be just in their weights and measures, if nations will be honest with each other, if the world will be true to the good that it knows, war and suffering are not only at an end but out of the ruin of the past shall arise a new earth conceived in love and in truth and dedicated to the proposition that the practice of Right is sufficient to insure the well-being of all living things. Mahatma Gandhi believes in Right; he affirms the inevitable supremacy of Right. This gives calm conviction to his words and acts. This truly "holy man" calls upon humanity to unite in his purpose, to build with him a new world to be ruled over by that inner Spirit against which none of the forces of evil can prevail. "The law that governs brute creatures is not the law that should guide the human race" declared Gandhi recently, and it is the ever-increasing realization of this truth that is forcing the whole world into a revolt against materialism. Mahatma Gandhi demands a restatement of spiritual and ethical values. God has let loose an honest man and all the world's at hazard.



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THE MAHATMA ABOARD SHIP EN ROUTE TO LONDON

A happy moment on a long voyage.

The Wheel of Pythagoras



OF interest to students of numerology is this ancient fragment which, descending from the dim and uncertain past, was revived by the necromancers of the Dark Ages. According to Charles Singer, in his recent publication, *From Magic to Science,* a manuscript of the ninth century—probably the earliest medical text by an English hand—describes the method of determining by this Pythagorean sphere whether a sick person will recover. The same author continues: "The sphere of Pythagoras is a recognized magical device. It is possibly of Egyptian origin, but it certainly spread to Europe through Greek intermediaries. It is translated from Greek and is known in that language from a third-century papyrus (Leyden V) and in Latin from a large number of early manuscripts from the eighth century onward. During the Dark and Middle Ages this diagram is common in the English manuscripts, where it is variously attributed to Hippocrates, Democritus, Apuleius, Apollonius, Pythagoras, Columcille, Bede, Petosiris, Nechepso, and Plato! Quite a number of specimens date from Anglo-Saxon times."

Pythagoras is known to have practiced divination and to have instructed his disciples in the development of such arts. Iamblichus declares that on the ground premonitions are conveyed to men by dæmons and heroes, Pythagoras honored divination as not the least of the sciences by which men could interpret the benevolence of the gods. He qualified his statement, however, by declaring that only the godly and those properly qualified through a realization of the mysteries of Nature could successfully practice the art. To the rest it was folly, for the immortals would only commune with those of upright spirit and worthy motive. Iamblichus further declared that the list of wonders and miracles attributed to or performed by Pythagoras exceeded ten thousand, not a few being associated with his foreknowledge of events either to persons or in Nature.

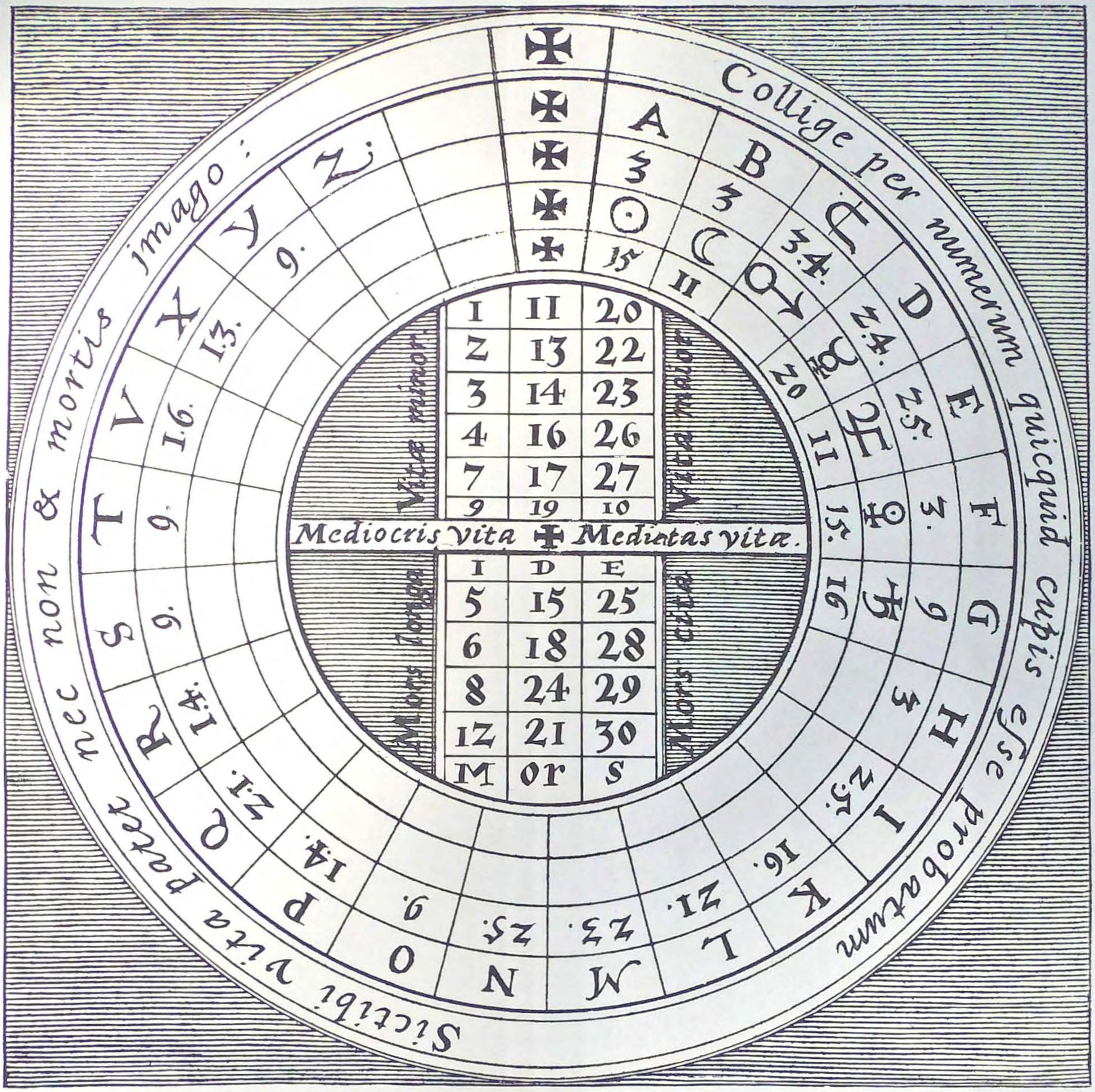
Plutarch also mentions the extraordinary ability of the sage of Samos to interpret omens, affirming that Pythagoras approved of all forms of auguries except such as involved the sacrifice of living creatures. For this reason he renounced extispicy (the entrails of sacrificed animals) and ichthyomancy (the entrails of sacrificed fishes), which methods were widely practiced in his day. Porphyry relates that the philosopher practiced divination by frankincense and smoke, determining the nature of approaching events by the density of the fumes and the direction in which they were carried by the wind. According to Cicero, Pythagoras foretold events from the flight of birds and from the voices of the gods as heard in the sounds of Nature. Diogenes Laertius also records that he predicted by cledonism, i. e., by the euphony of words and by observing the accidental speeches of those about him. He maintained that harmonies and inharmonies of speech were produced by the Governors of the world and that circumstances affecting Nature were reflected into the unguarded utterances of men.

It is well known that Pythagoras interpreted dreams, an art which according to Porphyry he learned while studying with ancient Hebrew sages. He was also able through hypnotic or mesmeric powers to cause artificial sleep in others, which sleep he caused to be filled with dreams, the latter being interpreted the same as at the oracle of Trophonius. Pythagoras also communed with the shades of the departed, but did not over-estimate the value of such a source of information. A disciple once came to the

master, declaring that in a dream he had talked with his departed father. When asked regarding the importance of such a conversation, Pythagoras answered that it portended nothing and was of no greater interest than conversation with a living man in that death caused no change in the degree of the intellect.

Upon the authority of Apuleius, we are assured that the Samian was well versed in judicial astrology, which contained within it all questions as well as their answers.

St. Augustine, upon the authority of Varro, notes that Pythagoras was skilled in hydromancy, which he had learned from the Magi of Persia. The latter method is thus described by Psellus, who attributes it to the Assyrians: "They take a basin full of water convenient for the dæmons (gods) to glide into the



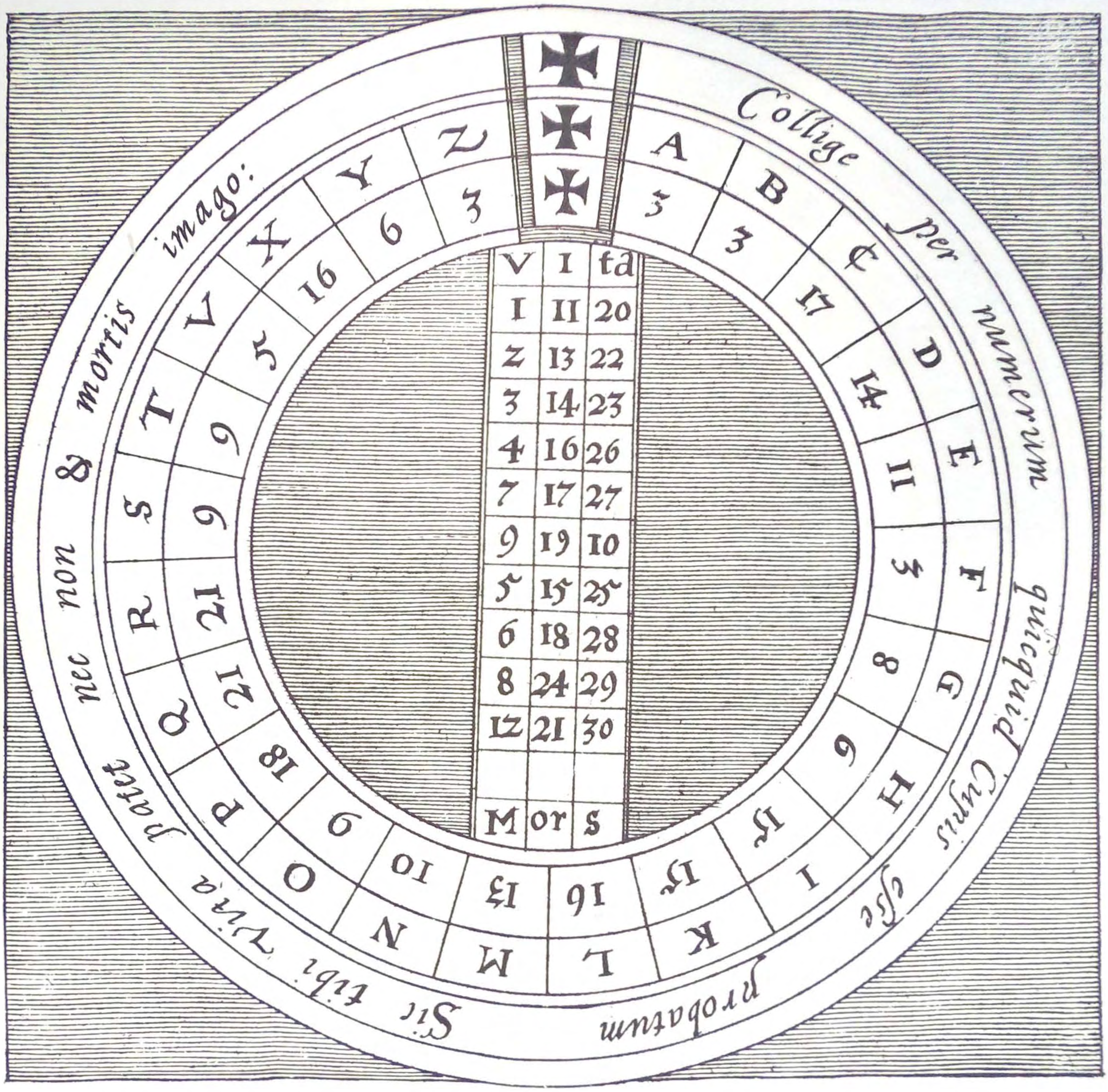
THE WHEEL OF PYTHAGORAS

having learned the science of the stars from the Chaldeans, who had informed him as to the number of the planets, their stations, revolutions, and effects upon the nativities of men and the world. For this reason, it has sometimes been claimed that the original wheel of Pythagoras was a horoscope. A close examination reveals that this could not have been the case, inasmuch as the wheel was primarily concerned with numbers and letters and not with planets and signs. It is quite possible, however, that the wheel or sphere by which the sage explained all mysteries was, in reality, but a symbolical name for the world itself,

bottom. The basin seems to make a noise as if it breathed. The water in the basin in substance differs in no way from other water, but through the virtue infused thereinto by charms is much more excellent and made more ready to receive a prophetic spirit. This is a particular dæmon terrestrially attracted by compositions. As soon as he glides into the water he makes a little sound inarticulate which denotes his presence. Afterwards, the water, becoming agitated, runs over and there are certain whispers heard with predictions of the future. This kind of spirit is very wandering, because it is of the solar order and such dæmons purposely speak with a low voice."

Although from the foregoing sufficient evidence might be adduced to affirm that Pythagoras was addicted to divination in its several forms, there is no direct connection between him and the wheel circulated under his name during the Middle Ages. Even if Pythagoras actually employed some such device, it has certainly come down to us in a badly mutilated and imperfect state. Yet if any element of truth exists who have a prophetic spirit. This gift is the reward of consecration to principle and truth. The great seer, then, must in all other respects be equally enlightened, for the ability to predict particulars must arise from a profound knowledge of generals.

Let us now turn to a heavy and curious old volume, profusely illustrated with strangely conceived and intricately executed symbolic figures in copper.



THE WHEEL OF PLATO AND APULEIUS

in the principles involved, it should be possible to reconstruct, through study and application, the original principle. It should be noted that this Pythagorean sphere is not reproduced herewith as a genuine fragment but as a medieval curiosity. While there is no absolute proof that the device is genuine, there is, conversely, no absolute proof that it is not. We know that magical devices were employed by the Egyptians and even earlier races, and that Pythagoras was deeply versed in the occult sciences of nearly all ancient nations. As he himself affirmed, however, it is not sufficient to memorize their methods or answers. Prophecy is a divine gift bestowed only upon those

This book, dog-eared almost beyond redemption, passes under the modest title of *Utriusque Cosmi Maioris scilicet et Minoris Meta Physica, Physica atque Technia Historia In duo Volumina secundum Cosmi differentiam divisa*. The author was Robert Fludd, whose name is now identified with most of the Rosicrucian and Freemasonic activities of the early seventeenth century. After passing over several hundred pages devoted to obscure opinions upon the origin and disposition of the universe, the music of the spheres, the establishment of the arts and sciences, armaments, mechanical devices, etc., we find wedged in between abstruse mathematical theorems and an

essay on pipe organs an extraordinary account of the wheel of the sages, which, as one enthusiastic old writer has declared, was "approved and affirmed" by the science and reason of Pythagoras himself. As prefatory to his description of the Pythagorean wheel, Fludd reproduces from older authors a number of opinions current in his day upon the subject of Pythagorean arithmetic and, owing to the rarity of such information, we are reproducing herein the salient features of his treatise.

We can discover no direct connection or similarity between the systems set forth by Fludd and those of the classical philosophers from which the information is presumably derived. This does not necessarily detract from its value, however, as it is reasonably certain that the Greek initiates possessed a learning concealed from the profane which never found its way into their published writings. As a Rosicrucian and a man of exceptional learning, Fludd may have had access to records and documents not available to the uninitiated. It is hardly to be presumed that he would have included the chapters on philosophical mathematics if he did not consider the subject in some way relevant to his Rosicrucian interpretation of the mysteries of Nature.

In the section *De Numero et Numeratione* he sets forth what are presumably the Pythagorean numerical correspondences to the letters of the alphabet, the seven planets, the days of the week, and the signs of the zodiac. If this table be authentic, it is obviously the most valuable numerological fragment extant.

FIRST, OR KEY TABLE

A	3	Sun	1
B	3	Venus	2
C	12	Mercury	3
D	14	Moon	4
E	22	Saturn	5
F	3	Jupiter	6
G	4	Mars	7
H	6		
I (J)	20	Sunday	24
K	15	Monday	26
L	12	Tuesday	5
M	23	Wednesday	20 & 29
N	15	Thursday	17
O	8	Friday	30 & 32
P	13	Saturday	24
Q	21		
R	13	Aries	1 & 2
S	8	Taurus	3, 4 & 5
T	8	Gemini	6, 7, 8 & 9
V (U)	5	Cancer	10, 11 & 12
X	6	Leo	13 & 14
Y	3	Virgo	15 & 16
Z	4	Libra	17, 18 & 19
		Scorpio	20 & 21
		Sagittarius	22 & 23
		Capricorn	24, 25 & 26
		Aquarius	27 & 28
		Pisces	29 & 30

In Fludd's system, the numerical correspondences to the letters of the alphabet differ according to the purposes for which they are employed. This is probably due to the fact that the Rosicrucian drew his information from several ancient sources, each method being consistent with itself but not necessarily with the rest. The first problem described by Fludd is to discover the ruling planet by a computation of the numerical value of the Christian, or first, name. The method is to add together the numbers corresponding to the letters of the personal name in its most complete spelling. This sum is then divided by 7 and the remainder is the number of the planet, which will be found in the foregoing table. (If there is no remainder, then the number is 7.) The numerical value of the letters, however, must be determined from the following alphabet, designed primarily for this purpose and differing radically from the first noted.

A	10	I (J)	18	R	8
B	2	K	10	S	18
C	12	L	2	T	10
D	4	M	12	V (U)	2
E	14	N	4	X	12
F	6	O	14	Y	4
G	16	P	6	Z	14
H	8	Q	16		

The second problem involves the discovery of the ruling zodiacal sign from the numerical value of the letters of the given name. The numerical value of the name is found by the same method as in the first problem, but the sum in this instance is divided by 30, the remainder signifying the zodiacal sign according to Fludd's first table. Thus, 1 as a remainder signifies Aries, 18 Libra, 30 Pisces, etc. When there is no remainder from the division, 30 is the significant number. The special alphabet used in this calculation follows.

A	2	I (J)	10	R	6
B	3	K	?	S	16
C	4	L	20	T	26
D	5	M	2	V (U)	10
E	6	N	12	X	8
F	7	O	22	Y	18
G	8	P	4	Z	8
H	9	Q	14		

(The letter K is missing from this table, but there is no way of ascertaining whether this is intentional or accidental.)

The third problem is to determine which of two contending persons will be victorious over the other. The given names of both contestants should be reduced to their numerical values according to Fludd's first table, and the name which represents the larger sum will be victorious. Imminent happenings can be predicted by ascertaining from this same table the numerical equivalent of the first name of the party involved, dividing it by 7, and referring the remainder to the planets, as previously described. The circumstances will be of the nature of the planet, as indicated by astrological key-words.

From these curious calculations, of which Fludd publishes a considerable number, we turn to his discussion of the Pythagorean wheel, or globe. In introducing the subject, Fludd writes: "Apollonius illustrates a way of divining by the use of the Pythagorean doctrine, saying that future things can be determined by the use of a certain kind of globe invented by

Pythagoras, which seems to solve an infinite number of problems, such as life, death, the whereabouts of fugitives, litigations, victories, etc. On the composition of this wheel and the true positions of the numbers upon it, the older authors have written so variously that the correct composition cannot be surely known but only conjectured. I have inspected the spheres composed by these authors and, following those that agree most closely, have drawn the accompanying figures in conformity with the original wording and design according to their own doctrine."

The first wheel (that of Pythagoras) contains in the second circle the letters of the alphabet, in the third their numerical values, in the fourth the planets, and in the fifth several numbers unexplained. The interior of the wheel is divided into an upper and a lower half by a horizontal line. The numbers contained above this line are propitious and affirmative, while those below are unfortunate and negative. In other words, if after you have arrived at the significant sum, the same number appears in the upper half of the inner section of the wheel, the question will be answered by "Yes"; if in the lower half of the wheel, by "No." It follows that all questions must be so formulated as to be susceptible of either an affirmative or negative answer. In some manuscripts the numbers are written on scrolls and in one instance are in a diamond-shaped arrangement accompanied by the figures of life and death. The letter *J* does not occur and *I* should be substituted for it. The letter *V* must also be substituted for *U*.

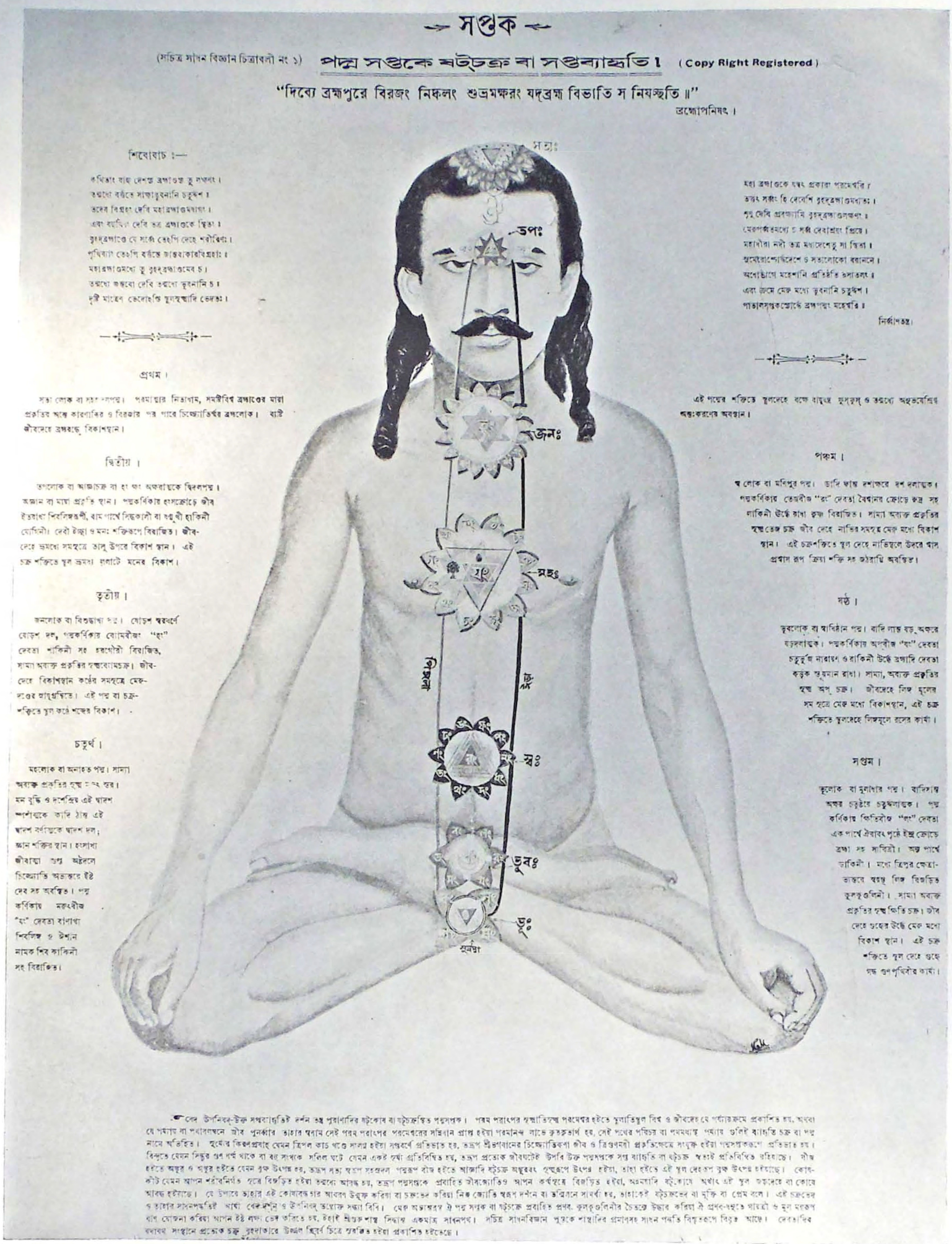
Two methods of interrogating the oracle have come down to us from antiquity. We shall reproduce herewith only the method given by Fludd, inasmuch as it is the more scientific of the two procedures. First ascertain the numerical value of the Christian name of the person with whom the question is concerned. Referring to the wheel of Pythagoras, substitute for the letters given in the second ring their numerical values as shown in the third ring and add these together. Then find from the first table of Pythagorean numerical correspondences the number corresponding to the day of the week upon which the incident under discussion will take place. Also find from an almanac the number of days of the moon's age for the particular day under consideration. Add the sum of the letters of the given name to the numerical equivalents of the day of the week and the age of the moon, dividing their sum by 30. The fractional remainder then becomes the significator. Turn to the central section of the wheel and ascertain whether the number represented by the remainder from this division appears in the upper or the lower part of the wheel. If in the upper, the question is answered in the affirmative; if in the lower, in the negative.

For example, suppose you desire to know if it is fortunate to take a trip upon a certain day. Your name is Henry. Turning to the Pythagorean wheel, we find H equivalent to 3, E to 25, N to 25, R to 14, and Y to 19. The sum of these letters is 76. You desire to start your journey upon a Saturday, which from the table of Pythagorean numerical correspondences is equivalent to 24. On that particular Saturday you also discover from an almanac that the moon is in its 15th day. You then add the latter two numbers to the 76 first obtained, which gives a total of 115. After dividing this number by 30, there is a remainder of 25. Referring to the Pythagorean wheel, we find the number 25 in the right-hand column below the meridian line. The answer is, therefore, in the negative, advising against the journey and warning that it will not be profitable. When the question is concerned with an indefinite matter, for which the day of the week and the moon cannot be calculated, then use the significant name—that of the person involved—and the day of the week and the moon upon which the question is asked.

Fludd also publishes what he terms the sphere of Plato and Apuleius, the use of which is identical with that of Pythagoras, with one exception. After calculating the numerical value of the given name, find how many times 30 goes into the sum and to the remainder add the number of the day and that of the moon. The sum thus obtained is to be once more divided by 30, the remainder thus obtained becoming the significant number. If it appears above the center in the inner panel of numbers on the wheel, the question is answered in the affirmative; if below, in the negative.

A careful examination of these Pythagorean wheels shows that the order and arrangement of the numbers has been changed at various times. To say the least, there are minor differences in nearly every edition of the work. During the so-called Dark Ages, the medical arts were closely identified with magic, and most forms of healing—with the exception of bleeding and purging—smack of sorcery. This wheel is frequently found in a certain class of medical books, where its application is thus described: After determining the day of the week and of the moon on which the patient fell sick, and also the numerical value of both his Christian and surname, according to the numbers and letters on the outer circle of the wheel, add these together, divide by 30, and consider the remainder as before. If the sum remaining is in the upper part of the wheel, the patient will recover; if in the lower, he will die.

We can detect only an occasional mathematical sequence in the numbers on the wheel, which seem to be placed in a more or less arbitrary manner, a circumstance which leads us to suspect that the true order has been lost. It is in no way unreasonable that Pythagoras himself had discovered the relationship between number and incident, a relationship which most certainly exists in Nature. That the wheel must have some merit is evident from the persistency of its survival and the faith reposed in it by the learned of other ages. It is, at least, a curious relic of the now virtually lost art of numbers.



THE SEVEN LOTUS BLOSSOMS OF THE SOUL

A native Hindu drawing of the spinal chakras, according to the Tantric doctrines.

The Practice of Meditation



—*Courtesy of the Chicago Museum of Arts.*

THE world is a valley, deep and mysterious, wherein men live together amid ever deepening shadows. The light of a superior reason gilds the distant peaks, but its rays cannot pierce the impenetrable gloom in the vale below. A few of stronger vision gaze upward and behold the glow that is reflected from the sky-tossed summits. The many, however, like those who dwelt in Plato's symbolic cave, have no realization of the vistas of light beyond the precipitous cliffs above and around them. Living thus under the shadow of intellectual limitation, each must of necessity remain patient until by the natural unfoldment of superphysical faculties his intolerable lot is revealed to him. With the dawn of intelligence, therefore, we turn, first with ingenuity and afterwards with reason, to the glorious task of liberating our true selves from the abyssmal depths of physical perspective.

The real history of mankind is the record of a magnificent struggle for enlightenment — a struggle, however, whose significance is seldom sensed. Man has climbed from unfathomable depths, from the very slime and ooze of chaos, impelled by an incomprehensible but irresistible urge. He has raised himself from state to state, from place to place, from world to world, until at last a few in the vanguard of the great procession can now glimpse upon the heights as yet unscaled flashes of that light which they have quested from the beginning. Though all humanity is responsive to a single longing, only a few are able to define the impulse which has relentlessly propelled them through these vistas of time and space. For the rest, the Stygian darkness is still impenetrable.

What is the real substance of that confusion which today obsesses mankind, which circumscribes all human efforts, so that we live together in a discord of cross purposes? Is not this confusion in reality the surgings of a divine will in bondage to a chaotic state, the irrational quest for reality, the exertion of undirected forces to the achievement of an undefined end? In this little span of years which in their ignorance men have misnamed life, realities are hopelessly obscured. False concepts have fashioned false codes, and these, in turn, have precipitated humanity into a whirlpool of fallacies. Each may try conscientiously to live the life which he has come to believe is in harmony with Truth. Blunted, however, by the sophistry of a perverted cultural system, human faculties, no longer able to serve as an instrument for the accumulation of knowledge, have become the hapless purveyors of false notions. Living thus in a phantasmagoria of conceits, a Black Sabbath of irrationality and excess, we lose all perspective and become the victim of the most insidious hallucinations. We regard misery as inevitable, discord as a divine edict, and confusion the dominant note of the world.

Swept on inexorably through the various phases of temporal existence, the unenlightened are drawn irresistibly into the seething maelstrom of annihilation through ephemerality. Like some strange mothlike phantom of a dream Dantesque, souls circle fascinated about the angry red flame of desire. Their wings singed by the flame, one by one they perish. Three



LORDS OF ENLIGHTENED LOVE

and purposeless to the great body of humanity. True knowledge must be that knowledge by which we come to know the reason for the circumstances which make up our mortal span. Realization is the supreme intellectual faculty, for by realization we come to know of the existence of reality. But only through a still superior discipline, which the mystics have come to designate *meditation,* can one identify himself with those realities which heretofore he has only mentally recognized and accepted. Metaphysical philosophy divides all mankind into three orders: the first and lowest, those who do not know and cannot see; second, those who know a little and see a little but have very limited understanding; third, that small group of enlightened ones who, knowing and seeing, have identified themselves in consciousness with that which they have known and seen. Only the latter are truly wise, and in them the Law is perfected.

flames blaze at the core of material existence, and it is their lurid light, rendered flickering by the passing winds of chance, which cause the fantastic shadows of desire upon the far walls of space. The false flame of egoism, the false flame of possession, the false flame of desire—these three must die out, or rather be snuffed out, by enlightened reason before the human soul can escape from the labyrinthine sphere of its uncertainties. As the great Buddha so wisely taught, Nirvana is the dying out of the three fires of the *I,* the realization that there is no permanence of reality in creation, but that creation, together with all its moods and modes, is itself circumscribed by an absolute and indefinable existence, which of all things alone is real.

In every life there must come that supreme moment when, for the first time, the soul recognizes its kinship with the greatness which lies beyond material conception. The moment of this realization is actually the moment of birth. Previous to this state, there is only an animal existence, but the true self comes into being, conjured up by that realization which recognizes the necessity for that self. In every age a few awake from the troubled sleep of materiality and by awakening discover mortality with all its attendant consequences to be but the figment of a dream.

It is impossible to live well without a rational perspective on life. Life, therefore, seems hopeless

Meditation, then, is the power to become identical with or to mingle one's consciousness with the object meditated upon. It is the rational annihilation of the objects and attributes of the transitory sphere through the internal statement of universal values; or, more correctly, the contemplation of those values. It is the realization of our identity with the transcendental realities of existence. It is escape from the limitations of material perspective by a power which confers a knowing with acceptance through positive intuition. It is the conjuring up of the mood of limitlessness. Through meditation the not-self is temporarily mingled with the Infinite, to find in this mingling the true substance of all aspiration. It is the identification of the soul with consciousness in absolute suspension. Meditation dispels the clouds which obscure the purpose of life, even as the clear rays of the sun dissipate the mist. Through it is achieved the restatement of purpose, the reconsecration of action, and the rededication of soul to the will of the Cosmic Self. At the climax of meditation there is the supreme moment when the unthinkable is thought, when the unknowable is known, when eternity is circumscribed with an all-sufficient mood.

Meditation should never be regarded as an escape from the responsibilities of physical life. Such a viewpoint outrages the integrity of the Divine Plan, for evasion can never be interpreted as accomplishment. Nor should meditation or other occult exercises be

permitted to interfere in any way with those duties and relationships which constitute man's karmic inheritances and accumulations. There is also the fine distinction that, while meditation does release consciousness from imminent limitations, it is not intended to liberate the soul from the evolutionary cycles. If properly performed, it may bring about such a general improvement that the soul may be released into a higher cycle of being. Occultism teaches that the only permanent escape from any undesirable state is to lift oneself therefrom by the strength of positive achievement.



IN CONTEMPLATION OF REALITY

The true purpose of meditation is to supply, through broadened realization, the impetus to fuller and greater effort. Brought into contact with higher and more perfect aspects of Universal Truth, man is moved, like Plotinus, to seek a permanent union with this newly discovered sublimity. To those who live in this material vale oppressed by the circumstances of physical life, the responsibilities and problems of the day are often extremely heavy. This is especially true of those who have begun to sense the note of impermanence characteristic of our diversified activities. The dreamers and thinkers of the world are of a race apart and, for the most part, a lonely and misunderstood people, whose interests and visions separate them from the petty concerns with which the masses busy themselves. The effort to remain true to principle in the face of the organized opposition of society is not a little discouraging, and could the wise not retire into another world utterly beyond the reach of the profane, their state would be a sorry one, indeed. Most of the intervals of life are intervals of understanding, and those who have understood, even in small measure, the purpose of the Universal Plan, must dwell apart from the rest in a universe of their own to gain their support and courage from the contemplation of ideals. They have learned what the body of the race must discover with heavy cost; namely, that ideals are the only realities. Meditation is a temporary release from the considerations of matter and its practice enables the mystics of the world to escape for a little time the weight of misunderstanding and persecution. From this escape results a new strength and a fuller determination to conquer through understanding environmental unrealities.

The goal of meditation, then, is to find in the depths of space that strength and fortitude which the physical world cannot bestow—to sense for a moment that infinite benevolence which is so completely obscured by finite malevolence. Eternity is more gentle than time, and in the vastness of infinite vistas all things find their place when denied expression in the realm of shadows. Strengthened by contact with that perfection which supports all things and which will ultimately tincture all imperfection with its own nature, the mystic returns once more to the dimensional state to gather up with renewed courage and insight the scattered elements of his corporeal existence. As our bodies must be fed to preserve bodily strength, so must the few who would become wise feed the beauty and ideality within themselves and by the enrichment of these divine faculties sustain more successfully the burdens of the illusional state.

Who, then, is qualified to perform that meditation which is the attunement of the part with the whole, the merging of the lesser self into the greater Self? What is the mystery surrounding those who have discovered the technique of dissolving the ego in the Ocean of Eternity, so that it becomes utterly diffused throughout that sea and feels every wave and ripple as part of itself? He who has discovered the mystery of meditation is qualified to perform it. He who finds

in Truth the supreme goal of existence is qualified to be possessed by Truth—for no man can possess Truth. He who, turning from petty purpose to the achievement of great purpose, beholds the full virtue of that purpose—such a one is entitled to realize his ideal. True meditation is impossible, save for those who are qualified. For the rest it is inconceivable that a man should find peace in the forgetfulness of self. The intellectuals who have deified though can conceive of no higher force than mind. They have not learned the meaning of the Oriental adage that the mind is the slayer of the Real. Only those, therefore, who have earned through ages of labor and longing the right to know may discover what Nagarjuna so poetically terms the other shore of life. Those who ask what is the practice of meditation and how is it performed forget that the inconceivable can never be reduced to words or even captured within the cage of the mind. That which Eternity itself can scarcely contain shall never be caught within the nature of the unillumined thinker. Of the very substance of meditation, nothing can, therefore, be written. But "about it and about" some few words may be said.

We will suppose that though you are a valley-dweller, living your physical life in the shadow of matter, yet with the penetrating faculty of realization you have come to know of that larger world which lies beyond the encircling hills. You have learned that somewhere, yes everywhere, a divine radiance is diffusing itself, a radiance which from its very nature is the substance and perfection of all things. While bound by body, with its impulses and instincts, to the humidity of the inferior sphere, you may yet yearn for a fuller consciousness. With this mood strong upon you and enriched with reason, the alchemical gold of thought, you make the effort to retire a little while into the subjective and eternal state, there to seek that peace which surpasseth all mortal understanding.

As you begin to meditate upon the beauty, nobility and profundity of that eternal existence, which is greater than all of the little distorted fragments we call life; as your soul conjures up the realization of these things; as you strive to know the very substance of the peace which stretches out beyond the stars, a miracle occurs—at least, it seems miraculous. When we think great thoughts, when we live in great ideals, little things disappear and petty issues are forgotten. Our minds and souls are filled with the glory of the whole, the walls of life's narrow valley retire, the world grows vaster and more magnificent, and all its parts are toned with a new nobility. You find that your very mood has picked you up and brought you *en rapport* with the universal mood. As selfishness and the narrowing concepts which bind the masses to their wheel of pain are erased from your awareness, forgotten in the thrill of Truth, you become a citizen of a new world. You are one with universal vistas. Your soul thrills as though touched by the vibration of a celestial harmony and through every part of yourself you feel that same pulsing which radiates from the unnumbered stars of heaven. The little planet which men call earth grows smaller and smaller beneath you, until it ceases to be even a speck in chaos. All the things which once seemed so great to the physical perceptions become as inconsiderable as the fading sphere itself. Life is newly found. All relationships are readjusted by the greater vision and the broader view. Those small concerns which in our ignorance we have given false emphasis, now revealed in their true proportions, dominate us no more.

Still upward and onward, lifted high upon the wings of our meditation, we ascend beyond the stars, farther and farther, until even the flickering lights of the heavens utterly vanish in the immensity of being. Nothing remains but eternity itself. There is neither coming nor going, neither now nor then, neither me nor thee—only endlessness extending endlessly. And in the midst of all this wonder is the tiny bubble of human consciousness thrilling amid the infinitudes of duration, its thin walls ready to shatter in the inconceivable vastness. All concepts and conceptions alike are gone. Things are a forgotten dream. There is nothing but you and space, and you are reeling with space, swirled even beyond ecstasy. Then, perchance, if it is permissible to descend to symbolism and thus attempt to describe that which is in its very nature indescribable, you may perceive faintly—so very faintly—the almost indistinguishable outline of that vast power which reposes forever upon the serpent couch of space, enthroned upon the very fastnesses of infinity. There you shall perceive the unborn and undying Lord seated above the whole mystery of the worlds and supporting, by the slender thread of His contemplation, the vast pageantry of existence.

The little atom which is you thrills into the very presence of the Unaging One. As you gaze upward into that Great Face, immovable throughout all time—the expressionless Face, which changes not but is ever inscrutable, lifeless and deathless—the last vestige of self is swept away. You are utterly lost in your contemplation. You cease, but the contemplation goes on. Then for a moment, at the very climax of meditation, there may come, to those who have mastered the mystery of the Law, that inconceivable instant, that moment that lasts forever, that forever which is only a moment. You cease, you melt into the very being of the Eternal Meditator. You are identical with the dreaming Lord of the World. His eyes are your eyes, His parts and members are your parts and members, His meditation is your meditation, and apart from Him you have no existence.

In this instant of identity, you are the world. Time and space are within you. Eternity is captured, circumscribed as it were by the awareness of your meditation. You are all that is, that was or ever shall be. Your realization is perfect. Your being is no longer an atom dancing in the midst of the world; now the world is an atom dancing in the midst of you. You are the very Lord whose sleeping is creation. You are also this Lord when He awakes and by this very act dissolves that creation which is but an infinite dream. When this dreamer which is now you and this you which is now the dreamer shall awaken from this last sleep, even Being and not-Being cease. The very circumstances of your own accomplishment are but the phantoms of a sleep, and beyond even the vast circles of meditation lies an immensity that neither is nor is not. In meditation, one does not think these things; one *knows* them, and by the very nature of the discipline is capable of an internal comprehension of that

which is known. The substance of this discovery cannot be communicated, and every effort to capture it in terms of mortal sense perception produces but a distorted and meaningless shadow that in no way reveals the actuality.

How inadequate must all efforts be to describe that victorious moment when the substance of all things and the ultimate of all endeavor are realized. Nor can it even be intimated. But those who find it have learned what it is and those who have not found it cannot understand. Then comes the test of high purpose and true integrity, for from this luminous sufficiency we must return again into the narrow bondage of the flesh. It is difficult to come back to material oppression, to descend from that condition of attunement with the All and be cramped into the small estate of some terrestrial creature clinging desperately to the moist body of the earth. To return from the Infinite to the finite, from the broad sweep of Universal Light to the dull routine of mortal existence is like pouring the very stars of heaven into a Yogi's water vessel. We have grown too large for our small body and with a sickening sensation we try to fit our new perspective into the mortal coil. But this is in reality the mystery of the incarnation of the Universal Spirit into matter. The will reasserts itself, purpose is defined and, like a plummet, the soul plunges downward through the rings of the world and we find ourselves once more in our own mortal humdrum world, a street corner in chaos, surrounded by that endless confusion by which life's struggle for existence is depicted.

Yet although we have fallen again into the mortal state and the hills have enclosed once more our narrow valley, some of the grandeur of the vision survives. We can never be quite what we were before. Where meditation has lifted the soul up into the very presence of dimensionless Truth, that soul can never descend quite so low again in the scale of matter, but through all the ages unborn must preserve somewhere in its fabric, in part at least, the substance of that glorious extension.

Thus meditation brings into our material existence the substance of a new courage and a higher purpose, and in this it accomplishes inconceivable good. Doubts are gone, contradictions are cleared away. Enriched with the supreme realization that the ultimate destiny of each is to become All, life flows inevitably into the Infinite. We know that in the end the imperfect parts will be mingled in a common perfection and, lifted above all disaster by this knowledge, we march triumphantly down the ages to that Great Day when our union with Reality will be perfect and eternal.

At the end of a cycle of human labor there comes what philosophers call the Great Day. It is also referred to as the Last Day. It is a day that dawns with all the glow of the sunrise, but it has no night. It is the day that comes but never goes, for upon that day we are mingled in the realization of our Maker and thus perfected. In this perfect identity with the Sovereign Cause, the long ages of our wanderings are over. All paths end and, immovable in Truth, we have returned to our Father's house—"to go no more out."



HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY
1831-1891



EVERY age has its riddle. Helena Petrovna Blavatsky was the enigma of the nineteenth century. The publication of her letters and also those of the Mahatmas Morya and Koot Hoomi cast a new and fuller light upon her extraordinary personality. She is revealed as a woman in the memory of the living, not as a half mythical sibyl from some distant age or the pythia of some ancient oracle. Though but forty years have passed since Madam Blavatsky departed from this life, hers is already a name to conjure with. She is the third person of a bewildering triad—St. Germain, Cagliostro, and Blavatsky.

As though by common consent, humanity attacks viciously and relentlessly anyone who assails the infallibility of the mediocre. Dare to preach or even presume that order reigns behind the chaos of life—that anything in the universe other than man has intelligence—and an outraged society shows its claws but partly hidden by the semblance of our culture. Oppose the knowledge of the few to the ignorance of the many and morons are provoked to a frenzy of resentment. A large portion of mankind has been baptized in the faith of the commonplace. Stupidity is the vogue and all men dread to be out of style. The fear is not that the occultist may be wrong; the fear is that the occultist may be right. To the criminal we may give the benefit of the doubt; to the occultist, never. The criminal violates only our laws; the occultist *(Que le Diable l' emporte!)* violates our sacred opinions.

Like children, incapable of the emotions of maturity, we are pitifully deficient in our grasp of spiritual values. Indifferent to the light given us and the efforts made for our improvement, we permit our petty ambitions to overshadow higher issues. We tolerate every form of error, but are utterly intolerant of Truth. We are generous towards any state but that of wisdom, which, when recognized, we swear to destroy. Occultism is regarded as a synonym for imposture, and the philosopher can hardly expect a better fate than hemlock or the rood in an age when the learned are too busily engaged in condemnation even to investigate the object of their ire.

Misunderstanding is, for the most part, lack of understanding. This is particularly true in the world's attitude toward Madam Blavatsky. She fearlessly voiced beliefs that contemporary thinkers dared not entertain even in the *sanctum sanctorum* of their own souls. One materialistic scientist voiced the scorn of all his tribe when he declared that the nineteenth century began in science but ended in superstition. He fails to explain how it was that so noble a beginning came to so sorry an end. The closing quarter of the last century witnessed a metaphysical revolt against the crassness of a physical science fascinated by phenomena. Lost in the effort to ascertain whether man ascended or descended from the ape, learning became so absorbed in determining where we had come from that it had no time left to perceive either where we are going or how we are to get there.

To many scientists, religion is linked with superstition and Newton is the only true *avatar* of force or matter—depending upon the school. The sophists, industriously building their structure of facts upon premises, have overlooked, however, certain equations in human nature. They forget that men grow more rapidly from the contemplation of ideals than from the memorization of scientific dogma. Reduced to

famine straits by the emptiness of scientific thought, the soul hunger ever present in human nature demands a more nutritive food. If the occult sciences be classed as heresies by the sciolists, the latter have only themselves to blame; for if material learning had not "relegated God to the limbo of discarded notions," it would not be necessary for men and women of heroic vision to rise up and reinstate the Creator upon His universal throne.



EARLY PORTRAIT OF H. P. B.

Upon the night of July 30, 1831, at Ekaterinoslaw, H. P. Blavatsky (then Mademoiselle Hahn) "was ushered into the world amidst coffins and desolation," due to the plague of cholera then raging throughout Europe. As an omen, this circumstance was further augmented by the strange fact that the robes of the Greek Catholic priest, hastily called for the baptism, caught fire during the ceremony and several persons were more or less seriously burned. From the records of the Hahn family we learn that the child from her tenderest years was constantly in an atmosphere of curious legends and peasant fancies. Russian folklore is rendered so rich and vivid by contact with Asiatic traditions that she could not recall a time when she did not possess not only a firm belief in the existence of superphysical worlds, with their supermundane inhabitants, but a somewhat accurate concept of the roles enacted by these invisible beings in the lives of mortals. Such environmental conditions during these impressionable years released the occult potentialities, thus preparing a suitable foundation for that which was to follow. "From her earliest childhood," writes her aunt, "she was unlike any other person, very lively and highly gifted, full of humor, and of most remarkable daring; she struck everyone with astonishment by her self-willed and determined actions. * * * Her restless and very nervous temperament, one that led her into most unheard-of ungirlish mischief; her unaccountable—especially in those days—attraction to, and at the same time fear of, the dead; her passionate love and curiosity for everything unknown and mysterious, weird and fantastical; and, foremost of all, her craving for independence and freedom of action—a craving that nothing and nobody could control; all this, combined with an exuberance of imagination and a wonderful sensitiveness, ought to have warned her friends that she was an exceptional creature, to be dealt with and controlled by means as exceptional."

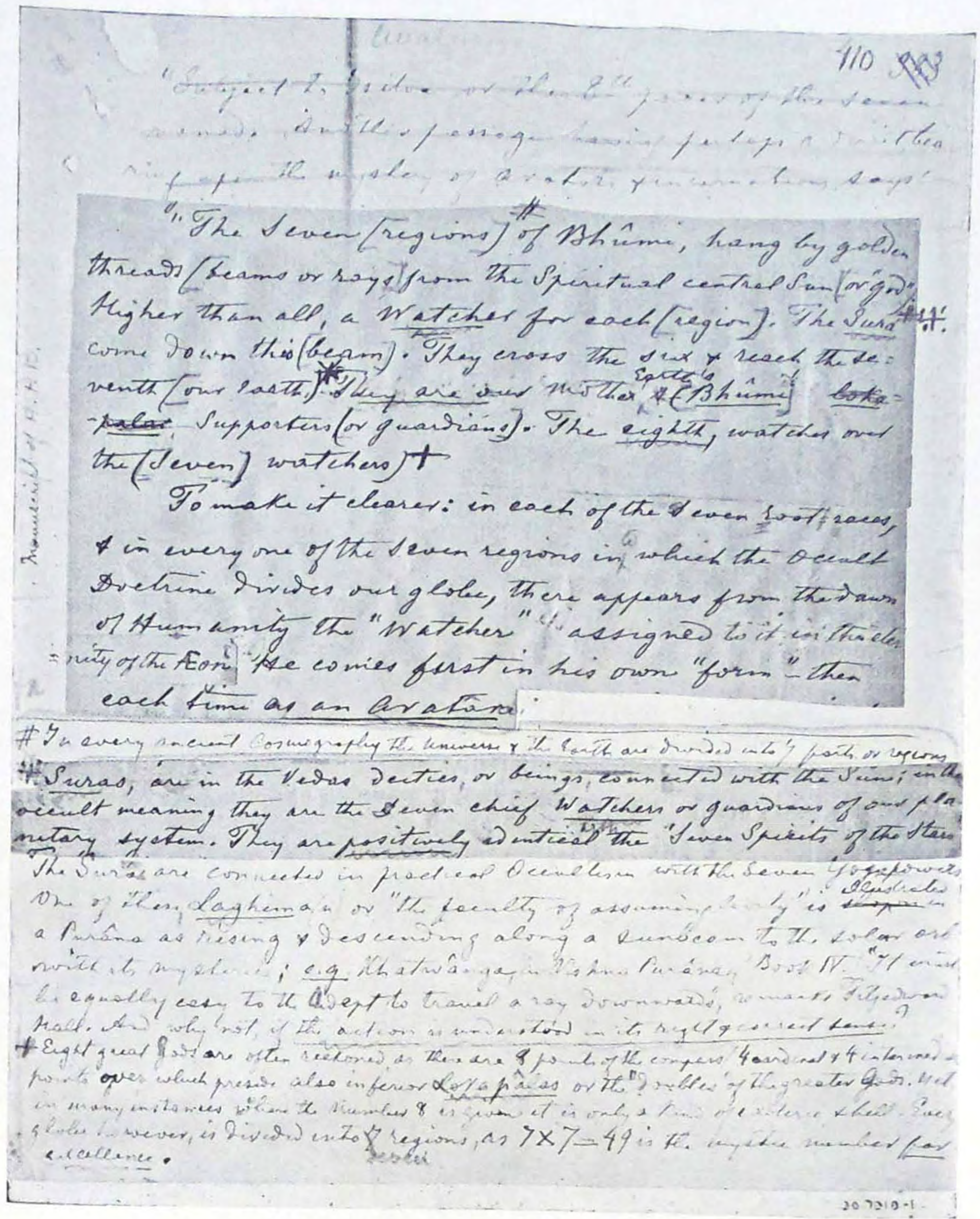
Each passing year found Mlle. Hahn a more stormy vortex of occult forces. She moved in an atmosphere of unrealities and in her presence nothing seemed impossible. In her temperament were mingled the profundity of a Merlin and the mischief of a Puck. It was as though a troop of sprites were in constant attendance, ever mindful of her bidding. Her uncanny prophetic powers by turns amazed and discomfited visitors, for looking them intently in the face, like some Pythoness of Delphi, in half-formed childish words she would solemnly predict the place and time of their death. A. P. Sinnett has noted that her prognostications were so correct that she became the terror of the domestic circle. Nothing could be concealed from her that she desired to know. She could read the most hidden thoughts and motives and was instantly aware of circumstances occurring at a distance. Her aunt adds that the little mystic was both sonnambulistic and somniloquent. "She would hold, in her sleep, long conversations with unseen personages, some of which were amusing, some edifying, some terrifying for those who gathered about the child's bed. On various occasions, while apparently in an ordinary sleep, she would answer questions, put by persons who took hold of her hand, about lost property or other subjects of momentary anxiety, as though she were a sibyl entranced."

Those acquainted with the mysteries of the invisible worlds realize that the mediumistic Mlle. Hahn would have been swirled to her destruction by the forces of the astral light had she not been protected and overshadowed by a strength and intelligence greater than her own. In later years Madam Blavatsky herself commented upon this, declaring that in every crisis of her life she sensed an imminent protection. On several occasions she was saved from almost certain death by the ministrations of an unseen friend, the significance of whose protection was not to be fully understood until future years. Among the strange forces and entities which intruded themselves upon her sensitive psychic organism was one utterly different from the rest and which remained constant to the end. At times she sensed the almost continuous presence of a tall, majestic, white-robed figure, whose great benign eyes gazed down upon her. This glorious Oriental, luminous in his astral nature, was the Master of her dreams, and as the passing years brought organization and purpose to the young woman's life, there came also the ever-increasing conviction that when the time was ripe she would come to know objectively this Adept whose influence had so definitely molded the substances of her subjective life.

The year 1851 was of extraordinary significance to the Russian mystic. Madam Blavatsky was now

twenty years of age and was visiting in London, it being the season of the International Exposition. She had already broken the bonds of family and country and stood at the very threshold of her adventurous life. As she was walking with her father one day, she saw approaching a number of Orientals, part of a group at that time visiting the court of Queen Victoria. In the midst of the Hindus was one of surpassing height and dignity. As her eyes turned toward him, a wave of astonishment swept over her. Her heart almost stopped beating, for she recognized in this Hindu of grave demeanor the strange protector of her childhood visions, the one whose glorious countenance had shone down upon her from the invisible worlds. Her first impulse was to rush forward, to speak to him, to fall at his feet, but with princely gesture he bade her remain where she was and give no sign. So, helpless under the spell of his power, she stood still until he had passed by.

To the uninitiated, the handsome Oriental was merely a Rajput prince, but to Madam Blavatsky he was the Master *Morya*—one of the world's Great Souls and an Adept of the Trans-Himalayan Brotherhood, whose members are dedicated to the service of the spiritual needs of mankind. It was the evening following her first physical meeting with the Mahatma M that Madam Blavatsky, impelled by a force she could not then understand, strolled slowly through Hyde Park. She was lost in reverie, turning over and over in her mind the almost unbelievable adventure of the day. Suddenly she looked up and there before her stood the very person who had formed the subject of her reverie.


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"The Seven [regions] # of Bhûmi, hang by golden threads [beams or rays] from the Spiritual central Sun [or "God"]. Higher than all, a Watcher for each [region]. The Suras * come down this [beam]. They cross the six & reach the seventh [our earth]. They are our Mother Earth's (Bhûmi) Supporters (or guardians). The eighth, watches over the [Seven] watchers) +

To make it clearer: in each of the Seven root races, & in every one of the Seven regions in which the Occult Doctrine divides our globe, there appears from the dawn of Humanity the "Watcher" assigned to it in the eternity of the Æon. He comes first in his own "form"—then each time as an Avatara.

\# In every ancient Cosmography the Universe & the Earth are divided into 7 parts or regions.

* Suras, are in the Vedas deities, or beings, connected with the Sun; in the occult meaning they are the Seven chief Watchers or guardians of our planetary system. They are positively identical with the "Seven Spirits of the Stars."

The Suras are connected in practical Occultism with the Seven Yoga powers. One of them, Laghima or "the faculty of assuming levity" is illustrated in a Purâna as rising & descending along a sunbeam to the solar orb ... e.g. Khatwânga, in Vishnu Purâna, Book IV. ... be equally easy to the Adept to travel a ray downwards ... And why not, if the action is understood in its right & correct sense?

\+ Eight great Gods are often reckoned as there are 8 points of the compass, 4 cardinal & 4 intermediate points over which preside also inferior Lokapâlas or the "doubles" of the greater Gods. ... in many instances where the number 8 is given it is only ... Each globe however, is divided into 7 regions, as 7×7=49 is the mystic number par excellence.

A PAGE FROM MADAM BLAVATSKY'S MANUSCRIPT ON AVATARS

Madam Blavatsky was a creature of destiny and, as the steel is drawn to the lodestone, so the Russian mystic was impelled by fate into the way prepared for her. "In London, by the Serpentine," wrote Madam Blavatsky in her diary, "I met the Master of my dreams." Concerning the Rajput Adept very little information is available. Although known to Madam Blavatsky as the Mahatma *Morya*, he seems to have also used the name *Ahazhulama*, or the Blue Teacher; and, according to the conservative records of that day, was 125 years of age at the time of this visit to England. The portrait of Mahatma Morya, here published for the first time, was painted under the direction of Madam Blavatsky, who seems to have been satisfied with the accuracy of the likeness. The Mahatma visited Paris in the latter part of the nineteenth century and was also in America for a short time. He traveled, however, in great secrecy, accompanied by Oriental attendants, and met but few people.

Three years before her meeting with Mahatma M, Mlle. Hahn, when a girl of seventeen, was married on a dare to General Nicephore Blavatsky, who gave his age as fifty but who was probably considerably older. They remained together but three tempestuous months, at the end of which the high-spirited young woman gathered up her belongings and departed for Tiflis. Her marriage is only significant in that she gained therefrom the name which was to become the most important in the field of modern occultism. Then began a period of wandering covering approximately ten years, during which time the young Countess, forced onward by her craving for knowledge and adventure, visited the most inaccessible corners of the earth. Her travels carried her through Central Asia, India, South America, Africa, and Eastern Europe. At one time she was exploring the ruins of the Mayan civilization at Chichen-Itza and Uxmal, at another delving into the archives of the library of the Tashi Lama, in the grim old monastery of Tashi-lhunpo. According to Sepharial, she was wounded five times while in some way involved in the fortunes of Garibaldi in Italy. She also attended secret meetings of the voodoo in the negro district of New Orleans; examined the rites of the Dervishes and the Druses, and was presumably



A PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH OF MADAM BLAVATSKY

Through courtesy of Comtesse Adrienne de Coriche.

initiated into the latter order; and explored the mysteries of the Yamabooshi of Japan. In the early fifties, she revisited the United States and crossed the Rocky Mountains to San Francisco in an emigrant train. From Java and the Straits Settlements to Berlin, Vienna, and Paris traces can be found of her search during this entire period for those fragments of ancient and forgotten truths which, when organized by the light which came to her in later life, became the foundation of her amazing literary works.

No sketch of Madam Blavatsky's life, however brief, could be considered complete without mentioning the occult phenomena with which she was continually surrounded until she turned definitely therefrom in the closing years of her life. She discovered that the astonishment produced by her "miracles" was not a healthy reaction. The great and the small gathered to witness phenomena, but for the most part without sensing in any measure the occult principles involved. Man cannot be truly converted by that which he sees or feels with his outer senses. Enlightenment is an inner conviction, a realization of spiritual values; and, as a general rule, those interested in mystery or marvel are unsuited for profounder issues. Worse still, Madam Blavatsky's transcendental powers, ridiculed by the worldly wise, gained for her only a reputation for imposture. The curious came not to discover realities but to detect fraud, and no amount of fact can shake minds closed by fixed predeterminations. The intelligentzia, she was to discover, were not interested in philosophy, but her "miracles" were always amusing, yes perplexing and even irritating. From childhood, Madam Blavatsky moved in an atmosphere of the miraculous. Objects appeared and disappeared, as though at the whim of some prankish pixie. Bells tinkled in the empty air and soft music issued from nowhere. These phenomena gained for "H.P.B.," as she was affectionately called, quite an astonishing reputation as a medium, a distinction which she vigorously disclaimed. From the beginning, the very persons who insisted upon demonstration of her occult powers made every effort possible to convict her of chicanery. Anyone acquainted with the natural limitations of legerdemain, however, must admit that many of her demonstrations were wholly beyond the possibility of fraud.

Though bewildered by Madam Blavatsky's peculiar powers, the skeptics remained adamant. The "Mysterious Madam" took an exquisite delight in discomfiting these unbelievers who refused to accept that which they themselves knew to be true. Take, for example, the young professor who attended some of the gatherings of sensation-seekers in Madam Blavatsky's apartments. Rappings had been heard upon the walls and furniture, but he was a doubting Thomas, peering about in search of hocus-pocus. H.P.B. was seated on the far side of the room, apparently indifferent to the depreciatory remarks of her unconverted guest. Suddenly to the professor there occurred a most unscientific thing—the rappings localized themselves upon the inside of his eye-glasses, becoming so strong that the spectacles were fairly lifted off his nose, leaving him overcome by mingled confusion and fear. On another occasion a very vain and sophisticated lady brought upon herself a sharp reprimand for her unbelief. She had been asking some foolish questions attempting to show superiority by the flippancy of her attitude. As the incident is described by Sinnett, she suddenly became very pale and, jumping up from her chair, covered her mouth with her hand. Her face was actually convulsed with fear and astonishment. Those gathered about looked at each other significantly, for previous even to her own confession, they realized that she had felt the spirit tappings in her own mouth. As she herself admitted

afterwards, there was a most violent commotion issuing from the gold of her artificial teeth.

At a hotel in Alexandria, Madam Blavatsky and a friend were seated on a sofa talking. Before them on a small taboret was a tray bearing a bottle of liqueur, some wine, a wine glass and a tumbler. As the gentleman raised the glass to his lips, it was shattered in his hands. Madam Blavatsky gleefully remarked that she not only had a dislike for liqueurs but could hardly tolerate those who used them too freely. Although amazed by the circumstance, her companion lied like a gentleman, declaring the glass to be thin, probably cracked, and the whole affair of no moment, it being quite ridiculous to infer that *she* had been any party to the happening. All the time he knew that the glass had been strong and thick, but he wanted to draw Madam out to discover, if possible, some of her "mysteries." H.P.B. became very serious and her eyes flashed at the covert challenge in the inference of her friend's words. "What will you bet," she asked, "that I do not do it again?" "If you do," was the retort, "I will be the first to proclaim you a true magician. If not, we will have a good laugh at you or your spirits tomorrow at the Consulate." With these words the challenger half filled the tumbler with wine and lifted it slowly to his mouth, but just as the glass touched his lips he felt it so violently shattered between his fingers that his hand bled, cut by a broken piece of glass as he instinctively gripped the tumbler when he felt it slipping from his grasp.



THE RUSSIAN SPHINX

Courtesy of the Temple of the People, Halcyon, California.

In spite of the years that have elapsed since H.P.B.'s passing, new testimonials of her occult power continue to be brought to light. Not long ago, a man who had been a janitor in a house where she had lived passed on in one of our old soldiers' homes. To the end he preserved a vivid recollection of the notes in different handwritings on slips of varicolored paper which he had seen falling in showers from the ceiling of her room. He had watched her gather up these slips, sort and arrange them, and apparently derive therefrom information for her numerous books and articles. It was his duty as janitor to gather the slips she discarded and burn them in the furnace. Another incident quite as remarkable was also recalled from the dim memory of the past by a lady when brought face to face with the photograph of Madam Blavatsky which is reproduced as the frontispiece of this article. H.P.B. sat huddled on a park bench in a well-known American city. Suddenly from around a bend there approached a tall Oriental which in the words of the amazed witness, "was totally invisible from the waist down." The apparition conversed with the Madam for a few moments and then glided away as it had come. It is difficult to believe that such things can really happen in the prosaic atmosphere of America in the nineteenth century. In her thousand and one nights amid the enchantments of old Bagdad, Scheherazade never spun tales more fantastic.

That Madam Blavatsky had in some unaccountable way contacted the occult soul of Asia cannot be doubted. She was in every sense an Oriental occultist, a faithful disciple of Eastern Masters. Her peculiar personal qualifications were recognized by those illumined Adepts whose task it is to perpetuate the esoteric philosophy and at the same time guard its sacred truths from the profane. No other non-Hindu woman has ever penetrated so far into the adytum of Brahmanism. Concerning Madam Blavatsky's achievements in Oriental learning, Rai B. K. Laheri wrote: "Is it not sufficient for the Westerns to know that a proud Brahman, who knows not how to bend his body before any mortal being in this world, except his superiors in relation or religion, joins his hands like a submissive child before the white *Yogini* of the West?"



MAHATMA KOOT HOOMI LAL SINGH
(The Master KH)



THE RAJPUT PRINCE, MAHATMA MORYA
(The Master M)

The *open-sesame* by which H.P.B. caused the door of Eastern wisdom to swing open before her was her keen and unfailing realization of values. She fitted together the parts of occult lore as no other thinker in modern times has done, dividing with a sure hand relevancy from irrelevancy. She culled and collated, and by the artistry of her genius enshrined her precious findings in a pagoda of golden thoughts.

G. R. S. Mead refers to Madam Blavatsky's temperament as "racy and Bohemian." What he really intends to infer was an extreme unconventionality—an utter indifference to the opinions of others. In a day when gentlewomen rode side-saddle, H.P.B. would gallop astride her mount to the general dismay of her decorous kinsfolk. On a coach in England the passengers also made it their special concern to pass by her chair in order to gape at the unprecedented spectacle of a lady of noble birth rolling and smoking Russian cigarettes in public. Her detractors have tried to interpret her idiosyncrasies to the detriment of her character and work. Yet withal they have been unable to discover any evil or viciousness anywhere in her nature. Utterly true to the principles she believed, quick in the defense of those whom she considered to be in the right, generous in victory and philosophic in defeat, she went on her way—to paraphrase Kipling—"doing the thing as she saw it for the God of things as they are."

Madam Blavatsky was not a paragon of metaphysical perfections. In most respects, she was a perfectly normal human being subject, like other mortals, to the reactions of pleasure and pain, of optimism and despair. High-spirited and impulsive, she chafed under the vicissitudes of fortune and, though outwardly brusque and mannish, was gentle at heart and almost pathetically feminine. Her psychical activities were such a continual strain upon her health that advancing years found her physical body, broken as it was by the hardships of her younger years, unequal to the demands placed upon it by her indomitable will. The Mahatma KH, in explaining the tension under which she worked, called her a "psychological cripple." He added that this condition resulted from the fact that one of her invisible bodies, or principles, was held in the temple wherein she had received her instruction. This was done (1) to form a link between herself and her teachers; and (2) in order that she could never give out or betray certain secrets. In other words, part of her own nature was held as hostage for her integrity. Although the Mahatma says no more upon the subject, the conclusion is that it was necessary to do this inasmuch as H.P.B. herself was not an adept and therefore did not have the freedom of action accorded to those who have passed all the necessary tests or initiations. Those who recognized the extraordinary knowledge of H.P.B. and the importance of its dissemination to the world gladly overlooked the irascibilities and inconsistencies of her temperament, serving not the woman personally but, through her, the Masters who had sent her forth as the most suitable vehicle for their purposes at that time procurable.

Not infrequently is the question asked, What were the peculiar qualities which so eminently fitted H.P.B. to be entrusted with the difficult task of introducing the Ancient Wisdom to the modern world? She had the true attitude toward the relation of pupil and teacher. She was utterly consecrated to the consummation of the task which had been given her, every personal activity being subservient to this end. She was uncompromising where matters of principle were involved. One of the Masters said of her that much of her difficulty sprang from her inability to assume even the semblance of dissimulation. She was also utterly unselfish, seeking no personal glory and continually sacrificing her own comfort and security for what she felt to be the greatest good. H.P.B. was in every sense a dominating personality. Her enthusiasm was contagious. She was indifferent to her own spiritual development, being perfectly satisfied to act as the amanuensis—to be a pen in the hand of a ready writer. One of the Mahatmas, in commenting upon her temperament, declared that she was too emotional to achieve the highest degree of illumination. But it is this same emotion which impelled her to forswear, like Avolakitesvara, her own perfection and come back with a message of hope and enlightenment to a world which she loved in spite of what it did to her. Sincerity, conviction, unselfishness—these were integral elements of H.P.B.'s nature, and these were the elements that justified the Masters' choice. Add to these qualities her psychic sensitivity and the high order of her literary skill, and it will be evident why the Great School chose her as its mouthpiece.

Madam Blavatsky's literary style was as vital and dynamic as her personality. She supported herself by journalism for a number of years and, although many of her earlier articles have never been translated from the Russian, enough have found their way into English to establish the brilliancy, novelty, and individuality of her style. Nor is wit lacking. When the need arose, hers was a sharp pen indeed. *Vide* particularly *Isis Unveiled* and *A Modern Panarion*. *The Nightmare Tales* also established her reputation as a capable writer of fiction, although the heavy responsibilities of her occult labors left little opportunity to indulge this talent. Madam Blavatsky did not suffer from that ponderosity of literary style which afflicts most profound thinkers. Even the most technical pages of her textbooks have a fascination which holds the reader to the end. She was a prodigious worker and while engaged in the preparation of *The Secret Doctrine* would arise daily at five, except on rare occasions when her health did not permit, and had finished quite a sheaf of manuscript before breakfast. She kept no hours but, interruptions permitting, would work far into the night. The abstruse nature of the subject matter often necessitated several rewritings before her Masters would approve the material. Her financial condition did not permit any extensive library and she never at any time had in her possession most of the volumes quoted in her writings. As she herself explained it, the books seemed to appear in the air before her, so that she could read from their reflections in the astral light.

Madam Blavatsky's greatest "miracles" are her books, and by her writings she is elevated far beyond the reach of her calumniators. Her literary accomplishments and not materialized tea-cups are the hallmark of her genius. The combined intellectual abilities of all her detractors is insufficient to approach—let alone duplicate—the achievements of one woman giv-



A PENCIL SKETCH

Made by H. P. B. in a Dark Room During a Period Not Exceeding Thirty Minutes

Reproduced through courtesy of The Temple of The People, Halcyon, California.



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en up as dying by her physicians! Who else in the last thousand years has had the knowledge or the courage to restate the spiritual verities which the world had believed lost forever, buried beneath the crumbling temples of classical antiquity?

The Secret Doctrine and *Isis Unveiled* are Madam Blavatsky's gifts to humanity, and to those whose vision can pierce the menacing clouds of imminent disaster it is no exaggeration to affirm that these writings are the most vital literary contribution to the modern world. No more can they be compared with other books than can the light of the sun be compared with the lamp of the glowworm. *The Secret Doctrine* assumes the dignity of a scripture, for in its pages eternal mysteries are clothed in ancient and modern terms, and to those who have eyes to see, the ageless wisdom is revealed. We like to think of *The Secret Doctrine* as a magnificent agglomeration of strange facts circumscribed and ensouled by an overwhelming realization of the most recondite principles of life. Madam Blavatsky has been accused of plagiarism. That the words of countless writers embellish her text is not to be denied. But the old words are in new patterns and the previous writers are made to support premises of which they themselves had never conceived. Words must always be old. The greatness of *The Secret Doctrine* lies in the pointing or focusing of the facts contained therein, for out of the mass of old material is fused a new idea—out of the ashes of dead beliefs once more rises the deathless *Phœnix*. The book which the Masters precipitated through their faithful *Chela* has become so distinctly a part of the literature of the race that neither criticism nor indifference can ever detract from the measure of its power.



MADAM BLAVATSKY'S LAST PICTURE

For this age, then, the study of *The Secret Doctrine* is the logical approach to occult philosophy. Compressed between the covers of this book is to be found the essence of an indefatigable research. For the student of mysticism, seeking authentic information on the transcendental sciences, this book is the best available authority on the subject. Nearly all books on occultism written subsequent to *The Secret Doctrine* are, in some way, derived therefrom. Unfortunately, however, few of the later writers correctly interpret the material which they borrowed. To take liberties with Proclus, we may say that *The Secret Doctrine* is the summit of occult literature and that from it—like the ineffable blossoms of the Neo-Platonists—depend an innumerable multitude of cults and isms, having no luminance in their own right but existing solely by virtue of the light diffused from this single achievement. From this point of view, *The Secret Doctrine* should not be regarded as a monument to the personal learning of H.P.B., but rather to those Adepts whose presence constitutes a far higher source of information than is available to the average author.

The Secret Doctrine is a book within a book or, as the Cabalists would have termed it, a luminous soul obscured by an outer vestment of words. The first (and smaller) part of the book—the soul of the whole work—is the truly occult portion; the second (and more voluminous) part—the vestment of many words—consists of H.P.B.'s commentaries thereon. To the uninitiated reader, whose faculties of discrimination are undeveloped, these two distinct works are mingled in seemingly hopeless confusion. However, the *sutratma*, or the soul thread, upon which the beads of commentary are strung, winds in and about an almost terrifying mass of corroborative and explanatory text. Primitive ideas are traced through countless ramifications and applications until the intellect becomes dazed in the effort to follow the many divergences of perspective. Fugitive ideas intrude themselves, only to escape before they are apprehended. For this reason, *The Secret Doctrine* is, for too many occultists, a textbook in name only. The occult dilettante who seeks to acquire the veneer of wisdom does not linger long over its pages but, soon discouraged, transfers his attention to less weighty material.

No one unable to understand the elements of *The Secret Doctrine* can expect to achieve the heights to which it beckons true scholarship. Those who find it beyond their comprehension should realize that the fault is not with the book but with themselves. Spiritual truths can never be brought "down" to the level of the unenlightened masses. Failure has crowned every such effort in the past. There is but one alternative. By his own efforts man must lift himself up to the level of Truth. He must develop the faculties which enable him to appreciate the profounder aspects of learning. Truth cannot descend, but man can and must ascend. Only through the release of his own potential Divinity does the initiate become qualified to comprehend the Great Arcanum.

The multitude of issues found in the several departments of *The Secret Doctrine* all diverge from certain fundamental premises and, having revealed

their forms and purposes, finally reconverge to these original premises. The Mahatmas, through whom the teachings were given, being self-admittedly of Buddhistic persuasion and *The Stanzas of Dzyan*—the skeleton of the whole work—being a commentary on the Buddhist scriptures, it must be evident that the viewpoint of the writing is essentially Buddhistic. The book, however, is inclusively rather than exclusively Buddhistic. As a philosophy, Buddhism is primarily concerned with the dissipation of ignorance through a knowledge and realization of the illusionary state of all material substances, natures, interests, and attachments. In this respect, Buddhism reflects the essential tenets of nearly all great religious and philosophical institutions. As a book, *The Secret Doctrine* affirms the existence of a primitive knowledge perpetuated from age to age and race to race by institutions of illumined thinkers. These illustrious mortals have been overshadowed and guided by Adepts or Initiates—members of certain hierarchical orders—to whom the destiny of humanity has been entrusted for certain periods of its development.

If this premise be accepted—and the book itself is irrefutable evidence of a learning transcending that professed by the moderns—then that which follows is quite evident and consistent. In *The Secret Doctrine* the sanctuaries of the ancient Mysteries are made to give up many of their most precious secrets concerning the nature of the world and the human soul. The enlightened philosophers of every age contribute to the completeness of the book. The evidence adduced in support of the occult sciences is undeniable and it must become evident even to those of narrow vision that the great religious systems whose votaries have been in conflict since the beginning are, in reality, restatements of a single occult tradition, whose beginnings were co-eval with the human race. Great purposes are always opposed by the littleness inherent in human nature. But *The Secret Doctrine* is an irresistible force, sweeping aside smugness and conceit and forcing the mind into honest ways. Afraid to open his eyes lest that which he sees will conflict with that which he believes, the textualist—that Bourbon of the world of thought (to paraphrase Huxley), who learns not neither can he forget—rebels against the vastness, the majesty, and the sublimity of its concepts.

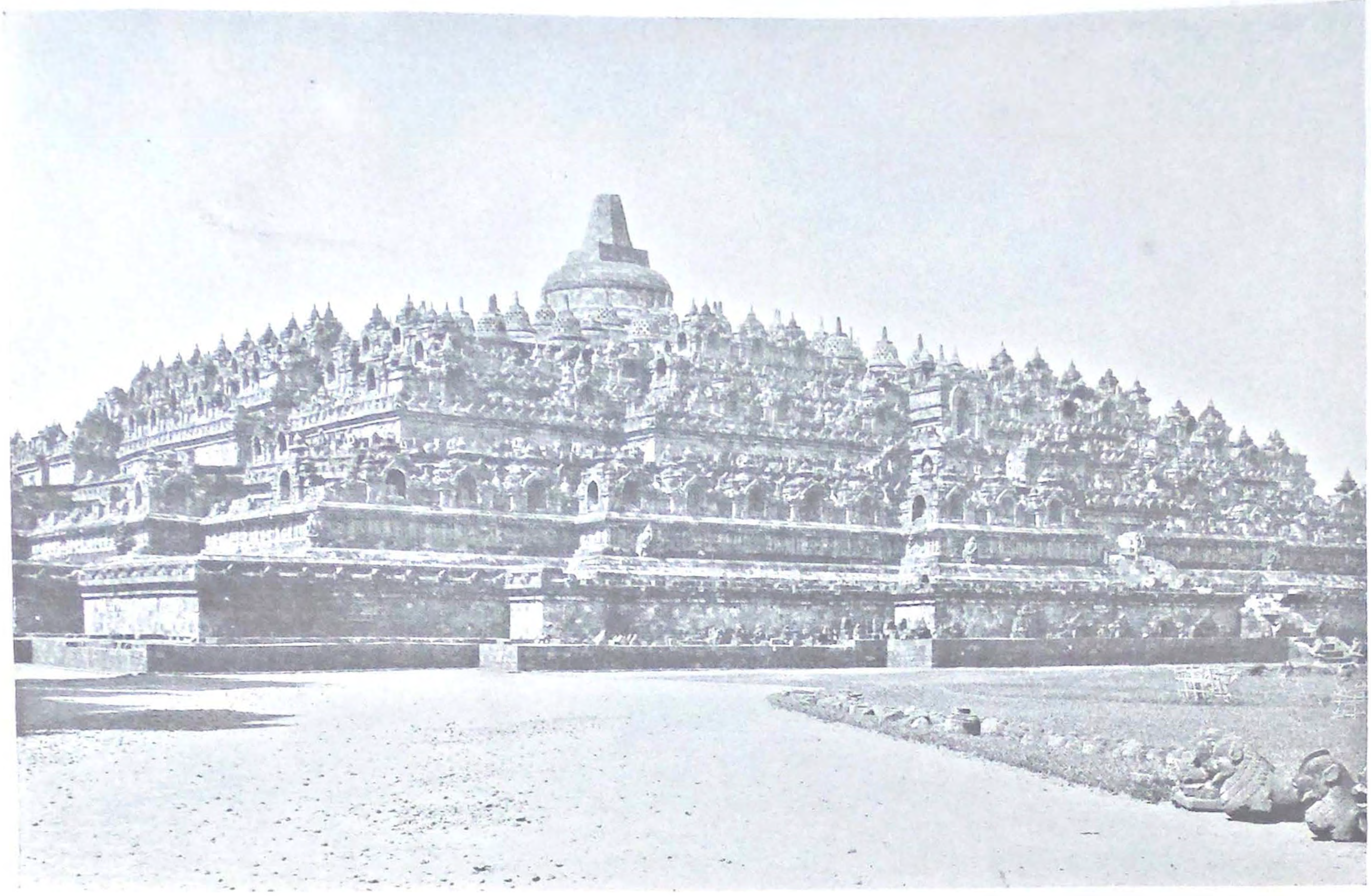
Occultism in the Western world owes all that it is to the pioneering of H. P. Blavatsky. To her tireless efforts are referable, in no small measure, the freedom and tolerance accorded metaphysical speculations in this century. Remove H. P. Blavatsky, and the structure of modern occultism falls like a house of cards. *The Secret Doctrine* contains practically all that is known on the subject of occultism that it is permissible to print, and every page is a veritable treasure-house of esoteric lore. That *The Secret Doctrine* could have been produced in the nineteenth century is well-nigh incredible. It is utterly different in both spirit and substance from the products of the racial trend. Produced in an era of crass materiality, this extraordinary document rescues spiritual values from oblivion, restating them in this *kali-yuga* of science. H. P. Blavatsky herself realized that her writings were out of sympathy with the age and that the full significance of *The Secret Doctrine* could not be fully recognized until the advent of a more auspicious time. It was to be the occult textbook of the twentieth century, to stand without addition or subtraction until the coming of the next emissary of the Masters, which, according to H.P.B., was to be about 1975. Mohammed well said that each age has its book, and *The Secret Doctrine* is unquestionably the *magnum opus* of the literature of the modern world.

Madam Blavatsky died on May 8, 1891. In the words of Isabel Cooper-Oakley, "She passed away like a sentinel at his post, in the armchair in which she taught and wrote—the best and truest of Teachers, the most faithful and untiring of Messengers." She continued her writing to the last and the night before her passing she remained for a short time at her desk, arranging her papers and struggling with a half-finished editorial. She retained possession of her faculties to the end and, though suffering much in her final illness, her last moments were peaceful and those supporting her scarcely knew when she ceased to breathe. What more fitting termination to this article on *The Russian Sphinx* than her own admonition: "Should this be my last word, I would implore you all, as you have regard for the welfare of mankind and your own karma, to be true to the Society and not to permit it to be overthrown by the enemy. Fraternally and ever yours in life and death, H. P. Blavatsky."



FRAGMENTS OF AN ART FORGOTTEN

Buddhist Sculpturings from Prambanon



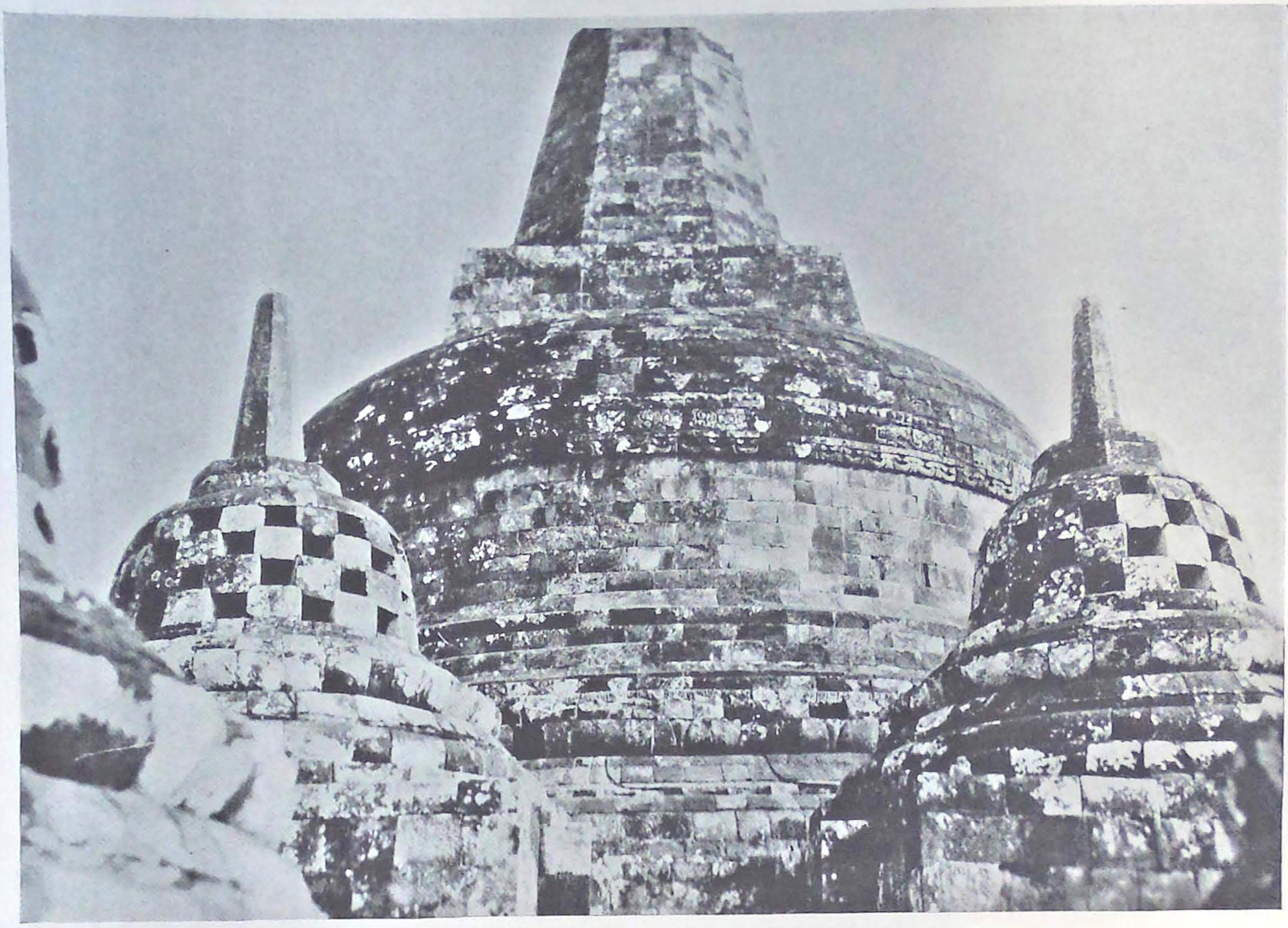
The Universe in Stone

UPON the Kedu plateau, some twenty-five miles from the stolid Dutch community of Jokjakarta, guarded by four sentinel volcanoes, stands the Boro Budur, one of the largest and most impressive religious monuments of all times. A vast complex of lava rock, the blocks fitted together without cement, its surfaces resplendent with carvings, this huge reliquary bears witness to a long vanished mood of Eastern artisans. Although certain aspects of its magnificence are evident to even the superficial observer, it is only after a painstaking examination that the full significance of the structure becomes apparent.

Like most Buddhist remains in Java, the Boro Budur stood for many centuries in a desperate state of dilapidation. When Mohammedanism superseded Buddhism as the spiritual impulse of Java, the native mind, turning to the new belief, neglected the shrines of the older doctrine. Falling into decay, the beauties of these religious edifices collapsed in a common ruin. The hand of the vandal, however, has proved more unkind than the elements, as the rows of headless figures and chipped carvings testify. Fragments of Javanese art are to be found in museums and private collections all over the world, and the empty niches which once housed them only remain as mute accusers of the sacrilege. In 1896, His Majesty, Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, was invited to help himself to any little bits which might please his fancy, and, as Scheltema notes, he was considerate enough to be satisfied with only eight cartloads when, funds permitting, he might have had the whole building.

In this day when the *vaisyas* are building temples to their own conceits, they but imitate the Burmese who see little merit in preserving the shrines of olden gods. But even deserted temples have their day. Tourists and scholars from the four corners of the earth now come in reverent pilgrimages to this ancient pile. Though their emotions may be undefined, all are profoundly impressed not only by the external mass but, to some measure, by the sublimity of the doctrines which it embodies. These blocks were raised not by tools alone but by the heroic vision of the builders, and even in this late age when the stones themselves have been deeply scored by the vicissitudes of time, a little of the builders' vision still lingers about the fast-dimming glory. In the afterglow, the intricate frieze work becomes alive. The dim outlines assume the likeness of a multitude of people gathered upon the side of a hill, their hands raised as though in prayer and their eyes turned upward toward the lofty *dagoba* signified by the presence of the ashes of a perfect man.

The physical dimensions of the Boro Budur are impressive even in our day of great architectural achievement. The shrine is built over the crest of a low hill, crowning it with a coronet of points and

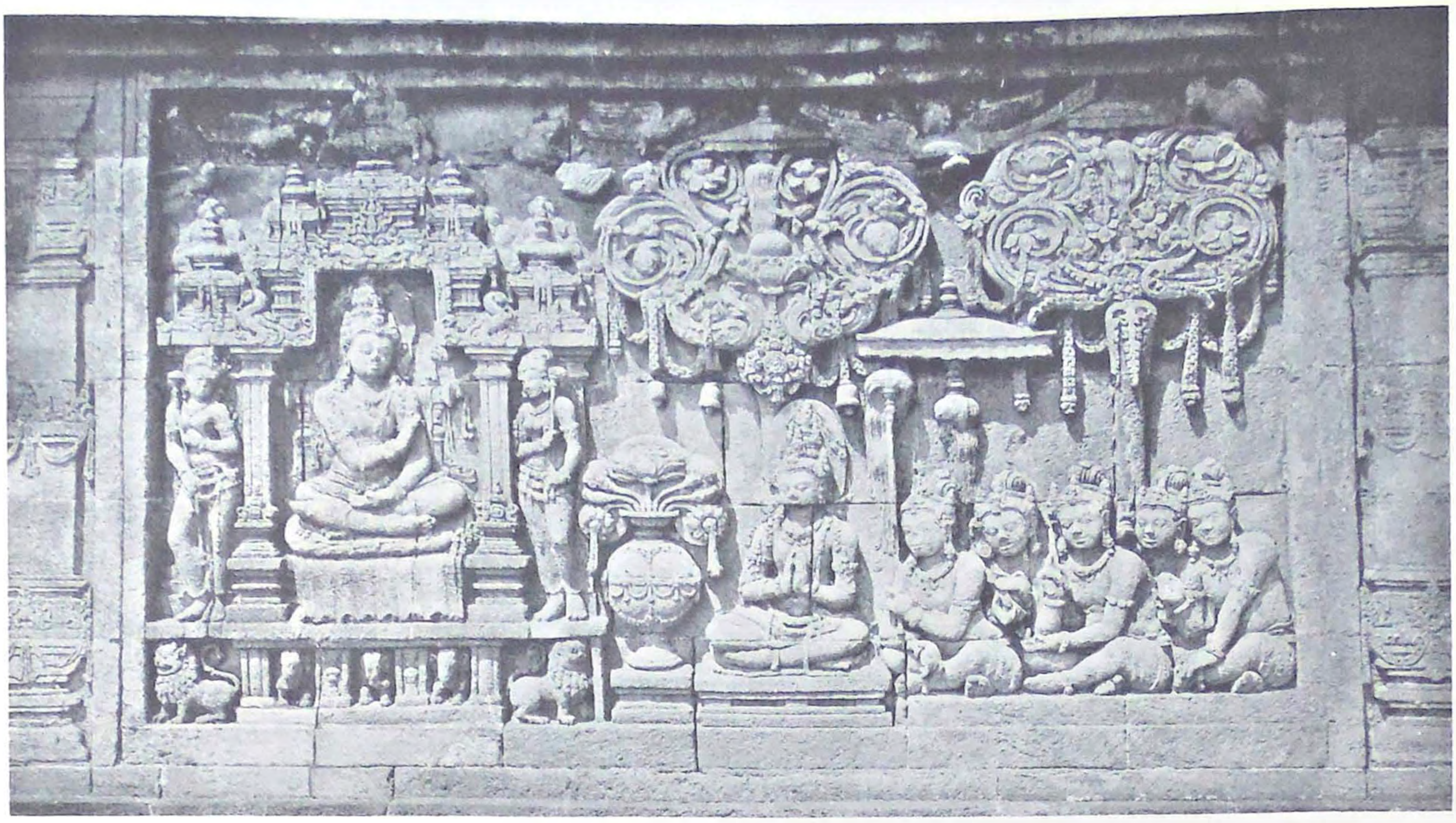


THE RELIQUARY SURMOUNTING THE SEVEN PLATFORMS

arches. The structure is roughly square but with outjuttings on all four sides. The foundation is a little over 500 feet square and the height approximately 150 feet. The edifice rises in seven terraces, of which the lower four are square and the upper three circular. The carvings upon its walls, if placed end to end, would exceed in length three linear miles. The panels of sculpturings and reliefs are six feet in width and of such intricate workmanship that there is an average of nine human figures to every square yard. A broad staircase ascends each face of the shrine, which is roughly pyramidal, and these converge to a platform about 50 feet in diameter, upon which stands the central *dagoba,* or the reliquary proper. In keeping with its dignity, the reliquary is without ornamentation save for some sacrilegious inscription of a late date, like the famous panel placed by Lepsius over the entrance to the Great Pyramid, calling attention amid the splendor of a thousand ages to the merits of the King of Prussia!

Relative to the circumstances which dictated the erection of the Boro Budur no information is available. Authorities differ widely as to the date of its building, but James Fergusson, a leading authority on the subject of Buddhist monuments, places the time between the sixth and eight century A.D., probably nearer the sixth. This gentleman's praises of the ancient temple are unstinted. He speaks of it as "the highest development of Buddhist art, an epitome of all its art and ritual and the culmination of the architectural style which, originating in Barhut a thousand years before, had begun to decay in India at the time the colonists were erecting this masterpiece of the ages in the heart of Java." The work unquestionably required a vast expenditure of time and energy, for the carvings which run riot here were not chiseled in a single day but by many carefully selected artists over an extended period. In fact, evidence has been discovered indicating that the building was erected during several periods between which were intervals during which the labor was discontinued for reasons unknown. There are also grounds for the assertion that the shrine never was actually completed, the work being abandoned, as some conjecture, owing to the disastrous activity of Merapi, the nearest of the neighboring volcanoes. During the period of excavation a considerable quantity of volcanic ash was found clogging the passage ways and sifted in through the apertures in the great stone bells. This lent credence to the volcanic theory, as well as certain saggings in the walls, quite possibly due to earthquakes.

In the year 264 B.C., the Emperor Asoka, the Constantine of Buddhism, in his zeal to bring the Great Enlightenment to all parts of the earth, caused the ashes and sacred relics of the Buddha which were gathered after his cremation to be exhumed from the eight places of their interment. He then divided these relics into 84,000 parts, enclosing each part in a receptacle of appropriate value and dignity. These the Buddhist monks were to carry with them all over the earth, building temples and shrines to hold them, so that the whole world might be rendered fortunate by the presence of some part of the physical remains of the "Light of Asia." While it is not possible to con-



BUDDHA PREACHING THE LAW

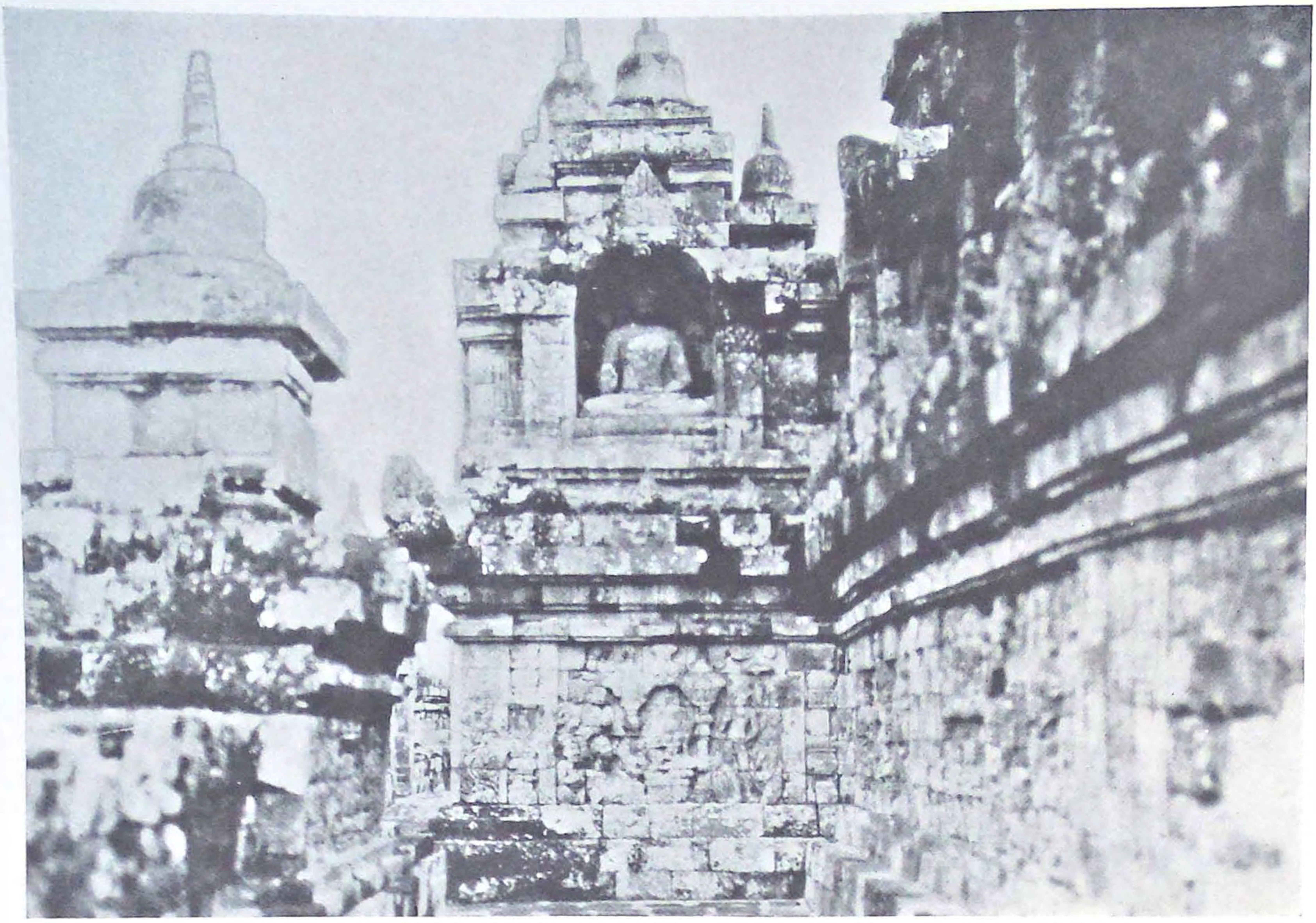
A sculptured panel from Boro Budur.

nect the Boro Budur with this program, it is reasonable to believe that the structure was designed to enshrine one of these 84,000 portions of the sacred ashes. When the *dagoba* was opened, however, its two compartments were found innocent of such contents.

Of the great wonders of the world that remain to us the Boro Budur will probably be the first to disappear. All things reach the end of their span and vanish of themselves in spite of every effort for their preservation. In recent years, a world repentant for its neglect, has tried to make amends, but it is too late and another hundred years will find the carvings of the Boro Budur, if not obliterated, at least so dim as to be but shadows of their former grandeur. During the early periods of excavation, the workmen failed to clear the drainage channels which the original builders had wisely provided for, and as a result the tropical storms in a country where rain is an hourly occurrence played havoc with the masonry. The water seeped into the cracks unprotected by cement, weakening and washing away the very foundations upon which the building stands. The lava rock, also soft and powdery with age, is easily eroded by the elements. Stone faces that twenty-five years ago were rich in inspiration are today but flat protuberances, so that while future generations may gaze upon the outlines of the building, the wealth of its detail must pass away within our lifetime.

Viewing the Boro Budur as a whole, one is unfailingly impressed with the realization that the shape of the building and the arrangement of its parts have a definite symbolic significance. It is not too much to affirm that this shrine is a complete embodiment, as one writer has said, of the Mahayana branch of Buddhism. A careful inspection demonstrates the logic of this statement and even more—the Boro Budur is a miniature of the world, devised by cunning craftsmen who dared to carve the finite into the likeness of the Infinite. The Boro Budur is the universe in stone. That the Boro Budur should be an embodiment of metaphysical speculations need not be considered either improbable or fantastic, as ample precedent is found among the religious structures of the Mahayana sect. The Caityas, or funeral monuments of the Tibetans, with few exceptions, depict by their form the divisions of the world and the five elements into which the body is resolved by the phenomenon of death. The universe of the Buddhists is divided into three regions, or qualities, each merging into the other, all finally to mingle their essences in the Nirvanic state. The Boro Budur so accommodates itself to such classification as to convict its builders of such premeditation.

The building proper consists of three parts, which may be increased to four if the broad platform surrounding the base be considered as a separate element. From this platform the structure rises in four square and three circular terraces, the bell-like reliquary standing in the midst of the latter. In Greek metaphysics, the seven terraces, or platforms, might well represent the spheres of the seven sacred planets. This number is increased to the ever significant nine by adding the square platform below (which would correspond to the earth) and the *dagoba* above (which by its shape and internal division, might well typify the departments of the *empyrean*, or heaven). In the Buddhist adaptation of this old idea which has come down from the first Aryan traditions, the square platform constituted the region of desire—*kamadhatu*—itself divided into two major parts, of which the lower is the physical earth and the higher, *devaloka*, the abode of the devas or terrestrial gods. The circular platforms are the region of form—*rapadhatu*—sometimes referred to as the heaven of Brahma, and consisting of sixteen worlds divided into regions called

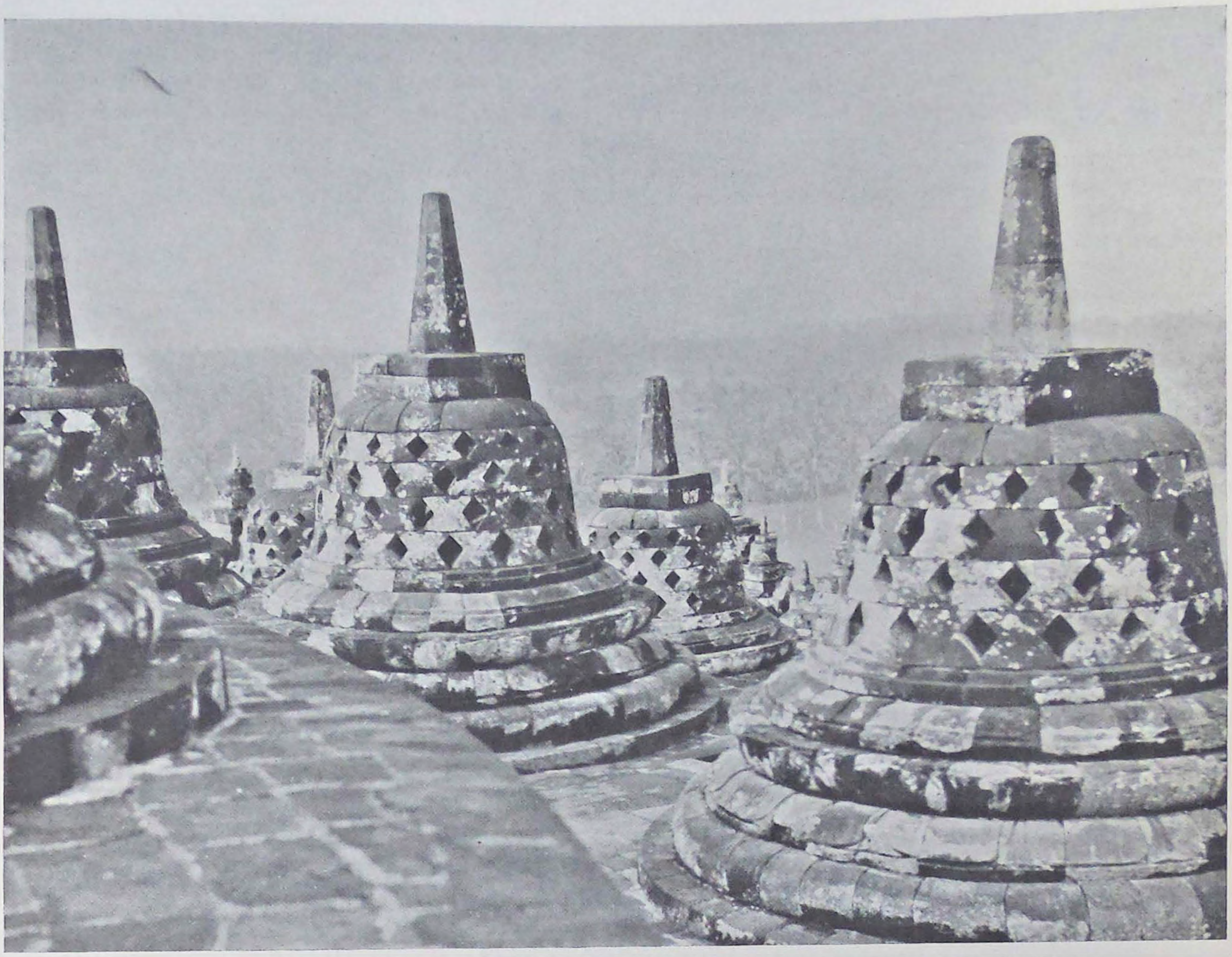


FROM THEIR HIGH NICHES THE LORDS OF MEDITATION GAZE DOWN

spheres of contemplation. The tower at the top would then become the region of formlessness—*arapadhatu*—which is that nearest to Nirvana. In the terminology of the Western philosophers, these worlds (from above downward) are the supreme sphere, the superior sphere, and the inferior sphere of Plato and Pythagoras, also the heaven, earth, and hell of the Christian theologians. They represent also the three major divisions of man—the spiritual, or essential, part; the intellectual, or rational, part; and the physical, or irrational, part. In nearly all occult traditions, the same symbol is susceptible of a number of interpretations, according to the aspect of the doctrine under consideration. There can be little doubt, however, that the three higher and circular platforms, with their meditating Dhyanas, represent the trinity, or threefold causal aspects of both the universe and man; while the four square platforms below symbolize the fourfold phenomenal aspects of the universe and man.

It is interesting to note at this point that the life-sized sculptured figures seated in the niches which ornament the square platforms are all looking outward, possibly intimating by their position that in the lower world (that of form) the vision of man is objectified and his attention turned to the contemplation of externals. The three circles of Buddhas on the upper platforms signify by their position the more exalted state in which they exist. They are all seated with their backs to the outer world, facing the dome-shaped structure, which is the symbolic axis of this monument. From the bells, each of which symbolizes part of a lotus, the seventy-two Lords of Light, or Witnesses, contemplate enraptured the ever-existing Reality which stands in their midst. A most extraordinary circumstance in connection with the Boro Budur is the fact that for some unknown reason the image discovered within the central *mendote* was never finished, remaining but the shadow of a form, half visible in the obliterating rock. Some believe this to have been accidental, but those better acquainted with the subtleties of Oriental occultism believe that they have discovered the reason. The figure in the central tower was too high an aspect of Universal Reality to be imaged in the usual way. Three answers to the riddle have been advanced. According to the first, the unfinished statue represents the recondite and inscrutable nature of Truth; according to the second, it represents Dhriti, the sixth Buddha, who had not yet come and whose form was therefore unapprehensible to men; and according to the third, Nirvana itself is implied, for the figure is not separating itself from the stone but rather fading into Universal Reality and losing thereby all physical definition in its outward state.

The four staircases leading upward through the terraces upon which are depicted the mysteries of incarnation—the whole recapitulation of the holy life—like the four Vedas which issued from the four mouths of Brahma or the four principal *yogas*, signify the paths by which *moksha*, or Perfection, may be attained. From the four corners of the illusional state ruled over by the Demon Kings, men in quest of liberation and perfection converge toward the ever sacred mountain—the eternal Meru—of which Boro Budur is a type. Like the pyramidal ladders of the Babylonians or the mystic



SEVENTY-TWO BUDDHAS GAZE OUTWARD FROM THEIR LATTICED BELLS

mazes of the American aborigines, this structure is a symbolic antechamber to Eternity. Its steps lead upward from earth to heaven, and those who, sensing the inner import of the shrine, as they slowly mount amidst the meditating immortals, find themselves actually transported into the spheres typified by the various departments of the building. Only certain initiates are fully aware of the universal mysteries comprehended in the symbolism of the Dhyana Buddhas—those moods of meditation which are the true elements of the Universal Chemistry. All worlds, beings, and conditions are suspended in, and composed of, the meditations of the Seven Immortals, of which five are revealed and two concealed. Life itself is but a mode of meditation. In their niches upon the walls of Boro Budur, the Dhyanas reveal by their *mudras* that they are aspects of that one eternal principle which, descending out of its own infiniteness, becomes universal life. The Dhyanas who gaze outward from the eastern walls have their hands in the posture of witnessing, a sort of affirmation of Reality; those facing the west are in the posture of meditation; those in the south signify by their pose that they are bestowing great good; while those in the north are blessing with fearlessness. Above these four groups, called "the Buddhas of the Angles," are the three circles of meditating figures in the bells, the latter called "the Buddhas of the Zenith" and each depicted as turning the Wheel of the Law or giving the Great Instruction.

In the Do Ka Zang it is written that when the last of the great Buddhas shall come, the universe itself will not be large enough to serve as a shrine for his relics. The Boro Budur, then, intimates the universal diffusion of Buddhist wisdom. The sacred relics of the Buddha, exoterically considered, are the few bits of bone and ash remaining after the sacred flame had consumed the Avatar. Of such classification is the supposedly sacred tooth of Kandy, well-nigh large enough for a mastodon. Esoterically, the relics are practically identical with the jewels of Buddha: namely, the words of the Master, the order which he founded, and the example of his life. If preserved with proper veneration within the heart and applied with discrimination and industry, these relics incline the devout into the way of truth. According to the sacred writings, with the passing of the Enlightened One, the whole world wept, for by the transcendency of his wisdom Buddha was one with the soul urge of all creatures. He was, in truth, the substance of the universal desire, the embodiment of the ageless quest for peace and wisdom.

"A night with the Boro Budoor," writes J. F. Scheltema, "is a night of purification, when Amitabha offers the lotus of the good law and the gift is accepted; when the wonderful edifice, rising to the star-spangled sky, unfolds terrace after terrace and gallery after gallery between the domed and pinnacled walls, as his flower of ecstatic meditation spreads its petals,

opens its heart of beauty to the fructifying touch of heaven; when tranquil love descends in waves of contentment, unspeakable satisfaction. The dagob loses its sharp, bold outline and melts into boundless space, a vision of fading existence in consummation of wisdom. A mysterious voice, proceeding from the shrine, urges to search out the secret it hides. The summons cannot be resisted and going up, trusting to the murky night, mounting the steps to the first gate as in a somnambulistic trance, the seeker of enlightenment discerns the path, guided by his quickened perception when the voice dies of its own sweetness, the fragrant stillness appeasing the mind and extending promise of pity for passion and fleshly desire, the garment of sin left behind. Surely, it was the supreme wisdom, forgiving all things because it understands, which inspired a human intellect to devise, directed human hands to achieve in the delineation of mercy such powerful architectural unity, sustained by such sublimely beauteous ornament."

Pondering upon this supreme wisdom and seeking to analyze the nature of that sense of elevation which is bestowed by the building, the occultist goes out in the afterglow to lose himself for a little while in the majesty of the ancient ruin. As he stands gazing up at the symphony of points and parapets, he feels himself caught up in the swirl of a mighty mood. By the light of the soul the old lava rocks find a new splendor and all imperfections melt away, lost in the glory of the whole. The full significance of the great architectural complex dawns upon the understanding but eludes the dimensional limitations of the mind. The building glows throughout, vibrant with the pulse of a vast motive. The terraces and platforms extend themselves until the whole universe is filled and nothing remains but a mountain of light, its base supported by woven thunderbolts, while the great *dagoba* upon its summit lifts its slender point beyond the stars.

In the several departments of this vision are the radiant form of the illumined, all seated in the invariable posture, all gazing with the same measure of repose towards the pillar of light hovering, like the Shekinah's glory, about the reliquary. Suddenly it seems that the very heavens open and from the depths of space issues forth the flaming face of Adi Buddha. The Eternal One rises from his lotus throne, from the flower whose petals are all the worlds and, descending like a blazing sun, gathers his radiance about him and seats himself within the upper chamber of the dagoba. Light supernal flashed from the hallowed place, the seven worlds were blinded by the radiance so that the saints dared not gaze upon it but bowed their shaven heads to the light which extended even beyond the bounds of space. Then from the midst of the sanctuary, from the blazing heart of the Universal Life, there shot forth Seven Flames. These were swirled about until each assumed the appearance of a sun. Their glory was but little less than that of the Sovereign Flame, and the Seven Sons of Light assumed the seven sacred postures and propitiated their Cause, and the meditating sages knew by an inner realization what had occurred, but they dared not gaze upon the Mystery, for the Glory of the World was too great for even the enlightened. And the Seven Suns called unto the deep, bidding their shadows (Chhayas) come forth. And they lighted the shadows with their own light and the faces of the shadows glowed, each with a different color, and the shadows became alive and bowed before the Seven Suns and meditated upon the Mystery. Thus were fashioned the Dhyanas, the Buddhas of the Boundless, and they faced the Cause and they knew the Self, because they received the Light of the Cause and were filled with the Reality of the Self. Such is the Mystery that took place upon the three circular terraces of the "Aged House."

Now, from the four circular worlds below there ascended a prayer, and it arose from the creatures of the darkness, whose faces could not reflect the celestial luminance. The illusion cried out to the Reality, saying: "Impart yourself to us that we, too, may be Real." And the Seven Dhyanas that sat in meditation upon the rings of Truth heard the call and each one became, as it were, two, for there issued out of him a mistlike semblance of himself, and it arose and descended, but the glorious part remained in contemplation of the Eternal Light. And the shadows, or the ghosts of the Dhyanas, were the super-celestial Bodhisattvas, and they descended to the first square terrace. And they lighted the terrace with their glory and the substance of the terrace rejoiced and was full of light.

And the super-celestial Bodhisattvas became also divided and the lesser shadows which departed out of them descended on to the next step to rejoice the substance of that world and enlighten the creatures that dwelt therein. And these were the Bodhisattvas of the next order, the celestial Redeemers. And they, in turn, called to the deep which was below them—the worlds as yet unenlightened by their presence—and out of these lesser worlds there arose seven holy men filled with the realization of and prepared to receive the Dharma. And the shadows of the celestial Bodhisattvas entered into the seven holy men, and these men became Buddhas. And they went forth into the lowest worlds to bring the Good Law to every being that dwelt in the wide presence of the world. And the terrestrial Buddhas and the Arhats sat upon the lower steps of the Mystery, and creation in its every part adored the Light and the Seven Sons of Light who dwelt together in the first Mystery. And the Light descended upon the steps which are on the four faces of existence and, like four streams springing from an inexhaustible fountain, diffused itself throughout all time and space.

The moon arose from behind the great pile of half-ruined masonry. The cool of the Java night was strangely peaceful after the fierce heat of the day. The vision was gone. Only the shadow remains, but it is a shadow which after all these ages bears certain witness to the Law of Life.



Kismet

THE CALIPH had dreamed. Three times had the same strange vision disturbed his slumbers. So sorely troubled was the Son of the Prophet that he dispatched riders immediately to bring to the palace a certain holy dervish deeply versed in the mysteries of the stars and all other magical arts that his dream might be interpreted.

Now the astrologer was a most venerable man who lived in a cave on the side of a wind-worn cliff and, beholding the horsemen alight before his retreat, he came forth to wish them peace and make inquiry as to their mission. The messenger bowed humbly before the aged hermit, saying: "O most holy man, my illustrious master, the prince of this country, has been sorely afflicted by phantom shapes that have beset his sleep, and he bids me bring you to him that you may set his soul at rest and reveal the meaning of his haunting vision."

And so it happened that the dervish gathered up the instruments of his art and rode in state into the city, finally to stand before the divan of the Caliph. Then spake the prince: "O thou so greatly beloved of Allah that He has bestowed upon thee all knowledge of that which is past or is yet to come, interpret for me my dream. Thrice have I seen a bright star shining. From the blue haze of the desert night it rose serenely to the zenith, and from this high point its pulsing light illumined the world below. Then came a cloud, a black mysterious mass, in the midst of which glowed a flaming sword. Relentlessly the cloud obscured the light of the star and a lurid red shadow spread over the face of the night. What strange disaster doth this evil omen portend, for I perceive it to be a most malicious one?"

The astrologer spread forth his charts covered with strange figures in several colored pigments. He opened great books and read them gravely and, at last, after weighty calculations, he returned his gaze to the face of the prince. At length he spoke: "O leader of the faithful, thou art indeed destined to an unhappy end, for I find it written by the sages of old that he who three times sees that which thou hast seen shall perish miserably at the hands of one whom he doth honor greatly and trust implicitly. Furthermore, by most profound calculation, I perceive that this shall occur when next the moon is full. O miserable prince, thou hast but twenty days to live!"

The Caliph bowed his head, his features sorely troubled and even the flashing jewels in his turban dimmed by the evil tidings. As the dervish was about to depart, the prince called after him: "Stop, you are the wisest of all men. Tell me how may I avert this fate. Can you suggest nothing by which I may turn the tide of destiny and escape so tragic a circumstance?" The astrologer shook his head. "No more will the stars change in their courses than will the

waters of the sea cease their ebb and flow. It is Kismet."

Now the Caliph was a man of great wealth and strong temper, and he swore by Allah that he would not die but would cheat even destiny of its victim. He further swore that on the day after the full of the moon he would be alive to quarter the astrologer who had thus dared to bring such palpitation to his royal heart. "O hateful dervish, if I die, thou art an honest man. But if I live, thou art in every sense a knave."

He then summoned his builders and spake thus to the chief architect: "Today, even this very hour, thou shalt take one thousand men and they shall build me a refuge wherein even the rays of the stars cannot enter. Thou shalt build it as a great cube of stone and the walls shall be twenty feet thick, and they shall be lined upon the inside with lead, and the refuge shall be great enough so that the air within the cube shall suffice for twenty-four hours. There shall be but one door and when I have entered in, it shall be sealed after me with stone to the thickness of the wall, so that neither the powers of heaven nor hell can follow me. And no one shall be with me in this room but this holy dervish, who shall bring in his instruments and a water clock so that I shall know when the fatal moment has passed. And outside the cube shall be another man with a similar water clock, and when all danger is passed, thou shalt unblock the entrance and I will come forth and laugh at the stars and at all the auguries of the heavens."

The chief architect bowed humbly, answering, "Master, it shall be done," and left with great haste to execute his master's bidding.

Upon the day appointed there stood within the ample courtyard of the palace under the very minarets of the mosque the cubical retreat, complete in every part. Slaves were entering and coming forth again bearing instruments. The Caliph himself had thoroughly inspected every workmanship, that there were no cracks between the sheets of lead or openings in the mortar of the wall. The mathematicians had computed every movement of the heavenly bodies and, convinced that he was secure in every possible way, the Caliph and the astrologer entered the cube.

Swinging slowly, the great door closed behind them. Soon were heard the sounds of the masons as they laid the blocks of stone behind the portal. These gradually grew fainter and soon there was only the silence broken by the steady drip of the water clock. "Well, then, holy dervish," the Caliph said, "are we not well isolated from astral influences? Even Luna's baleful influence can scarcely reach us here. How long before the fullness of the moon shall be complete?" The astrologer examined his charts. "In one hour, master. When yonder red ring is above the water, the crisis comes."

Clenching the hilt of his golden scimitar, the Caliph watched the water level fall in the clepsydra. The dervish stood near, his eyes closed, and leaning on his forked staff. As the minutes passed, the tension became almost unbearable. The prince moistened his dry lips with his tongue. His eyes ached with the intensity of his stare. Not only his own life but the whole heavenly order hung in the balance. Slowly the water fell.

"Now," whispered the Caliph. The dervish leaned forward. "The moon is this moment full."

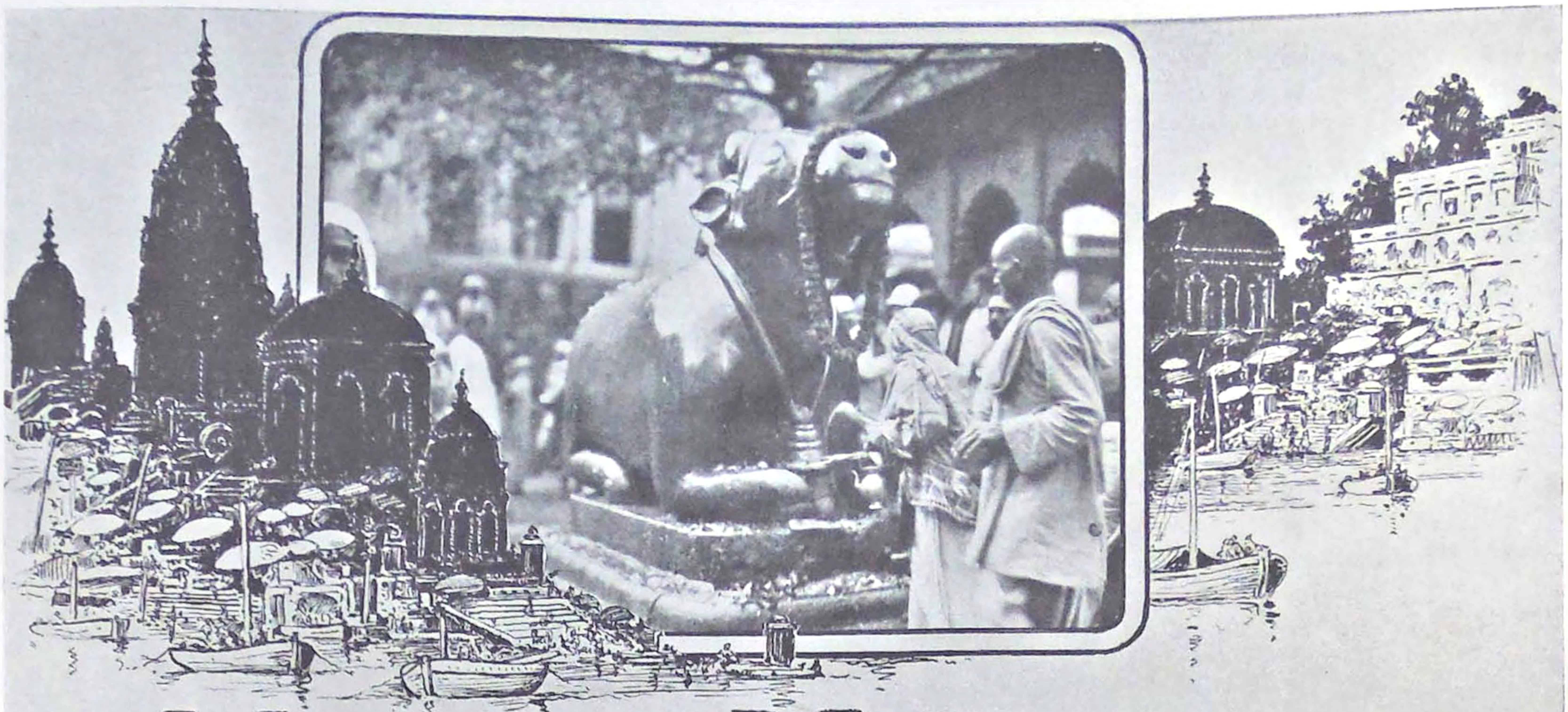
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Before the blocked up entrance to the cube stood a table, on it a set of instruments similar to those within the cube. The keeper of the royal observatory, a rotund person, rose clumsily to his feet and raised his hand. "It is two hours since the moon was full and, according to our master's orders, it is now time we should clear away the entrance that he may come forth and confound the universe with his living presence."

The workmen hurried forward. Stone and mortar were quickly cleared away and three eunuchs with concerted strength swung open the great leaden door and bowed low in anticipation of the Caliph's appearance. But no sound came from within the cube. The Grand Vizier pompously pushed by the slaves that he might be the first to congratulate the prince. He stopped in amazement. At one side of the cubical compartment stood the dervish, his eyes closed, still leaning on his staff. On the floor, with a dagger in his back, lay the Caliph amidst the wreckage of the water clock.

Turning to the meditating dervish, the Grand Vizier exclaimed, "What has occurred? What has befallen our master?" The holy man replied, "He died at the full of the moon, as the stars decreed."

The Grand Vizier drew his sword. "Then, wretched one," he cried, "thou hast killed him." "Thou canst not touch me," replied the dervish, "for the prince himself decreed that if he lived I died, and if he died, I had prophesied correctly, and in me there was no fault."



HOLY MEN

FOR centuries the government of Asia has been a theocratic mendicancy. As mediæval Europe was overridden by begging friars, so India is impoverished by its holy men and Tibet by its lamas. Even Martin Luther was forced by his order to strap on a beggar's purse and go from door to door soliciting alms in the name of God for the richest church in the world. This impecuniosity became more or less of a profession among certain classes in merry England. Able-bodied men, with a disinclination for hard work, cultivated a pious mien and, rolling their eyes heavenward, solicited funds for a legion of existent as well as non-existent ends. Begging so depleted the country's resources that Henry VIII found time amid his marital distractions to rid, with one grand gesture, the land of this nuisance. When religion approves of mendicancy, it does so on the presumption that those who are poor for the glory of God shall dwell in a state of poverty and humility, and that their lives shall be passed in fasting and prayer and the generous doing of good deeds. In Europe, however, the professional mendicant was too often plump and comfortable, with a well-filled gullet and a wine cellar running over. Smug in attitude and safely ensconced behind the "fair name of the Church," he enjoyed the best things in life, his useless existence made secure through the generosity of the industrious poor. This Old Man of the Sea has now ceased to be a weighty equation among Occidental peoples, who have cast off church and clergy together to seek God individually, each according to his own light.

In Asia the problem is still acute, for in India holy men are numbered among the millions and their convocations, such as those held periodically at Allahabad, are attended by tens of thousands. In Tibet it has been estimated that every fourth member of the population belongs to some religious order, which means—in the majority of cases—that he is not self-sustaining. Aside from his purely religious routine, his chief duty is to descend from the high lamaseries which overshadowed most Tibetan villages for the purpose of collecting the religious taxes imposed upon every farmer and shopkeeper. This onus of tribute has not only impoverished Tibet but weighs heavily upon China. Many of the Tibetan Buddhist colleges and monasteries have as many as ten thousand monks housed in their cell-like chambers. We will not say that they are extravagantly supported, for in most cases their wants are comparatively few. In comparison with the wealth of the country, however, their maintenance is wholly unjustified.

Is the indigent monk or holy man a legitimate exponent of religious principles? Or, more important still, is he valuable enough to the world as a religious recluse to justify his support by society? The irreligionist will instantly reply in the negative. The ascetic is unquestionably an equation in society. The chemistry of life conspires to produce certain types who simply do not belong to the popular order of things, but by virtue of their composition must live and dream and die apart from the masses. However, the number so destined by Nature or karma is negligible in comparison with the aggregate of those who are exploiting the theory at the present time. A Brahman pundit once told us that out of the several million holy men in India, there were probably a few hundred—or, at most, a very few thousand—who by virtue of their peculiar spiritual attainments were justly entitled to public support. The rest were divisible into two classes. The first consisted of sincere but misguided men who felt that their religion demanded a miserable existence as indispensable to spirituality. The other class was composed of work dodgers—beggars and thieves. The true mystic is not a liability to the community, which, in some cases, must assist him in

temporal matters because his ideals and visions are, to a great degree, the basis of racial growth. Measures have been proposed, both in this country and Europe, for state support of genius, and this unquestionably is a most commendable measure. The great artist, musician, philosopher, scientist or æsthetician is seldom a provident man. His physical needs must be protected if the world at large is to benefit from the rare qualities of his mind. The world will never become bankrupt from its support of creative minds, for herein lies the real wealth of the world. There is a wide interval, however, between the protection of superior types and the doling out of vast sums to perpetuate chronic uselessness.

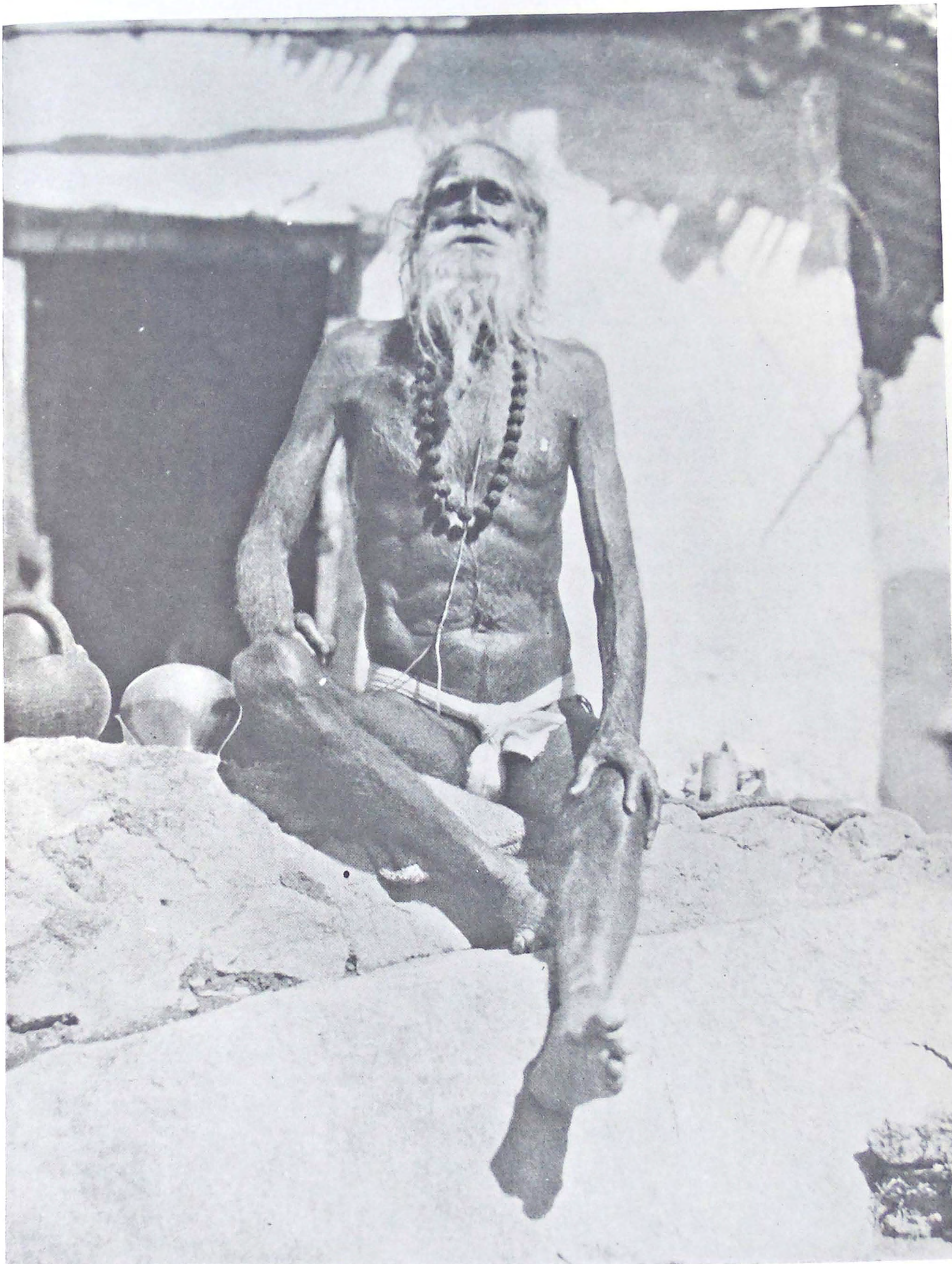
Take, for instance, our present economic depression. Premier Mussolini estimates that there are approximately twenty million wage-earners out of work in Europe and America at the present time. This constitutes an international crisis and nearly every individual fortunate enough to have steady employment feels called upon to assist the unfortunate to the limit of his means. This worthy motive has been exploited in a number of disgraceful ways. The last two years have been the golden age of beggardom and professional vagrancy. The sympathy aroused by the pressure of adverse circumstances insures public generosity and thousands are receiving assistance daily who have neither desire nor intention to improve their present state. Industrious humanity has always supported parasites and certain classes have always gained their substance by preying upon the sympathy and generosity of honest folk.

In this article we shall confine ourselves entirely to that class of holy men who, lacking that genius which would warrant their maintenance by the community, are still utterly sincere in their belief that their poverty and self-inflicted misfortunes improve their standing in the sight of God. Oriental mendicants differ from those of the Occident in their cultivation of discomfiture. Although the Christian clergy has practiced flagellation, it has never turned to the mortification of the flesh with the widespread enthusiasm found in India. The underlying theory is the same. In the West, however, there is a wider interval between the theory and the practice. Christian missionaries in India discovered that the recital of the sufferings and death of Jesus produced but little effect upon the Asiatic mind. A pious Hindu once said that the martyrdom of one Jew could scarcely be considered of cosmic import when in India there were hundreds of thousands of devout men torturing themselves to death, inflicting upon themselves every conceivable agony, all for the glorification of their spiritual state. The sufferings of the Nazarene, morever, are equalled, if not surpassed, by the ingenious tortures which these holy men perpetrate upon their own bodies. If pain and suffering actually achieve salvation, then heaven should be filled with Hindus! A learned Brahman once sadly shook his head, saying: "The wise know that the way to perfection is not through pain, but the unenlightened cannot realize this, and their reward will be measured by the sincerity of their motive—pain is the prayer of India."

Referring to the austerities practiced by Eastern holy men, Frank G. Carpenter writes: "Their methods of torture are legion. I have seen some who have sat or stood still until their bodies have stiffened and they have lost the use of their muscles and joints. Some hold their tightly clenched fists overhead until the finger nails grow into the flesh of their palms. There are Yogis at Benares who never sit down and others who lie on beds of iron spikes, or upon masses of broken stones." This is not half the story. Walking along the *ghats* (steps) on the banks of the Ganges, one can witness in the course of a day a pitiful array of mutilated humanity—the human pin cushion, a holy man who has pierced his body with so many sticks that he resembles a porcupine; another whose arms are entirely withered off, leaving only bony stumps; a third who hangs downward from a specially prepared brace until he becomes unconscious from the rush of blood to his head; a fourth who has blinded himself with red-hot irons; a fifth who has walked with his head turned backwards until it has grown that way and he can take no food except a few drops of liquid at a time. One cannot but ask what these men's concept of God must be if they imagine the all-merciful Father taking delight in such sights. Many of these holy men are performing penance in expiation for some sin. They are becoming "pure" by becoming useless. What a peculiar viewpoint to consider that one may become valuable to the Deity by becoming useless to himself and a drag upon his world! Many Hindus worship Deity in the shape of the Great Mother. But what parent could gaze without tears at her deformed children, especially if she realized that they had deformed themselves for love of her?

The only way that such practices have been justified is the claim that they were steps to self-control and that the mendicant achieved the firmness of will by "demonstrating" over the pangs of the flesh. Even this is scarcely a sufficient explanation, for the truly enlightened have found God in beauty, in service, and in the consummation of high ideals. While we honor all such voluntary sufferers for the right motive which inspires their deeds, we look forward to that age when men shall worship God joyously and not miserably.

Religion has few laws and they are simple and generous; theology has innumerable laws, cruel and complex. Burdened with the weight of inhibitory statutes throughout the centuries, men have mistaken discomfort for virtue. Consider the rulings of St. Colomban, a holy man of Ireland, who ruled that any monk who did not say Amen at grace, who talked in the refectory or who coughed at the beginning of a psalm was to be given six lashes with the monastery whip. For other offenses varying from hiccoughs to forgetfulness at confession he might be punished with lashes up to two hundred, which were to be administered lustily by some zealous cleric. Not long ago we heard an enthusiastic man of God bewailing the discontinuance of the practice of flagellation. He considered horsewhipping a useful method of impressing humanity with the glory of God, going so far as to intimate that the present tendency toward backsliding in religion was largely due to the discontinuance of this enlightened form of instruction. The Church, during the Middle Ages, proved that if it whipped a man long enough, he could be made to say almost anything that his tormentors desired him to. In his *Lives*



THE HOLY MAN OF MT. ABU

Doing penance for a mortal sin.

of the Fathers, Butler describes one instance of penitential piety. Peter of Alcantara, who died in 1562, in order that his eyes might be "more easily kept under the government of reason, and that they might not, by superfluous curiosity, break in upon the interior recollection of his mind, put them upon such restraint that he had been a considerable time a religious man before he knew that the church of his monastery was vaulted. * * * The truth was, he had never lifted his eyes to the ceiling. * * * He lived four years in a monastery without taking notice of a tree that grew near the door." R. S. Hardy goes on to say that this same monk told St. Teresa that he had lived three years in a house of his order without knowing any of the friars but by their speech, as he never lifted up his eyes; if he did not follow the other friars he was unable to find his way to many places that he frequented. Here is a man who spent a lifetime looking at other men's heels, fearing that if he lifted his eyes to their faces his consciousness of the glory of God would evaporate! It never occurred to him that if he would raise his face and gaze out upon the world about and into the heavens above, he could behold far more advantageously the wonders of his Creator. What a strange psychology for a man to be afraid to look at life lest his God escape. Life, of course, may be disillusioning, but scarcely to that degree.

St. Simon Stylites was another notable example of suspended industry. After he had worn out the top of a pillar in the Libyan desert, he was finally carried to his reward and his pedestal was immediately occupied by another enthusiast who sat there longer than St. Simon did. Even sixty feet of pillar could hardly lift St. Simon beyond contamination. So he forbade any person, with special emphasis upon those of the opposite sex, to approach within one hundred feet of his isolated column. What did the good man fear? Was he afraid of others or was he afraid of himself? Historians do not tell us, but we know that he sat there selfishly hugging divinity to himself while his disciples sent his food up to him in buckets. Such actions indicate weakness rather than strength. Most men can remain in this world fighting the problems of life and retain, at least, a reasonable amount of virtue; but even on the top of his pillar, St. Simon had a hard time keeping his integrity intact. If he had studied Socrates, he would have realized that spirituality does not depend upon *where* you are but upon *what* you are.

This brings us to the more practical problem of the moment—the attitude of the modern student of philosophy and occultism towards the responsibilities of life. We have so long been taught the merit of evading worldliness that the spirit of the eternal mendicant is still within our bones. Nearly everyone interested in the development of his own potential powers bewails the fact that imminent responsibilities bind him to some temporal environment. There is also a survival of that pernicious belief that there is something uncomfortable about piety. Very few people approach the problems of religion with a normal viewpoint. Many come disillusioned with the whole vista of life. As a lady once said to us: "My life has been one long misfortune and, so at last discouraged with it all, I am turning to God." The belief that Deity is a sort of last refuge is a more or less pernicious belief, for it is highly improbable that those who have never been able to find themselves will somehow at once discover God. Religion is not an escape from life, and to the few to whom it has such significance, it is a blasphemy. Religion is a completing of life. It is the realization of the sacredness of every aspect of being. It is the divinity in the part rising gloriously to a recognition of the divinity in all. It is not a matter of symbols nor again of words or forms, but rather the natural instinct to venerate realized through intelligence and action. Spirituality is a realization of values, and these values cannot be established except through contact with life. The man who cannot be spiritual where he is, and under the conditions now confronting him, cannot be spiritual under other conditions, unless he improves the quality of his own consciousness.

The religion of the average person is selfishly concerned with the release of his own life from bondage to mediocrity, monotony, and effort; and even among those who know better—or should know better—religion is still regarded as a justification for the evasion of temporal responsibilities. The world is filled with people seeking enlightenment, but eating the food provided for them by the unenlightened. We have a tendency to allow others to perform those labors which we feel ourselves too highly evolved to undertake. Yet we accept and use the efforts of their labors. As the abstract ideal of the race, every individual must achieve to the position of self-sufficiency. In other words, he must supply himself with that which is necessary for his continuance. There is a certain compensation in Nature. A philosopher who is really a philosopher has come to the realization of the impermanence of all material things. Therefore, he does not need—and should not desire—either wealth or position. His maintenance, therefore, is no great problem, for, satisfied with little, he stores up his treasures where there are neither bank robberies nor gang wars.

But philosophers are comparatively scarce and most people desirous of heavenly riches are also desirous of accumulating as much as they can of this world's goods. Buddha permitted his disciples to practice mendicancy, but limited it to such a degree that the idea could not be exploited successfully. For example, the Buddhist monk may not ask for alms by word or sign, but may accept it if it is given to him without any solicitation on his part. If he desires to achieve to the highest state of virtue, he may accept no alms other than such as are necessary for his immediate wants. He is not permitted any form of accumulation. He may accept enough rice for his meal but not enough for the next meal, and he must go hungry until the innate generosity of some pious person supplies the next meal. In this way begging became hard work and its exploitation difficult. As the holy man was also the village physician and constantly employed in administering to the physical or metaphysical needs of the community, he earned his support. Every itinerant Buddhist monk had a daily round not to exceed seven miles leading through villages and hamlets. He ministered to whatever needs arose in these communities, enlightening or encouraging all who were troubled or confused. He was consequently a very useful person, justifying his modest needs. Today, however, religions are large eco-



THE GHATS AT BENARES

nomic institutions, maintaining elaborate organizations, owning valuable real estate, and meeting heavily padded payrolls. High altars worth half a million, vestments embroidered with 22-carat gold, and places of worship that dwarf the palaces of kings are the order of the day. All this panoply, supported by the thrift of the world, is deemed necessary to the teaching of the Golden Rule and the redemption of the human soul from its relapsed condition.

In our wanderings about, we have discussed this matter with many persons, particularly those of metaphysical inclinations. Especially among those who teach occultism or psychology there is the feeling that no worldly possession is too good to be conferred for such instruction. In other words, the public should pay well. This good old theological attitude has one erroneous concept within it. The world has been paying well for religion for at least ten thousand years, and the better it pays the less it gets. A philosopher or spiritual teacher is not entitled to exploit the gullibility of the masses. If he gives his life to the instruction of the public, he is entitled to sufficient to meet the needs of the moment. But religion does not justify—nor expediency sanction—the great fortunes made off the beliefs of mankind. This does not mean that poverty is necessarily a virtue, for if economics be taken as a gauge, the highest virtue would be the intelligent application of wealth. It simply means that holy men and students of spiritual matters have no right to consider themselves as the salt of the earth or to feel that the world treats them unjustly if it does not choose to support them in affluence.

Religious and philosophical orders were primarily established to serve the spiritual needs of the race. In this late day, however, it is too often the race that has served or even become enslaved to the monetary needs or extravagances of theological institutions. Since the decline of the pagan Mysteries in the early centuries of the Christian Era, the secret doctrine has disappeared from the temples of the Western world and even in Asia it has been obscured almost beyond recognition by the rise of disconnected and discordant cults. Empty of their wisdom, the sanctuaries have become blind alleys—roads leading to nowhere—and those who devoutly walk in one of the several paths reach the end only to discover that they have been cheated of the instruction and enlightenment they have struggled so arduously to obtain. If there be one cause more responsible than another for the decay of religious institutions, it is the economic urge. Sermonizing piously upon the virtue of storing up heavenly treasure, these organizations have gladly compromised their celestial standing and sacrificed their birthright in heaven for a bowl of very material pottage.

The shrines of the gods are most truly ornamented when adorned with the righteousness of the believers. No jewel is more precious than a noble life and there is no higher altar than that of the human heart. Religions teach this and then put their own faith in gilt-edged securities and city bonds. With the advent of

money as an equation into spiritual affairs, corrosion set in. Æsop, the great fabulist, was murdered by the priests of Delphi because they were afraid that he would expose the corruption that had crept into that institution. The vast treasure accumulated as the result of the gifts of the faithful had turned the heads of the priests until only the rich and powerful could obtain access to the sanctuary. Noting this fact, Æsop remarked upon it, and the attendants of the oracle, in their panic lest he reveal their sacrilege to the world, had him put out of the way. In time, Apollo deserted the oracular vent, for the gods will be no party to the perversions of men. The gods have turned from more than one faith but invariably because, in the first place, that faith turned from them.

Some shortsighted person, whose name is as well forgotten, caused unending confusion and misunderstanding by dividing the universe into a sacred and a profane part. He conceived Deity to prefer some parts of the world to others and also to hold equally definite opinions as to men's labors and attitudes. Certain pursuits came to be viewed as more commendable than others and those who performed these tasks gained social distinction. Thus it was more worthy to milk a sacred cow than just an ordinary cow, and there was a higher reward for sweeping the steps of the temple than sweeping the steps of your own house. It gradually followed that it was more desirable to live near a temple than a market and greater merit ensued from conversing with priests than with tradesmen. These distinctions between some things and the rest of things were all a ghastly mistake for which humanity has paid, and must continue to pay, until it realizes that there is no difference between sacred and profane objects or pursuits other than a psychological one. Even this difference is an illusion that has no reality until thinking creates an unreal semblance of reality. The real separation lies not between the various tasks of life but rather between the motives and methods by which these tasks are accomplished. All constructive and creative action is sacred even as all parts of the universe are equally the parts and members of God. The priest is no more sacred than the scrub woman, and in heaven—as a state of reward—the charwoman may have the higher reward of the two. There can be no true odor of sanctity apart from well-directed industry and consecration to the fulfillment of responsibility. The holy man who considers asceticism a substitute for labor must sometime discover the error of his ways. When the priests of antiquity began selling salvation, the Mystery temples were doomed, and today where anything other than merit is accepted as a substitute for merit, disaster impends.

Let us consider the experiments made by men in their efforts to escape from conditions which they have been unable to master. The religious community is an outstanding example. Pythagoras is regarded as the originator of the idea of people coming together, pooling their assets, and sharing alike. Pythagoras met his death, most of his disciples were murdered, and his school was burned by a disgruntled ex-member. All subsequent efforts of this nature have been true to this illustrious precedent. The difficulty is obvious. It is possible to get away from the world temporarily, but it is impossible to get away from your own self even momentarily. The story may run something like this: A group of proletarians who are not doing very well in the administration of their earthly affairs arrive at the conclusion that this failure is the result of overspirituality. In other words, they cannot stand the low vibrations of their present environment, so they go off somewhere and work up a new set of vibrations infinitely worse than those they attempted to escape from. There is no cesspool of human intrigue in the most congested areas of our delinquent civilization where more cruelty can be devised and executed than where a group of so-called spiritually enlightened persons start running a small universe of their own on some hundred-acre tract. People can be where they are—this does not matter greatly—it is what they are that counts, and the centuries of religious dishonesty behind us bring to each of us such a heritage of false notions that it is the most difficult thing to so live down our theology than we can really find our religion.

Analyzing the psychological reactions of motion picture fans, a writer once said that people attend the theaters in order to live vicariously under circumstances which they will never be able to actually realize in this life. The poor clerk, watching the society drama, is for a short time in a beautiful mansion with smartly dressed people, projecting himself into the intrigues of the envied rich. The nobody forgets that he is a nobody and under the spell of the spinning celluloid is a person of great consequence. A certain type of religious thought produces an almost similar result. Listening to the smooth-tongued orations of some parlor "adept," gullible folk forget the impotency of their present state and feel transcendental powers within their reach. They see themselves projecting their astral bodies and prying into each other's private lives, or, as one occultist once said, counting the eggs in some other man's basket. They imagine themselves transformed almost instantly into the very personification of wisdom. All sorrow and misfortune vanish. Peace, power, and plenty hang as a mirage in the air and before the mist clears away some very foolish things are usually done. In theory we can be anything, but in practice we are limited by our capabilities and the general level of our development.

It is useless to renounce the world unless with it we renounce worldliness. Wisdom as a state is seldom the motive which inspires the average Occidental in occultism. Wisdom is too abstract; we do not know what the word means nor do we know what the state of being wise actually is. The real goal for which most seek is in some way related to wordly affluence and the powers developed are visualized as being used to prove our superiority in some test of temporal affairs. Take the community idea. Departing from the wickedness of our commercial system, thirty or forty people make a gesture of renouncing the world which, in reality, they are delighted to escape from. Dyed in worldliness, however, they have no more than formed the community than a battle of wits begins to determine who shall run it. And as a religious war is fought according to no rules, the biting and scratching continues until someone forecloses the mortgage on the property and the pious are forced back into the delinquent society of which they never ceased ethically to be a part.

The world needs holy men at the present time, but by the term we mean to imply persons sanctified to high purpose and consecrated unselfishly to the intelligent service of a suffering humanity. India views Mahatma Gandhi as such a holy man. There are thousands who would be glad to receive the recognition that Gandhi has gained, but there are few that would have the strength and courage to persevere as he to what he firmly regards as a high principle. His body battered with blows, several times left for dead, imprisoned for long periods, and constantly exposing his frail body to hardships which would daunt the courage of the physically fit, this little man has "carried on" through the selflessness of his purpose and the power born of absolute conviction. A Hindu scholar, speaking of Mahatma Gandhi at a dinner given in honor of the birthday of India's great holy man, said in opening: "Gandhi is a real Mahatma, a great soul who has found his work in this concrete world of suffering humanity."



MENDICANT ON BED OF SPIKES

As we have said before, the world needs holy men, yes, and holy women. Not the kind that clench their hands until their finger nails grow through their palms or who swear not to bathe until the millenium, nor again those who wear out rickety chairs listening a life away and forgetting all they hear. No, not even those who feel called upon to found little groups of six or eight persons and share some imaginary illumination with them. We need holy men and women to go out into life and spend the years equipping themselves to guide this country through the dark years which lie ahead; to assist in the establishment of higher standards of right and wrong; to amend unjust laws on our statute books; to become the patrons of broader and nobler educational ideals; to foster the cause of world peace; to aid in the attainment of economic justice; and, most of all, to provide the millions of this generation with a workable, livable philosophy of life. This modern era is philosophically bankrupt. There is nothing to bind society to the attainment of any end more exalted than personal selfishness. There is no vision inspiring our activity. We are a ship without a rudder, or, more correctly, without a helmsman.

Yes, we need holy men; we need someone to take a firm grasp upon the great spinning wheel of the ship of state. We need a strong helmsman who, with the spray dashing upon his face and waves of circumstance beating down upon him will stand true and guide the erring multitudes into a safe haven. This is no time to get down on one's knees and pray; this is the time to get up on one's feet and work. The God of Hosts marches with the working man, giving skill to his hammer and strength to his arm. This is no time for those who believe they see the light to go out in the desert and bite their nails over the sins of men. This is the time for those who have found in occultism and philosophy an inspiration to higher achievement to go forth into the world and work, bringing to society the strength which they themselves have found. Only through the unselfish co-operation of each with all can the modern world be saved. Unless this end is accomplished, the fall of empire is inevitable. Only the wise can be unselfish; only the illumined can co-operate. The time has come for them to rise from their beds of spikes and take their places as practical exponents of philosophy and ethics before a world which, like some tiny plant in a darkened corner, is fading away for lack of light and truth.



APOLLONIUS VANISHED IN A FLASH OF LIGHT FROM THE MIDST OF THE TRIBUNAL



APOLLONIUS THE ANTICHRIST

AMONG the extraordinary personages who have enriched the ethical systems of the world, the name of Apollonius of Tyana stands out with exceptional luster. The Delphian oracle had declared that he would be remembered to the end, although always calumniated. Did the entranced Pythia foresee Apollonius anathematized as the Antichrist simply because too many pagan miracles trespassed upon the "infallibility" preserves of the Christian clergy? The Ante-Nicean father, Justin Martyr, describes how it feels to be tossed about upon the horns of such a dilemma. "How is it," he asks, "that the talismans of Apollonius have power in certain members of creation, for they prevent, *as we see*, the fury of the waves, and the violence of the winds, and the attacks of wild beasts; and whilst our Lord's miracles are preserved in *tradition* alone, those of Apollonius are *most numerous*, and *actually* manifested in present facts, so as to lead astray all beholders?" Thus we see that Apollonius is accredited even by his enemies with all the supernatural powers attributed to him by his friends. The latter affirmed his miracles to have been wrought by divine agency, while the former considered him an instrument of the Prince of darkness, who through the person of this apparently pious man, ridiculed the true miracles of the Nazarene and his disciples.

Apollonius was born in the Cappadocian city of Tyana, about A.D. 16, and from early childhood exhibited exceptional mental powers. Even at fourteen he had so outdistanced his teachers that he was sent away to complete his education. At sixteen he was attached to the temple of Ægæ, where he was performing remarkable miracles by the aid of the gods who dwelt in the temple. So great a reputation did he acquire that whenever a man of Silesia was noted hurrying along the streets, it was common for the townsfolk to call out and ask if he was off to see Apollonius. At the age of sixteen he took the Pythagorean vows. He had discovered the teachers of his day to be insufficiently informed and their methods too pedantic. Therefore, his own teacher said of him that he soared into the Pythagorean life. In harmony with the old Pythagorean teachings, the young Tyanaian, assumed the five-year silence, abstained from all animal food, rejected leather even for sandals, and declared that wine rendered turbid the ether of the soul.

As he grew to manhood, Apollonius was of most impressive and commanding appearance. He was tall and of magnificent proportions, with features as perfectly chiseled as those of a Greek god. He never cut his hair, which hung in soft ringlets upon his shoulders and down his back, and he clothed himself in white linen robes of excellent quality. So stately was his carriage and so powerful the forces of his mind that he quelled a corn riot without speaking a word. Being at that time still on his vow of silence, he afterwards caused tables to be brought to him, upon which he wrote out the solution to the problem.

Like Pythagoras, Apollonius traveled extensively in every part of the Near East, even going as far as India, where he was received and welcomed by the Brahman priests as one who had been expected. The monastery where he stopped was probably in what is now called Nepal. In *Isis Unveiled*, H. P. Blavatsky declares that the story of his travels in the Far East as narrated by his constant companion, Damis, to be also an allegorical record of his initiation into the ancient Mysteries of several schools of which he was an illustrious adept. This narrative is perpetuated in the *Philostratus*, a work compiled under the patronage of the Empress Julia Domna, wife of Septimus Severus. At that time, the entire imperial house was concerned with the occult sciences and held Apollonius as little less than a god. It is written of Severus that he placed the statue of Apollonius in his oratory together with those of Jesus Christ, Abraham, and Orpheus, and was accustomed daily to perform religious ceremonies before them. (See Lampridius.)

Apollonius influenced the destinies of the Roman Empire through five of its rulers with whom he came in personal contact, namely, Nero, Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, and Nerva. He was in Rome at the time Nero issued his famous decree forbidding philosophers to remain in the city. During this stormy period, Apollonius used extreme care never to become involved in the political intrigues which were corrupting the imperial state. In those days no one was secure, however, and Tigellinus, Nero's private inquisitor, caused the philosopher to be arrested and thrown into prison on the charge of treason against the person of the Emperor. The war of wits between these two men must have been sharp indeed, for Tigellinus did everything in his power to force the Tyanaian to compromise himself. Like Jesus, Apollonius was faced with dangerous questions, and, like the Nazarene, he answered them too well for the Roman state. Tigellinus finally hoping to force the Pythagorean into some damaging admission asked pointedly: "Apollonius, what do you think of Nero?" The crafty inquisitor waited for the answer. He knew Apollonius could not honestly speak well of the imperial debauchee, yet if he in any way belittled him, his life would be the forfeit. The answer given by Apollonius was exemplary. "My dear Tigellinus, I think better of him than you do, for you think that he ought to sing and I think that he ought to remain silent."



BUST OF APOLLONIUS

At last the charges against Apollonius were duly drawn up. He was brought before the judicial body and his accusers came forward unrolling the scroll of the complaints, upon which the detailed account of all his presumed treasons had been carefully noted and dishonestly padded. But Apollonius outwitted them all, for when the scroll was opened and presented to the court, the words suddenly faded from view, leaving it blank and the court dismissed the case for lack of charges.

The philosopher, however, decided discretion to be the better part of valor by departing from Rome immediately afterwards and resuming his travels among the various centers of learning in Greece and Egypt. In Alexandria he met Vespasian and discussed with him the responsibilities of state. Later the Emperor Titus sent him a message, requesting the privilege of conferring with him at Tarsus. The highest tribute ever paid Apollonius was bestowed by this same Titus. Soon after his elevation to the throne, Titus received a letter from Apollonius in which he counseled moderation in the government of Rome. The new Emperor replied: "In my own name and in the name of my country, I give you thanks and will be mindful of those things. I have indeed taken Jerusalem, but you, Apollonius, have captured me."

When nearly eighty years of age, Apollonius returned to Rome to confront the Emperor Domitian, whom he regarded as a tyrant and unfitted in every way for so high and responsible a station. Almost immediately upon his arrival in Rome, Apollonius was thrown into prison again, this time accused of being an enchanter or sorcerer. While in prison, it is recorded that one of his jailers asked the philosopher how long it would be before he was liberated. "It will be tomorrow if I depend upon the judge," replied Apollonius, "but this very instant if I depend upon myself." With these words he drew his arms through his fetters without opening them and smilingly remarked: "You see what a great measure of liberty I enjoy." He then replaced the fetters and, seating himself, sank into a philosophic reverie, oblivious both of time and place.

The following day he appeared before the tribunal. The Emperor himself was present gazing with mingled fear and awe upon the majestic person of the sage. Again he was questioned and each time his answers were of such lofty nature and spoken with such strength and character that the Emperor rose in his seat and declared that Apollonius had committed no wrong and should be acquitted of every charge against him. Among the questions asked by the tribunal were the following: "Apollonius, why do men call you a god?" "Because," answered the philosopher, "every man who is good is entitled to that appellation." Then another question: "Apollonius, how did you foretell the plague at Ephesus?" "By living on a lighter diet than most other men" replied the sage.

Domitian ordered Apollonius to be detained in Rome that he might discuss with him some of the weightier problems of imperial life. Apollonius ex-

pressed his regrets at not being able to remain. Facing the Emperor, he drew his cloak around him, saying, "You can detain my body but not my soul and, I will add, not even my body." Having uttered these words, Apollonius vanished in a flash of light from the midst of the tribunal, which miracle he performed in the presence of several thousand witnesses. An hour later he met some of his friends in the Cave of Puteoli near Vesuvius, at that time a full three days' journey from Rome. Commenting upon the æthrobatic feats of Apollonius, H. P. Blavatsky thus explains his disappearance: "Investigation would have shown that his physical body, having become invisible by the concentration of akasa about it, he could walk off unperceived to some secure retreat in the neighborhood and an hour afterwards his astral form appeared at Puteoli to his friends, and seem to be the man himself." Apollonius was at Ephesus at the time of the assassination of Domitian. Philostratus tells us that he was in one of the small groves in the environs of the city, discoursing upon the mysteries of Nature when suddenly he stopped speaking and, starting forward three or four paces, cried out in a loud voice, "Strike the tyrant, strike!" It was later ascertained that Domitian fell at the very instant that Apollonius, beholding the act at Ephesus, narrated it to his disciples.

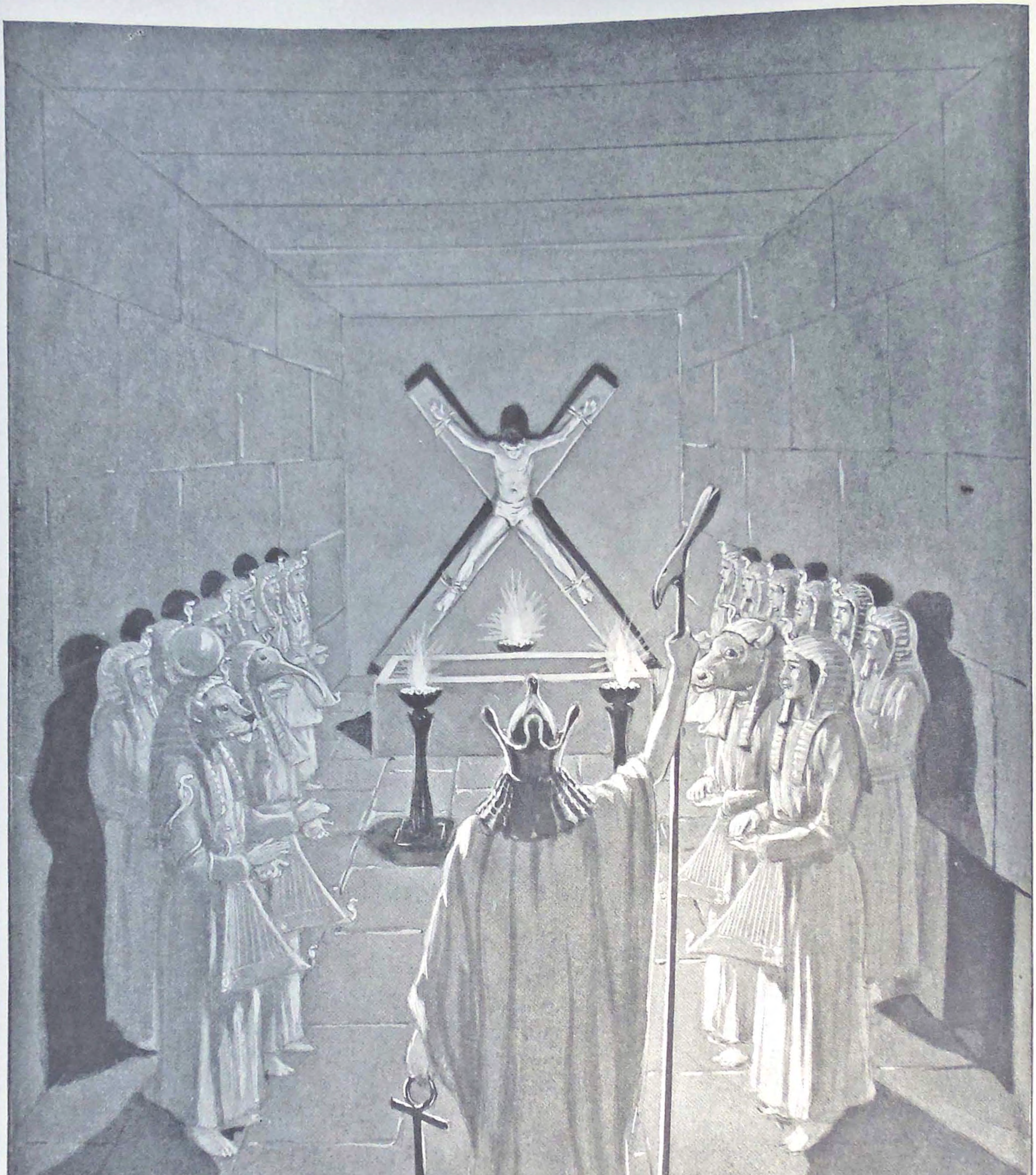
After the death of Domitian, Apollonius, being of advanced age, seems to have disappeared from the pages of history. He sent his disciples away on one pretext or another, even causing the faithful Damis to depart on an errand. While thus alone he vanished from the sight of men and, entering into his tomb, closed the wall behind him. According to others, he was translated into the presence of the gods without death.

Apollonius of Tyana should be remembered not only as a magician but as a truly great philosopher whose life and works produced a profound impression upon the world of his day. While in Asia he was evidently instructed in the secrets of the Oriental adepts. He possessed a great mantle made of the finest wool and when he desired to project himself from one place to another or release his astral body, he would either stand or seat himself so that both of his feet were in the middle of this mantle. He would then draw the woolen covering up over him, the ceremony being accompanied by strange invocations well known to Oriental students. When the mantle covered his head and face, the soul would depart out of him and travel in distant places at his bidding, so that he brought back words and descriptions as well as appeared to people in distant parts.

While in India, Apollonius was also presented with a set of seven signet rings, one for each of the seven planets and their corresponding days of the week. He changed his ring daily and gained great virtue and strength from wearing the stone of the proper planet at its proper time.

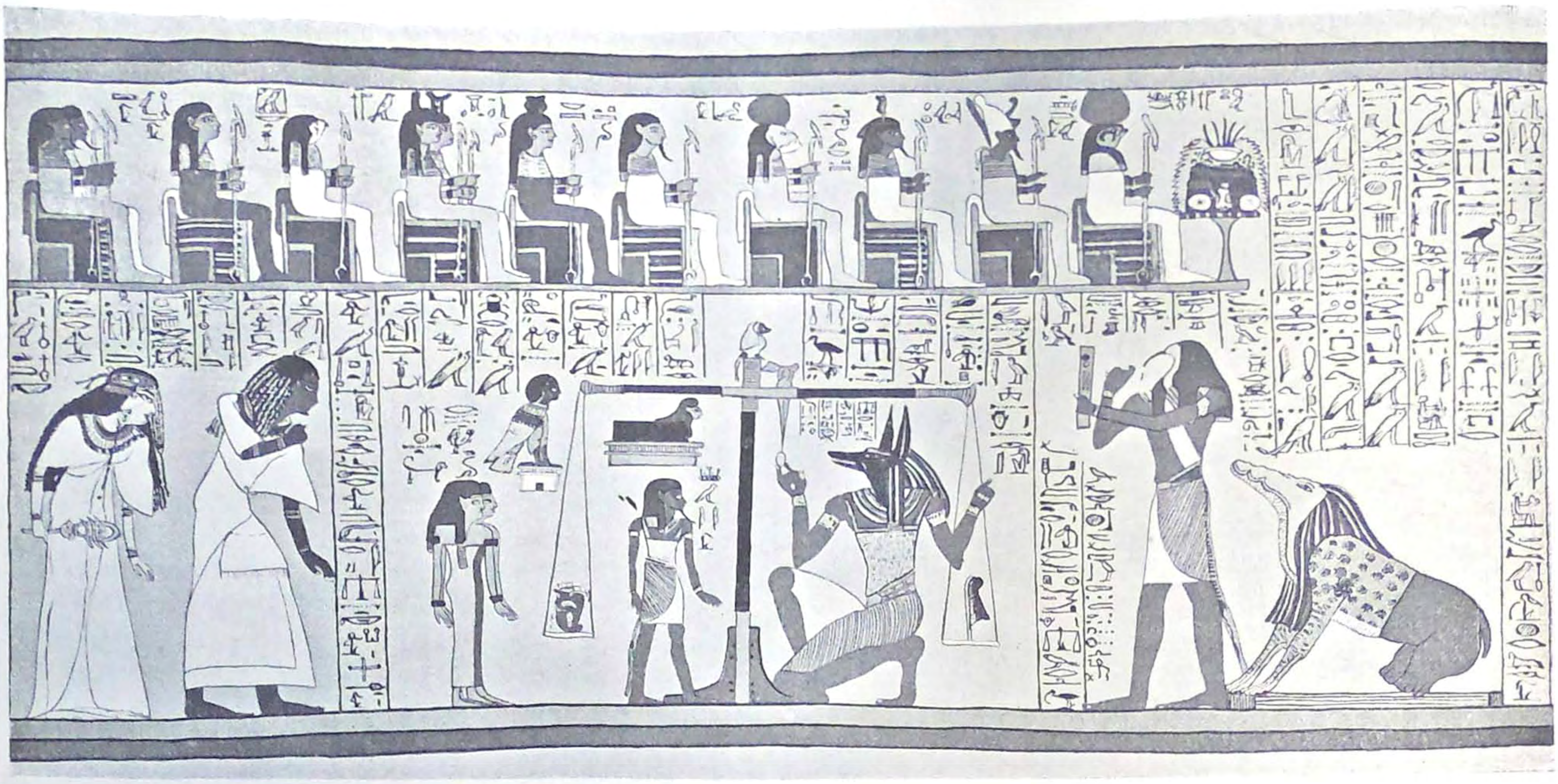
We are also told that Apollonius was not a medium but that in every sense of the word he was an adept or initiate, for it is known that in antiquity mediums were not admitted into the Mystery Schools. This is said to be the reason Socrates was not permitted to enter sacred orders. Apollonius did not await the pleasure of the dæmons, but instantly by his own will and purpose achieved whatever end he desired. Like nearly all the great, Apollonius had a strong sense of humor and a marvelous ability to estimate human nature. On meeting a glutton who seemed very proud over nothing at all, he remarked, "Why this manner of pride when your only claim for notice is your chance of bursting?"

In closing this article we cannot do better than to quote from a letter written by Apollonius to the Consul Valerius on the event of the loss of his son. "There is no death of anyone but only in appearance, even as there is no birth of any save only in seeming. The change from being to becoming seems to be birth and the change from becoming to being seems to be death, but in reality no one is ever born nor does one ever die. It is simply a being visible and then invisible; the former through the density of matter, and the latter because of the subtlety of being—being which is ever the same, its only change being motion and rest." (See *Apollonius of Tyana*, by G. R. S. Mead.)



THE SYMBOLIC CRUCIFIXION

In the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid



The Great Pyramid

SUPREME among the wonders of antiquity and unequalled by the achievements of subsequent architects and builders, the Great Pyramid of Gizeh bears mute witness to an unknown civilization that, having endured its predestined span, passed into the dim oblivion of prehistoric times. Who were the illumined mathematicians who planned its parts and dimensions; the master craftsmen who supervised its construction; the cunning workmen who trued its stones? Eloquent in its silence, inspirational in its majesty, divine in its simplicity, the Great Pyramid is indeed "a sermon in stone!" Its awesomeness beggars description, its magnitude overwhelms the puny sensibilities of man, and among the shifting sands of time it stands as a fitting emblem of eternity itself!

The Great Pyramid is the unsolved riddle of the ages. Years have been devoted by eminent scholars to the study of its many marvels. But no matter how profound these intellects have been, the Pyramid has proved itself to be still more profound. One learned Egyptologist, after devoting the best years of his life to its study, declared that a complete understanding of the Pyramid's true purpose would require a perfect knowledge of not only every art and science now known to mankind but also many others of which present humanity is unaware.

Our race has turned to the goal of objective attainment. It is conquering the visible, tangible universe which surrounds it and of which it is a part. It is flying through the air and sailing under the sea. It is exploding electrons and projecting magnificent units of electrical energy through the invisible vistas of space. It is manufacturing guns that will hurl tons of metal seventy to eighty miles. It is reaching out into the unknown elements of Nature in search of destructive forces which, if discovered, will jeopardize the destiny of the planet itself. Yet with all this knowledge man is hopelessly ignorant of himself. He is ignorant of the cause which brought him into being, the reason why he is a manifesting creature, and the ultimate towards which he is being swept with irresistible force.

Whereas we explore the visible, antiquity explored the invisible. Whereas we construct machines to do our labor, they called upon the elements and with that power possessed by primitive peoples controlled the air, the earth, the fire, and the water, and made servants out of the winds. What is more, they accomplished all this without following that circuitous route by which modern civilization seeks to attain the same end.

We declare the Great Pyramid of Gizeh to be the imperishable monument of ancient achievement—a divine legacy from the unknown past, constructed at the cost of infinite labor and infinite patience that all posterity may know the will of the gods and the path of attainment. In its measurements man may read, as in a book, that secret doctrine which the first civilizations of antiquity bequeathed to their heirs, successors, and assigns.

In view of the numerous eminent authorities who have written concerning the physical dimensions and composition of the Great Pyramid, it does not seem advisable to spend much time on ground already so thoroughly covered. We will therefore merely touch on a few high lights of its construction and then pass on to a consideration of its philosophical significance.

While not the tallest of structures, the Great Pyramid is undoubtedly the largest building in the world. It has a ground area of a trifle less than 13 acres, covers nearly three times as much space as the Vatican at Rome, and is over 150 feet higher than St. Paul's Cathedral. The base line of each of its

sides is over 750 feet in length and its vertical height is about 482 feet. The weight of the Great Pyramid is estimated to be somewhere in the neighborhood of 5,273,834 tons, while the weight of the earth is estimated at 5, 273,000,000,000,000,000,000 Pyramid tons. It is noteworthy that the first four figures in each calculation are the same.

The age of the Great Pyramid has been the subject of much speculation and dispute. Up to recent years it would have been stark heresy to declare a building to be more than 7,000 years old at the utmost because science—controlled by theology—dared not disagree with the orthodox findings of bigoted theological historians. But as that day has passed and estimates now place the age of the earth at over 300,000,000 years, it is possible to approach much closer to the probable facts than it was in the last century. The prevalent idea that the Great Pyramid was built a few thousand years B. C. is controverted by all the evidence at hand. Distinct marks of erosion are now to be seen high up on the sides of the Great Pyramid which to some authorities is proof that in the infinite past the waves of a great sea nearly 300 feet in depth broke against its ancient walls. There is no record of any such flood in historic times. Even Biblical historians are prone to admit that the Great Pyramid was erected before the Flood and that it was the Deluge of Noah that left the erosion marks upon its walls.

The Great Pyramid is at least 25,000 years old; it is much more likely to be from 60,000 to 100,000 years old. It stood long before the Egyptians established their post-Atlantean empire. It was the House of God. One scientist, after estimating with great care the intricacies of its construction, bowed his head and said: "None but God Himself could have built it. It was not the work of man."

We affirm that man, however, did build it, but we declare it was not the man that modern science advances as representative of the human race 100,000 years ago. It was no Pithecanthropus, Piltdown or Neanderthal man with brain capacity but little in advance of the anthropoid, who trued its stones or calculated its relationship to the motion of the heavenly bodies! No Stone-Hatchet man worked out its mathematical equations, no cave-dweller mixed its indestructible mortar! Its achievements were the achievements of a race of supermen excelling in pursuits of which modern civilization is comparatively ignorant.

Is it possible that somewhere in the dim past this earth was peopled by a mighty race as resplendent in scientific achievement as it was profound in philosophic precept? A myopic science will most likely answer "Absurd! Impossible!" Yet the fact remains that the builders of the Great Pyramid were well acquainted with both the mysteries of universal dynamics and the nature of the human soul.

All the wisdom possessed by the ancients seems to have been epitomized in the structure of the Great Pyramid, and he who solves its riddle must necessarily be as wise as he who contrived it! The Great Pyramid is the perfect emblem of Divinity, the absolute symbol of humanity, the complete type of Nature, and the image of time, eternity, and existence. In one simple geometrical figure, constructed according to an eternal principle, is set forth the secret of all things—all processes, all laws, and all truth.

Using the Pyramid measurements as a basis, Mr. William Petrie computed the distance of the sun from the earth as 91,840,000 miles, which was about three and one-half million miles less than the accepted mean distance. Several years later the distance was recalculated by an international gathering of astronomers, who estimated the true mean distance to be 91,500,000 miles. In all probability, the Great Pyramid measurement is more accurate than even these later findings. It is therefore evident that the men who built the Great Pyramid were not only astronomers but that their skill in computing celestial distances was at least equal to our own.

While it is undoubtedly true that many of the pyramids were used as tombs, it is quite certain that the Great Pyramid of Gizeh was never intended as a sepulchral vault. No mummified body was ever found in it and the sarcophagus in the King's Chamber is suspected of having been constructed for any one of a dozen purposes ranging from a baptismal font to a grain bin. Leaving the materialist to flounder in the midst of incalculable sums and endless contradictions, let us examine the form and composition of the Great Pyramid in the light of the Egyptian esotericism—the secret doctrine of the priests.

The Great Pyramid stands with its four faces to the four cardinal angles. The entrance part way up the side is in the north and so cleverly concealed that it is practically invisible from below. The entrance consists of a square surmounted by a triangle, thus signifying that the earth is surmounted by spirit. The entrance is hidden to signify that the way of light is difficult to find, and narrow is the gate that leads to eternal life and none may enter except he bow his head to the inevitable. The square base of the Pyramid in the Mysteries signifies its sure foundation upon earth, for Nature is the base upon which must be raised the Divine House—the structure of wisdom must have a solid foundation in the laws of Nature. As the word *pyramid* signifies light and fire, it is a material edifice built in the symbolic form of a flame, with its point upward. This point may be considered as an indicator that wisdom is above and ignorance is below. The square base further represents the four elements, and the sides of the four spirits which guard the angles of the world.

Among the ancient Egyptians the triangle, or pyramid, was symbolic of immortality, for it was a point rising out of a square, thus signifying the resurrection of spirit out of matter—the 1 out of the 4. The 5 points are the number of the priest and also the secret Pythagorean emblem of man. The 5 is the Initiator—the Dragon-Slayer—He who attains to Self by the destruction of the Not-Self.

In substantiation of our belief that the Great Pyramid was the Sacred House of the Mysteries, we quote from that eminent authority on Masonic symbolism, Albert Churchward: "We contend that the Great Pyramid of Gizeh was built in Egypt as a monument and lasting memorial of this early religion, on true scientific laws, by divine inspiration and knowledge of the laws of the universe. Indeed, we may look on the Great Pyramid as the first true Masonic temple in

the world, surpassing all others that have ever been built."

This thought opens up a great field of speculation. Was the Great Pyramid the true House of SOL-OM-ON? Was the architect of that House the immortal Hiram Abiff, whose name means "Our Father CHiram," or the creative fire? Were the stones for the Great Pyramid cut by bronze saws, with teeth made of diamonds, or were they cut by means of cosmic fire or the *schamir* with which Moses cut the jewels for the breastplate of the High Priest? What was the *schamir*, the sacred stone, which disintegrated anything it touched? Was it the Great Magical Agent of the universe focussed upon a point prepared according to the secrets of the Mysteries? We favor the idea that the Great Pyramid was the real Solomon's Temple. We know the allegory has been sadly distorted and, while to the modern Mason it may seem incredible that the Great Pyramid could be the birthplace of his Craft, we would ask him to answer two questions: What building greater than the Pyramid has any architect or any craftsman executed upon the face of the earth? For the administration of the three degrees of Blue Lodge Masonry what structure more fitting than the Great Pyramid could be found, with its three appropriate chambers and a sarcophagus ready at hand in the King's Chamber for the giving of the Master Mason's degree?



From the Metropolitan Museum

THE WORLD, ACCORDING TO THE EGYPTIANS

From the lid of a stone sarcophagus.

Egypt has always been regarded as the land of mystery. She surpassed all other nations in her knowledge of architectonics, chemistry, and astronomy. She is looked upon as being the cradle of science and philosophy and while we know comparatively little concerning the exact nature of Egyptian culture, we are continually confronted by evidence of its superiority. In fact we know a great deal less about Egypt than we care to admit, and being fundamentally materialistic, most Egyptologists have given little consideration to the religious equation—the supreme element in the history and civilization of all ancient nations.

In spite of all evidence to the contrary, we shall yet discover that the Rosetta Stone is not the key to the Egyptian hieroglyphics. We shall yet realize that the true meaning of the Egyptian ideographs has never been revealed. We are totally ignorant of the knowledge possessed by the better minds of the ancient Egyptian world for a very simple reason: The Egyptians, like all other enlightened races, divided their knowledge into two parts— *exoteric* and *esoteric*. The exoteric was that portion of learning revealed to the many and the esoteric that part reserved for the illumined few and never reduced to writing save in the form of hieroglyphics and symbols which were meaningless without that key which was the treasured possession of the initiated priestcraft.

The Egyptian culture with which we are conversant is only the exoteric part revealed to the uneducated multitudes of the ancient empire. That finer culture—the real wisdom of the Egyptians—was preserved for the elect, and our world is far too gross and materialistic to comprehend the subtleties of Egyptian esotericism. Therefore we grope blindly amidst images and emblems which, finding no meaning for them, we pronounce meaningless!

According to the secret teachings, the Great Pyramid was the tomb of Osiris, the black god of the Nile. Osiris represents a certain phase of solar energy and therefore his house, or tomb, is emblematic of the universe within which he is entombed and upon the cross of which he is crucified. Thus the Great Pyramid is not a lighthouse, an observatory or a tomb, but a temple. W. Marsham Adams calls it "the House of the Hidden Places" and such indeed it was, for it represented the inner sanctuary of Egyptian wisdom —or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, pre-Egyptian wisdom. Hermes was the Egyptian god of wisdom and letters, the Divine Illuminator, worshipped through the planet Mercury, and ancient references to the effect that the Pyramid was the

House of Hermes emphasize anew the fact that it was in reality the Supreme Temple of the Invisible and Supreme Deity. In all probability, the Great Pyramid was the first temple of the Mysteries—the first structure erected as a repository for those secret truths which are the certain foundation of all modern arts and sciences.

The Great Pyramid, says the secret book, is the perfect emblem of the Microcosm, or man, and the Microcosm is the inversion of the Macrocosm. The Macrocosm is the universe without, consisting of unnumbered stars and planets encircled by the mighty egg of cosmic space. All that is in the Macrocosm is to be found in miniature in the Microcosm. As man is "the image of God," so the Great Pyramid is the image of the universe. And—what is more—it is scientifically correct as an image of the universe.

Many authors have treated of the physical marvels of the Great Pyramid, but the modern world is still so ignorant of ancient superphysics that it fails to grasp the subtle import of primitive symbolism and religion. We know that such structures as the Great Pyramid, the Cretan Labyrinth, and the Delphian Oracle were erected to conceal and yet perpetuate certain definite scientific and philosophic theorems.

The policy of the ancient world was concealment. Knowledge was never revealed except through parables and allegories; facts were never directly expressed—they were hinted at. Planets were personified as gods and goddesses; the sun was a shining-faced man with flowing golden locks; the earth was the Great Mother, her true nature concealed under veils and robes that only the illumined might remove; elements were personified; the universe was an egg; force was a dragon; wisdom was a serpent; evil was a grotesque image—part crocodile, part hog; the Absolute was a globe; the threefold creative power was a triangle, and the fourfold universe of material substance was a square; or, again, spirit was a point, manifestation was a line, intelligence was a surface, and substance was a solid. Thus it is evident that symbolism was the universal language of the ancients. We may laugh at their curious myths and accuse them of idolatry and ignorance, but we are the ones that are ignorant and superficial when we assume that the great minds of antiquity—the founders of the arts and sciences and the patrons of learning—were ignorant of the true state and nature of Divinity and humanity.

Somewhere in the dim forgotten ages primitive man—still responsive to the subtle influences of Nature and still without the separating power of individual thought—carved in stone or preserved as tradition and legend a certain rudimentary knowledge. He may have secured this knowledge by a process of natural receptivity or from some previous race that inhabited this earth before the coming of present humanity. After the lapse of ages, this unknown people became the fabled gods who walked the earth and talked with man in the first days of his existence. Many of the Platonists believed that existence was eternal; that the universe had never been constructed and would never be dissolved; that the worlds had always been; and that over the face of them swept periodic waves of force and power. While modern science refutes the theory and produces evidence that universes come into being and go out of existence, still the world is very old and humanity is very young. No one knows who our progenitors were. It may be true that man rose up from the muck and mire of the prehistoric fens—that first he appeared as mosses and lichens, leaving no record on the molten surfaces of the Azoic rocks . But the true origin of life is spiritual —not physical—and it is also quite certain that side by side with the growing forms of men and beasts there has advanced a mysterious and secret culture, whose outward expression we recognize as religion, philosophy, science, and ethics, and in its innermost sense as knowledge, wisdom, and understanding.


Man has never been without knowledge of his origin and the purpose of his existence. Those divine powers who regulate the destiny of creation—whose manifest works bear witness to their reality but whose form no man has seen—have always had their covenant with men; they have always been represented among humanity by certain sages and prophets. The temples were the houses of these gods, dedicated to their worship, protected from all desecration, and cleansed of all evil, that to these sanctified areas in the midst of a world of sin and strife the gods might come and there deliver to the leaders of the tribes, nations, and races those laws and mandates necessary to human survival.

While the world has made rapid progress in scientific lines, it can claim but little religious growth in thousands of years. We are still unstrung by the battles of sectarianism; we are still pushed and pulled by contending theological factions, and as the supreme proof of our spiritual ignorance we still have a number of contradictory schools of religious thought. In other words, our little backyard world harbors scores of little backyard creeds. It therefore has no true religion, for it is quite evident that Divinity is a Unity and therefore can only be worshipped in unity and not in diversity.

While it is undoubtedly necessary that there be numerous forms of religion adapted to racial limitations, national attitudes, and geographical environments, still it is equally true that those religious must comprehend their own fundamental unity and realize that their differences are not in essentiality but in triviality.

While the ignorant masses worshipped at the altars of this god or that god, the wise men of antiquity were not fettered by religious prejudice, but recognized in these hosts of divinities the personified emanations and attributes of One Supreme Father. Accordingly, the Greeks went forth in search of wisdom and their quest led them into the temples of every faith and doctrine of the world. Did the religion of the Greek philosopher limit him to Zeus, Rhea, Hermes, or the numerous other deities whose marble images sat in the magnificent temples rising on the brow of the Acropolis? Assuredly not!

The Greek initiates were received into the Mysteries of Egypt, Persia, Chaldea, Babylonia, Phœnicia, and India. Returning home again, they were not considered as heretics—false to their own gods—but as illumined and venerable sages almost worthy of worship. The Greeks esteemed the excellence of Brahman thought, and likewise the Brahmans knew that the



THE LORD OF THE SECRET HOUSE

Chaldeans and Phœnicians were not unlearned in natural lore. They exchanged freely with each other the knowledge they possessed, for Brahma was but the name of a Nameless Principle, and if the Greeks wished to call their deity Uranus, Chronos or Zeus, what mattered it? It was the Principle—not the name—that was worshipped; it was the wisdom—not the terminology—that was worthy of study. So among the initiates of antiquity there prevailed a great broadness and depth woefully lacking in the "worldly wise men" of today.

In certain sanctified localities were erected temples, not to this cult or to that creed, but to the World Mystery Religion—the one faith of mankind, the all-inclusive doctrine that sometime again must be recognized as the dominating religious institution of the world. From the East, the West, the North, and the South came the learned of all nations seeking acceptance into these Sacred Houses which stood as gateways between the mysteries of visible Nature and the mysteries of the causal universe.

The Great Pyramid was such a sacred edifice, dedicated to the God Hermes—the personification of Universal Wisdom. To gain admission there a man need not be of Egyptian blood, nor of any particular race or creed. There were but two requisites: he must be *clean in heart, mind, and body;* and he must *desire wisdom with a desire stronger than that for life itself.* So from every part of the ancient world seekers after truth came to the House of the Hidden Places to learn of God and Nature, and to discover that arcane doctrine which may be revealed only to those who have passed successfully the tests and ordeals constituting the initiation rituals of the Mysteries.

We have said that the Great Pyramid is the symbol of the world. It is also the symbol of material existence, for physical life is a series of incidents taking place in certain environments and largely influenced by the environments in which they occur. Thus it is evident that the various chambers and parts of the Great Pyramid signify esoterically the divisions and avenues of life. As the Cretan Labyrinth contained within it the Minotaur or Bull-Man, whose name in the secret language of the Mysteries means "the beast mind" and which devoured each year the quota of youths and maidens exacted by it as a tribute, so earthly life is a winding labyrinth of mystic passageways and chambers, within which dwells the Minotauric beasts—temptation, sorrow, suffering, and death.

Recall the story of Dante's descent into the Inferno or the wanderings of Æneas through the underworld under the guidance of the Cumæan sibyl. Hades—the underworld of the Greeks and Egyptians—is not, as generally supposed, the sphere of the dead. In reality, Hades is the material physical world in which we live our material physical lives. Though we believe ourselves to be alive, we but dwell in the underworld of the Greeks, for its tortuous subterranean passageways symbolize that span of earthly existence stretching from the cradle to the grave.

According to the ancients, there are two gates—two mighty doors—one leading into the House of Life and the other leading out. Man enters at the Gate of Cancer—the ancient symbol of the World Mother and the emblem of birth. After wandering his appointed span among the hollows and glooms of Hades, or the Inferno, he passes into the Heaven of the gods through the celestial Gate of Capricorn, by the side of which stands Saturn, the Reaper, symbolic of time and age. Thus the two gates of the underworld are respectively the womb which leads in and the tomb which leads out.

In the underworld Æneas and Dante beheld the sorrows of the lost souls, the agony of the damned, and the curses of sin, lust, and degeneracy. According to the Mysteries, these are the self-generated sufferings which man must endure because he permits himself to be controlled by his own lower nature. All this Inferno is a dream and an illusion, like the Buddhist wheel, to which man clings although he would be free if his mind could but let go.

Hades is, therefore, the sphere in which those creatures dwell who are under the domination of the senses. Their agony is the agony of hopeless desire, useless selfishness, and the sorrow which results from the vain struggle after a mirage. Hades is the dwelling place of those who have never discovered themselves, who have never realized Reality, who have never attained self-consciousness. For when man finds himself, he rolls away the stone of his sepulchre and ascends from the realms of death.

The word *death* is a misnomer as we generally use it. Those are not dead who have laid aside this mortal coil—they really are dead who do not *know themselves.* Death is ignorance, for those who are ignorant are buried in the cold stone coffin of their own limitations, knowing nothing, appreciating nothing, realizing nothing, achieving nothing. The mindless have never lived. Life is not merely animated existence. Life is thought; life is achievement; life is appreciation; life is recognition; life is realization; life is aspiration; and, most of all, life is understanding! To those who understand life, there can be no death; to those who do not understand the purpose of our sojourn here, there can be no life.

The Mysteries taught that there are two kinds of men: those who are awake and those who are asleep. So, according to the Mysteries, the ignorant lie sleeping—sleeping through all eternity, sleeping as worlds are made, sleeping as worlds perish again, sleeping as nations rise, sleeping as empires fall. Surrounded by infinite opportunity and part of a plan based upon infinite growth, those who are not initiated into the mystery of Reality sleep in their narrow coffins of egotism, selfishness, and unawareness through all the eternities of time and being! Those who are awake live in a world of infinite light, infinite wisdom, infinite beauty, infinite opportunity, and infinite progress. To such all things are good; to such there is no death, and gradually they ascend that ladder of stars leading to the footstool of Divinity itself. To these awakened ones the universe is home and the myriads of stars and heavenly bodies are kindred hosts of celestial beings. All the world is a laboratory of experimentation; every stick and stone preaches a sermon; every living thing teaches a lesson. But to the sleeping ones the world is a cold and dismal place; every man is an enemy; every plant is poisonous or thorny; every beast snaps and howls; every stone is

sharp; every problem is a disaster; always the clouds obscure the face of the sun and the heavenly lights are darkened; life itself is a futile struggle against the inevitable and the grave its closing episode.

Immortality is not the perpetuation of the body. It is an innate realization of the perpetuity of spirit. Once man gains consciousness of Self, he can never lose it; once he has learned to live he cannot die, though his form may change. Life is the realization of life and death is the lack of that realization. Could Plato, initiated into the nothingness of death, ever die? Could Socrates ever cease to be who knew that by drinking the hemlock he was but liberating himself from the bonds and limitations of a world which could not understand? He realized that the fleshy house was not his real self but that he changed his bodies as he changed his garments. Having arrived at the realization of truth, he was immortal.

But what is truth? Whence comes the power which, when it is established in the soul of man, answers all things, solves all things, reveals all things, and supplies all things? What is that indescribable elixir which, when poured into the human soul, makes of the weakling a hero, of the poor man one of indescribable wealth, of the ignorant a divinely illumined sage, and of a man a god? We hear much of truth. It is a word on every man's tongue but in few men's hearts. Can it be revealed by one to another? Is it tangible, intellectual reality, or is it an indescribable recognition of the relationship between the individual Self and the Universal Self? What is this mysterious doctrine which lifts a man from the ranks of the mediocre and carries him to the very footstool of Divinity? What is it that makes the martyr die with a smile upon his lips and with blessings for his executioners? What is it that inspires the artist to paint pictures which illumine the world? What is it that sounds as soft music in the ears of the great composer? What is it that moves the pen of the author that he may write books which will live forever in the hearts and souls of humanity?



From the Metropolitan Museum

THE SOUL-BIRD ASCENDING TO THE SUN

The hieroglyphics upon the sarcophagus are extracts from the funeral texts.

The symbol of that great power is the *crux ansata*—the cross of life—that golden key which unlocks the mysteries of Self, that golden key which all too often becomes a cross for the crucifixion of the illumined. And yet those who have this golden key smile at death, laugh at torture, and, retiring into the sanctuary of themselves, are sufficient for all their needs! This great and mysterious power, this power of divinely revealed truth, is what man gained when he was accepted into the House of the Hidden Places, for it is said that the Mysteries either found a good man or made one, and though he started upon the road a scoffer he ended amazed and silenced.

True religion is not a mass of idle mummeries, contentions, and debates. It is not a series of codes to be accepted in spite of better judgment. It is not an institution obeying the dictates of God by damning unbaptized infants and burying its elect in hallowed ground. These things are the chaff that shall be tossed to the winds; these are the false doctrines—meaningless and useless—serving only as hindrances in the search for truth. True religion is that institution established by antiquity for the purpose of so unfolding the heart and mind and hand of man that he may gradually grow into that divine realization which confers immortality. The real purpose of religion is to inspire

into activity and objective existence that subjective power of understanding which lies latent in the hearts and souls of unillumined humanity.

And as the seekers after truth came from all parts of the ancient world, they beheld the mighty Pyramid rising before them as a looming miracle in stone, a glorious House—man's supreme offering to that definitionless Divinity that gives him the power of recognition! The Great Pyramid was built as an imperishable monument to the Divinity which lies buried in humanity. It is the tombstone of God lying dead in Nature, awaiting the day of resurrection. *It marks the grave of the builder.* It is the sprig of acacia, and he who entered its ancient portal was consecrated to the task of raising the dead God to life again—in himself.

There is a God sleeping in the soul of every man. This sleeping God is his own Divinity—a spark of Universal Divinity imprisoned in a sarcophagus not only of material clay but the clay of earthly thoughts, earthly desires, and wormlike attributes. Here in the House of the Hidden Places man was instructed how to awaken the sleeping God, how to summon into manifestation those latent potentialities which, when trained and unfolded, produce the perfected man.

The unfolding of man's spiritual nature is as much an exact science as astronomy, medicine or jurisprudence. It is not a haphazard procedure based upon a none too certain faith. The secret process whereby the divine nature of man may be resurrected and enthroned as the ruler of the human life—this is the secret science, this is the divine doctrine, this is the supreme arcana of all ages and of all peoples. It is to this end that all religions have been established; and out of religion have come science, philosophy, logic, and reason as methods whereby this divine purpose might be attained.

Religion, therefore, represents the Tree of Life. The Garden of Eden is the House of the Mysteries in the midst of which grows this Tree; and Knowledge and Understanding are the fruit of the Tree and he who eats of that fruit shall be a god, having eternal life. But lest this fruit be stolen, lest the foolish attempt to steal the prize belonging to the wise, the supreme mystery is concealed under the emblems and symbols meaningless to the uninitiated. For being the most priceless of all human possessions, truth is guarded more sedulously than any other secret. What is there in the world that is its equal? What more can man possess than understanding? All other things are impermanent, but understanding endures; all other things may be lost or destroyed, but understanding belongs forever to him who once possesses it!

Through the mystic passageways and chambers of the Great Pyramid therefore passed the illumined of antiquity. As *men* they entered its portal, as *gods* they came forth again. It was the place of the "second birth," the "womb of the Mysteries," and wisdom dwelt in it as God dwells in the heart of man. Somewhere in the depths of its recesses there resided an unknown being who was called "The Initiator," or "The Illustrious One," robed in blue and gold and bearing in his hand the sevenfold Key of Eternity. This was the lion-faced hierophant, the Ancient of Days, the Holy One, the Master of Masters, who never left the House of God and whom no man ever saw save he who had passed through the gates of preparation and purification. It was in these chambers that Plato—he of the broad brow—came face to face with the wisdom of the ages personified in the Master of the Secret House.

But what does this mean to the material scientist? What does this solve for the geologist, who with his little hammer chips at the casing stones and tries to solve the problem of all ages with a microscope and a pestle? What does this mean to the Biblical historian, whose brows are knit over the problem of who built the world's great structure long before Adam and Eve must have been even remote conceptions in Jehovah's mind? Or what does it mean to the theologian who dares not peer over the edge of the King James' Bible for fear of endangering his eternal salvation? Only minds trained in the free range of philosophic thinking, uncurbed by creed or dogma, unfettered by the bonds of theology or the limitations of science, and whose God is a non-sectarian Deity can face this problem without prejudice and appreciate the magnitude of true religion as herein revealed.

Who was the Master of the Hidden House—whose many rooms signified the worlds in space—whom none might behold save those who had been "born again"? He knew the secret of the Pyramid, but He has departed the way of the wise and the house is empty. The hymns of praise no longer echo in muffled tones through the chambers, the neophyte no longer passes through the elements and wanders among the seven stars. The candidate no longer receives the "word of life" from the lips of the Eternal One. Nothing remains but the shell—the outer symbol of the inner truth, and men call the House of God a tomb. The Great Pyramid is not the only House of God worthy of that appellation!

Eager to receive this divine boon, the candidates accompanied by the Silent Voice, the Unknown Watcher, climbed the ancient steps which must have originally led up to the entrance of the Great Pyramid. What lay within he did not know. Whether he would ever come out again he did not know. He only realized that if he failed to meet the requirements of the Mysteries, he would forever vanish from the sight of men. But within that mighty pyramid of stone gleaming in the Egyptian sun he knew there dwelt a sacred and sanctified One—the Keeper of the Royal Secret. He was resolved to reach that One and secure that secret or die in the attempt. The time of his trial had come. His previous life, his devotion to study, his sincerity of motive, his cleanliness of heart—all these had been thoroughly established.

As he approached the tiny gate, the solid wall before him parted, a great stone door hung on invisible hinges of granite swung open before him, and he passed into the darkness of the Secret House. The tests began. Surrounded by the gloom and cold of the Sacred Place, he passed through in succession the chambers and passageways which typified all the forms and experiences of mortal existence. Thus the labors of a lifetime were recapitulated in a few hours in the Great Pyramid Mysteries. Strange creatures confronted him. Temptations were ever about him. But at last his soul ascended as a bird up the chimney-like passageway leading to the place of light.



THE VIGIL IN THE KING'S CHAMBER

The soul in the form of a man-headed hawk departing for Amenti

He passed through the dwelling-places of the Spirits of the Gods. The earth shook and thunders rumbled about him. At last the grand staircase of the Seven Breaths of the Seven Stars was reached and far above in the still unexplored pinnacle of the building was the dwelling-place of the Secret God—the Unknown One Whose name could not be spoken, Whose nature could not be conceived, and Whose thoughts could not be interpreted.

The details of the ceremonials are entirely a matter of speculation, for nothing is actually known concerning them save to a few—and they are not permitted to speak. But as far as can be ascertained, the King's Chamber was the scene of the great climax of the initiatory drama. Here crucified upon a St. Andrew's cross, the candidate was suspended like the solar god upon his cross of the equinoxes and the solstices. After the solar crucifixion had been performed, the candidate was laid in the great stone coffin and for three days his spirit—freed from its mortal coil—wandered at the gateways of Eternity. His *Ka* as a bird flew through the spiritual spheres of space. He passed upward through the Seven Gates and stood before the mighty throne of the Empyreum. He discovered that all the universe was life, all the universe was progress, all the universe was eternal growth.

He also realized himself to be an integral part of this eternal plan, that no more could he cease to be than the sun and the moon and the stars could cease to be. He conversed with the immortals. He was then brought into the blinding presence of the Living Word, and then realizing that his body was a house which he could slip out of and return to without death, he achieved actual immortality.

It is probable that peculiar atmospheric conditions, the temperature of the King's Chamber, and the dull cold of the coffin formed an important link in the chain of circumstances which permitted the consciousness of the neophyte to escape from his body and come into the presence of the Great Illuminator. At the end of three days he returned to himself again and, having thus personally and actually experienced the great mystery, he was indeed an Initiate—one who beheld and one to whom religion had fulfilled her duty by bringing him into the light of God.

The new initiate, wearing the insignia and symbol of his accomplishment, was now brought into the presence of the Great Illuminator—the Master of the Secret House. He beheld the august patriarch whom no eyes ever saw save those who had passed through the Mystery of the "philosophic death" and who had been "born again" out of Time into Eternity. Mystically, there are two births. In physical birth man is born from Eternity into Time, and through the span of his earthly struggle battles desperately against inevitable conquest by Time. In the Mysteries there is the philosophic death and the second birth out of Time back again into Eternity, and the new initiate no longer struggles against the corroding influences of Time but dwells in the perfect realization that past and future are gone and that in the Mysteries there is but one time—and that of infinite duration—eternally posited in the ever-present NOW.

By this sage Illuminator—the Master of the Secret House—the technique of the Mysteries was unfolded. The power to know his guardian spirit was revealed to the new initiate; the method of disentangling his material body from his divine vehicle was explained; and to consummate the Great Work, the Divine Name—the secret and unutterable designation of the Supreme Deity, by the very knowledge of which man and his God are consciously one —was solemnly revealed. With the giving of The Name the new initiate was himself a *pyramid*, within the chambers of whose soul numberless other human beings might also receive enlightenment. Having achieved the Great Work, having accepted the hierophant of the Secret House as his spiritual father—the one who had given him that light which is the life of men—and having made the final offering—his own life—to the service of the Secret House, the initiate was ushered forth again into the glare of the desert sun.

When he entered he had gazed up at the mystery of the great stone pyramid; and now he gazed again, but no longer at a mystery. He beheld a great stream of light which descended from the heavens upon the pyramid. He saw it break up into numerous paths and, coming down the walls in all directions, diverge like the branches of a tree. He realized that he himself was a branch, he was actually a fruit of the pyramidal tree. So, Pythagoraslike, he took the three seeds of the tree which was within the fruit of his own soul and, going forth, he planted them. And another tree grew up from the seeds, which tree also bore the golden fruit of Life and all who partook of it lived.

So we still chip at the walls of the Pyramid, filled with wonder why men should have built such a structure, and what great urge inspired the herculean labor. We hear men say: "It is the most perfect building in the world;" that it is the source of weights and measures; that it was the original Noah's Ark; that it is the origin of languages and alphabets; that it is the origin of the scales of temperature and humidity; that it is the only structure upon the face of the earth that actually squares the circle; and that it stands as the absolute dividing line between the land and water surfaces of the earth. We wonder at all these things, but if we really understood the purpose for which this mighty House was built, we would wonder still more or, more likely, we would scoff. For it seems incredible to this generation that there was ever a time when men knew more than men know now. Though the modern world may know a million secrets, the ancient world knew *one*—and that one was greater than the million; for the million secrets breed death, disaster, sorrow, selfishness, lust, and avarice but the *one* confers life, light, and truth.

The time will come when the secret wisdom shall again be the dominating religious and philosophical urge of the world. The day is at hand when the doom of dogma shall be sounded. The great theological Tower of Babel, with its confusion of tongues, was built with bricks of mud and the mortar of slime. Out of the cold ashes of lifeless creeds, however, shall rise *Phœnix-like* the ancient Mysteries. No other institution so completely satisfied the religious needs of humanity, for since the destruction of the Mysteries there has never been a religious edifice wherein Plato could have worshipped!

The Dying God shall rise again! The secret room in the House of the Hidden Places shall be rediscovered! The Pyramid shall yet stand as the ideal emblem of solidarity, aspiration, inspiration, resurrection and regeneration! As the passing sands of time bury civilizations beneath their weight, the Pyramid shall remain as the visible covenant between that eternal wisdom and the world. The time may yet come when the chants of the illumined shall be heard again in its ancient passageways and the Master of the Hidden House await in the Silent Place for the coming of the seeker after that spiritual truth which the modern world needs so badly and of which it knows so little.

In an ancient fragment accredited to Hermes but by some supposed to have been written by Apuleius, is a remarkable prophecy concerning the future of Egypt. Hermes is the speaker and Asclepius the one addressed. The work from which this extract is taken is called the Asclepian Dialogue, which has never been completely translated into English: "Are you ignorant, O Asclepius, that Egypt is the image of heaven, or, which is more true, a translation and descent of everything which is governed and exercised in heaven? And, if it may be said, our land is truly the temple of the whole world. Nevertheless, because it becomes wise men to foreknow all things, it is not lawful that you should be ignorant that the time will come when it may seem that the Egyptians have in vain, with a pious mind and sedulous religion, paid attention to divinity, and all their holy veneration shall become void and of no effect. For divinity shall return back to heaven. *Egypt shall be forsaken, and the land which was the seat of divinity shall be destitute of religion, and deprived of the presence of the Gods. For when strangers shall possess and fill this region and land there shall not only be a neglect of religion, but (which is more miserable) there shall be laws enacted against religion, piety and divine worship; they shall be prohibited and punishments shall be inflicted on their votaries. Then this most holy land, the seat of places consecrated to divinity, and of temples, shall be full of sepulchers and dead bodies. O Egypt, Egypt, fables alone shall remain of thy religion, and these such as will be incredible to posterity and words alone shall be left engraved in stones, narrating thy pious deeds. The Scythian also, or Indian, or some other similar nation, shall inherit Egypt.* For divinity shall return to heaven, all its inhabitants shall die, and thus Egypt, bereft both of God and man, shall be deserted. I call on thee, O most holy river, and predict to thee future events. Thou shalt burst forth with a torrent of blood, full even to thy banks, and thy divine waters shall not only be polluted with blood, but the land shall be inundated with it, and the number of the dead shall exceed that of the living. He, likewise, who survives, shall only, by his language, be known to be an Egyptian, but by his deeds he will appear to be a stranger. Why do you weep, O Asclepius? Egypt shall experience more ample and much worse evils than these, though she was once holy, and the greatest lover of the Gods on the earth, by the desert of her religion. And she who was alone the reductor of sanctity and the mistress of piety will be an example of the greatest cruelty. Then also, through the weariness of men, the world will not appear to be an admirable and adorable thing. This whole good, a better than which, as an object of perception, there neither is, nor was, nor will be, will be in danger, and will be grievous to men. Hence this whole world will be despised, and will not be beloved, though it is the immutable work of God, a glorious fabric, a good compounded with multiform variety of images, a machine of the will of God, who, in his work, gave his suffrage without envy, that all things should be one. It is also a multiform collected heap, capable of being venerated, praised and loved by those that behold it. For darkness shall be preferred to light, and death shall be judged to be more useful than life. No one shall look up to heaven. *The religious man shall be accounted insane, the irreligious shall be thought wise, the furious brave, and the worst of men shall be considered a good man.* For the soul, and all things about it, by which it is either naturally immortal, or conceives that it shall attain to immortality, conformably to what I have explained to you, shall not only be the subject of laughter, but shall be considered as vanity. *Believe me, likewise, that a capital punishment shall be appointed for him who applies himself to the religion of intellect. New statutes and new laws shall be established, and nothing religious, or which is worthy of heaven or celestial concerns, shall be heard or believed by the mind. There will be a lamentable departure of the Gods from men; noxious angels will alone remain, who, being mingled with human nature, will violently impel the miserable men [of that time] to war, to rapine, to fraud, and to everything contrary to the nature of the soul.* Then the earth shall be in a preternatural state; the sea shall not be sailed in, nor shall the heavens accord with the course of the stars, nor the course of the stars continue in the heavens. *Every divine voice shall be dumb by a necessary silence,* the fruits of the earth shall be corrupted, nor shall the earth be prolific, and the air itself shall languish with a sorrowful torpor. These events and such an old age of the world as this shall take place, such irreligion, inordination, and unreasonableness of all good. When all these things shall happen, O Asclepius, then that lord and father, the God who is first in power, and the one governor of the world, looking into the manners and voluntary deeds [of men,] and by his will, which is the benignity of God, resisting vices, and recalling the error arising from the corruption of all things; washing away likewise all malignity by a deluge, or consuming it by fire, or bringing it to an end by disease and pestilence dispersed in different places, will recall the world to its ancient form, in order that the world itself may appear to be an adorable and admirable production, and God, the fabricator and restorer of so great a work, may be celebrated, by all that shall then exist, with frequent solemn praises and benedictions."